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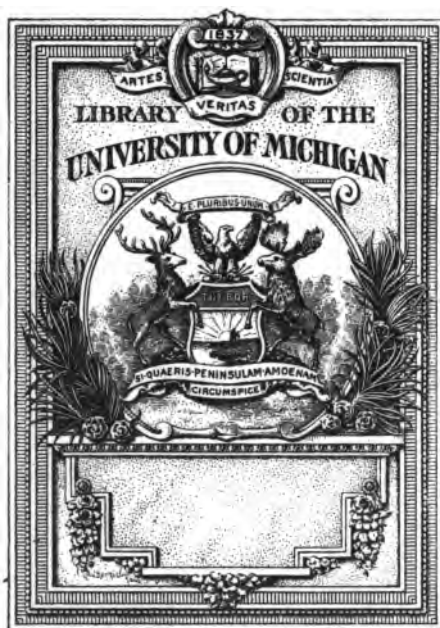
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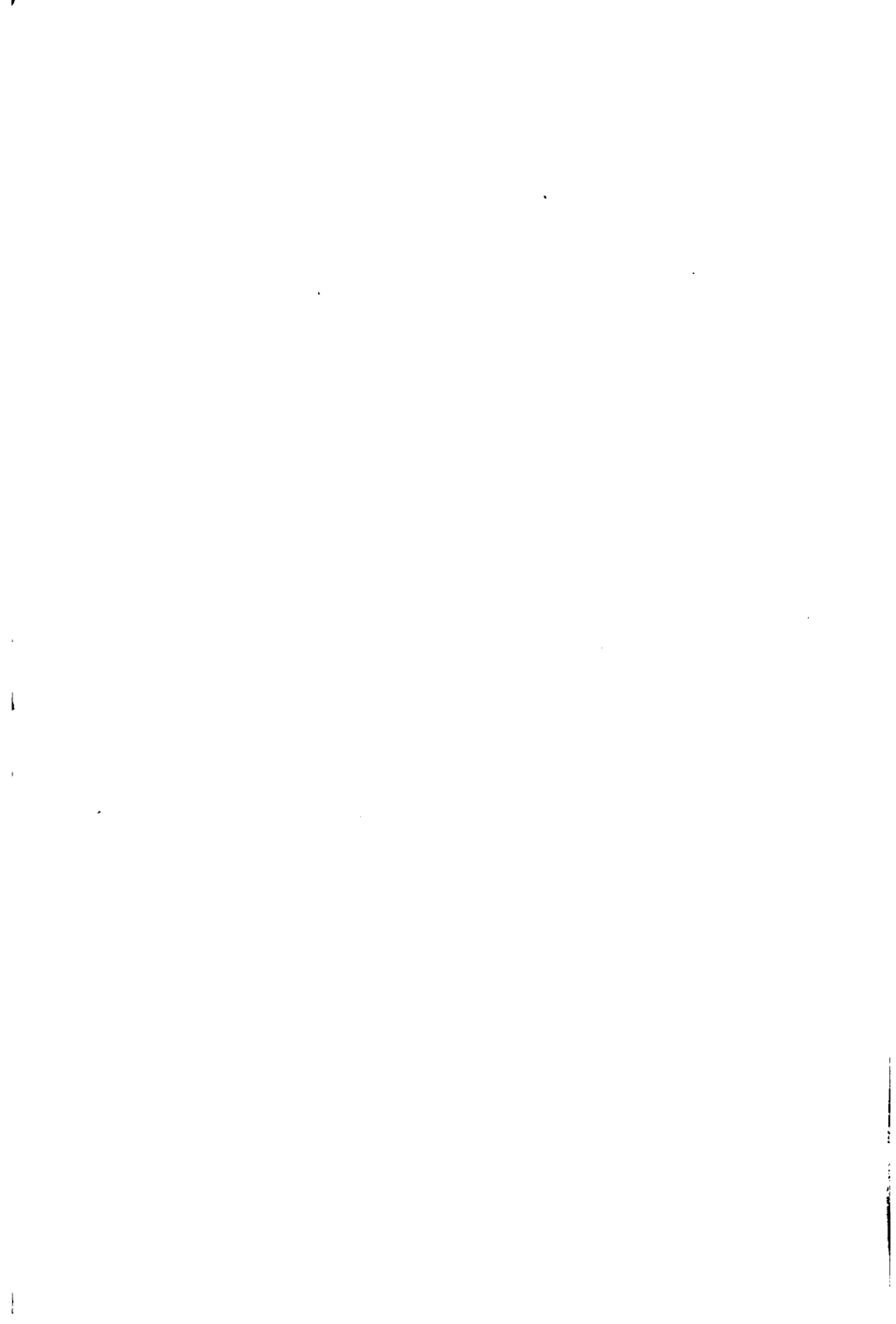
STORIES FROM THE
CLASSIC LITERATURE
OF MANY NATIONS



EDITED BY BERTHA PALMER



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**STORIES FROM
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OF MANY NATIONS**



STORIES

FROM THE

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CLASSIC LITERATURE

OF MANY NATIONS

EDITED BY

BERTHA PALMER

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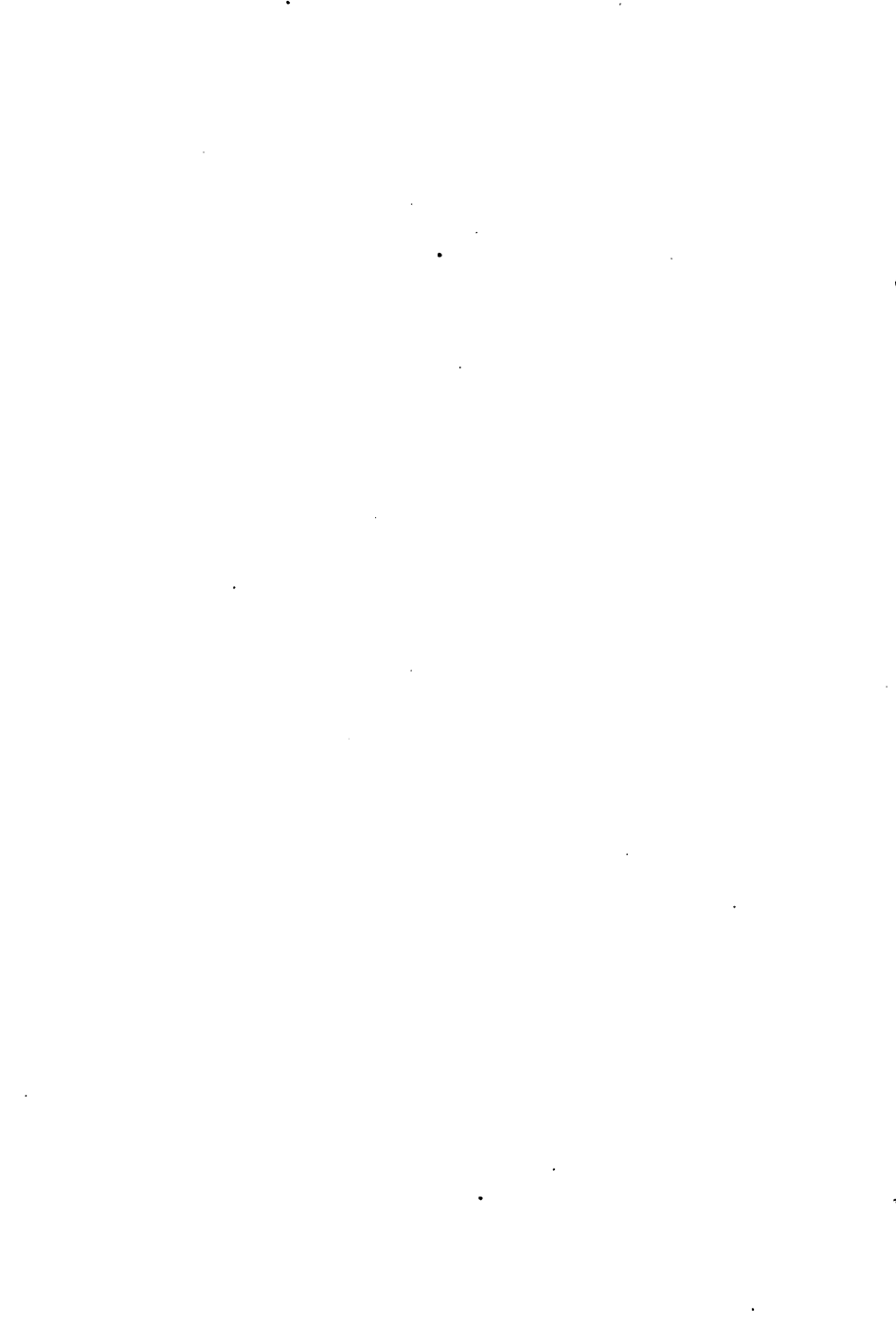
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TO MY NEPHEW
KIMBALL



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PREFACE

THE aim of this book is to give either parts or the whole of stories that are characteristic of the classic literature of many nations.

The book is not intended for those who have access to the originals of the selections, nor for those who can read in translation the whole from which a part or parts have been taken ; nor is it assumed that selections, chosen for their story element, can represent works which have a great national or literary significance. Yet, in most instances, the work from which selection has been made is the most important work in the early, or the classic, period of the nation represented.

These stories are intended primarily for children, and to rouse or to increase the interest of children in the world's story-life, especially as recorded by the older nations ; and to strengthen the impression that the stories of to-day are only part of the mighty stream that has been flowing since the world began.

The editor is under special obligation to Professor A. V. Williams Jackson for his translations from the Hindu and Persian literature ; to Professor A. R. Marsh

for his assistance in the Romance languages; to Professor Richard Gottheil, Dr. F. N. Robinson, and many others, for their helpful criticisms.

Extracts have been made from the following books, for the use of which thanks are due to authors and publishers :

H. Brugsch-Bey's *Egypt under the Pharaohs*: John Murray, London.

W. M. F. Petrie's *Egyptian Tales*: Methuen & Co., London; F. A. Stokes & Co., New York.

J. Legge's *Chinese Classics*: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

H. A. Giles's *Gems of Chinese Literature*: Bernard Quaritch, London.

B. H. Chamberlain's *Classical Poetry of the Japanese*: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

A. S. Isaacs' *Stories from the Rabbis*: Block Publishing Co., Cincinnati.

George Smith's *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Edwin Arnold's *Book of Good Counsels*: John Grant, Edinburgh.

Translation of the Jataka: University Press, Cambridge.

G. H. Palmer's *Translation of the Odyssey*: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

George Rawlinson's *Translation of Herodotus*: G. H. Hallam Murray, London.

William Morris' *Translation of the Æneid*: S. C. Cockerell, London; Roberts Brothers, Boston.

W. N. Lettsom's *Translation of the Nibelungenlied*: Williams & Norgate, London.

Mary P. Nichols' *Translation of Gudrun*: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

- R. B. Anderson's Translation of *The Younger Edda*: Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.
- R. B. Anderson's Translation of *Fridthjof's Saga*: Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.
- P. W. Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances*: C. Kegan Paul & Co., London.
- Isabel F. Hapgood's *Epic Songs of Russia*: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
- H. W. Longfellow's Translation of *Dante's Divine Comedy*: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
- L. Rabillon's Translation of the *Song of Roland*: Henry Holt & Co., New York.
- John Ormsby's Translation of the *Cid*: Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
- Sir Thomas Malory's *History of King Arthur*: Walter Scott, London.
- J. M. Crawford's Translation of the *Kalevala*: John B. Alden, New York.
- D. G. Brinton's *Library of Aboriginal American Literature*: D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia.

B. P.

NEW YORK, 1898.

EGYPTIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

AMONG the best of the ancient Egyptian stories are those of the nineteenth dynasty, in the fourteenth century before Christ. The chief poem is by the scribe, Pen-ta-ûr, and celebrates the heroism of King Ramses II, in his conquest of the hostile district of the Kheta. Not only does a papyrus copy of this poem still exist, but its words are on the walls of four Egyptian temples, and there is also chiselled on the wall of the temple at Karnak a representation of the battle of Kadesh, showing vividly the storming of the fortress and the overthrow of the enemy.

The story of the taking of Joppa belongs to an earlier dynasty, probably the eighteenth, and its author is unknown. It is the oldest story yet discovered of the taking of a town by smuggling in soldiers, though there are many later stories of the same kind, from that of the wooden horse of Troy to that of Ali Baba and the forty thieves in "The Arabian Nights." Like all the papyri stories, it reflects the life of ancient Egypt.

EPIC OF PEN-TA-ÛR

THE HEROIC POEM OF PEN-TA-ÛR (*as told by the king*), translated by
HEINRICH BRUGSCH-BEY

BEGINNING of the victory of King Ramses Meri-Amen — may he live forever! . . .

The youthful king with the bold hand has not his equal. His arms are powerful, his heart is firm, his

strength is like that of the god of war, Mentu, in the midst of the fight. He leads his warriors to unknown peoples. He seizes his weapons, and is a wall of iron for his warriors, their shield in the day of battle. He seizes his bow, and no one is equal to him. Mightier than a hundred thousand united together goes he forwards. . . . Terrible is he when his war-cry resounds; bolder than the whole world. . . . Complete are his decisions, when he wears the royal crown Atef, and declares his will; a protector of his people. . . . His heart is like a mountain of iron. Such is King Ramses Meri-Amen.

After the king had armed his people and his chariots, and in like manner the Shardonians, which were once his prisoners, then was the order given them for the battle. The king took his way downwards, and his people and his chariots accompanied him, and followed the best road on their march.

In the fifth year, on the ninth day of the month Payni, the fortress of the Khetam, of the land of Zar, opened to the king. As if he had been the god of war, Mentu himself, the whole world trembled at his approach, and terror seized all enemies, who came near to bow themselves before the king. And his warriors passed by the path of the desert, and went on along the roads of the north.

Many days after this the king was in the city of Ramses Meri-Amen. . . . After the king had marched upwards, he . . . arrived as far as Kadesh. . . . And when the king approached the city, behold there was the miserable king of the hostile Kheta already arrived.

. . . Now had the miserable king of the hostile Kheta and the many peoples which were with him hidden themselves in ambush to the northwest of the city of Kadesh, while Pharaoh was alone and no other was with him. . . . But his hand was not so bold as to venture on battle with Pharaoh. Therefore he drew away the horsemen and chariots, which were numerous as the sand. And they stood three men in each war-chariot, and there were assembled in one spot the best heroes of the army of Kheta, well appointed with all weapons for the fight. They did not dare to advance. They stood in ambush to the northwest of the town of Kadesh. Then they went out from Kadesh, on the side of the south, and threw themselves into the midst of the legion of Phra-Horemkhu, which gave way, and was not prepared for the fight. There Pharaoh's warriors and chariots gave way before them. And Pharaoh had placed himself to the north of the town of Kadesh, on the west side of the river Arunatha. Then they came to tell the king. Then the king arose, like his father Mentu; he grasped his weapons and put on his armour; just like Baal in his time. And the noble pair of horses which carried Pharaoh and whose name was "Victory in Thebes," they were from the court of King Ramses Meri-Amen. When the king had quickened his course, he rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of Kheta, all alone; no other was with him. When Pharaoh had done this, he looked behind him, and found himself surrounded by two thousand five hundred pairs of horses, and his retreat was beset by the bravest heroes of the king of the miserable Kheta, and by all the numerous peoples

which were with him. . . . And there were three men in each chariot, and they were all gathered together.

And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the chariots, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights, was there. My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me, not one of them was there to take part in the battle.

Thereupon speaks Pharaoh: "Where art thou, my father Amen? If this means that the father has forgotten his son, behold have I done anything without thy knowledge, or have I not gone and followed the judgments of thy mouth? . . . I have acted for thee with a willing heart; therefore I call on thee. . . . Behold I call upon thee at the uttermost ends of the world."

And my voice found an echo in Hermonthis, and Amen heard it and came at my cry. He reached out his hand to me, and I shouted for joy. He called out to me from behind: "I have hastened to thee, Ramses Meri-Amen. I am with thee. I am he, thy father, the sun-god, Ra. My hand is with thee. Yes! I am worth more than hundreds of thousands united in one place. I am the lord of victory, the friend of valour; I have found in thee a right spirit, and my heart rejoices thereat."

All this came to pass. I was changed, being made like the god Mentu. I hurled the dart with my right hand. I fought with my left hand. I was like Baal in his time before their sight. I had found two thousand five hundred pairs of horses; I was in the midst of them; but they were dashed in pieces before my horses. Not one of them raised his hand to fight; their courage was sunken in their breasts, their limbs

gave way, they could not hurl the dart, nor had they the courage to thrust with the spear. I made them fall into the waters just as the crocodiles fall in. They tumbled some on their faces one after another. I killed them at my pleasure, so that not one looked back behind him, nor did another turn round. Each one fell; he raised himself not up again.

There stood still the miserable king of Kheta in the midst of his warriors and his chariots, to behold the fight of the king. He was all alone; not one of his warriors, not one of his chariots, was with him. There he turned round for fight before the king. Thereupon he sent the princes in great numbers, each of them with his chariot, well equipped with all kinds of offensive weapons.

* * * * *

I rushed down upon them. Like Mentu was I. I let them taste my hand in the space of a moment. I dashed them down, and killed them where they stood. Then cried out one of them to his neighbour, saying: "This is no man. Ah! woe to us! He who is in our midst is Sutekh, the glorious; Baal is in all his limbs. Let us hasten and flee before him. Let us save our lives; let us try our breath."

* * * * *

I struck them down; they did not escape me. I lifted up my voice to my warriors and to my charioteers, and spake to them. "Halt! stand! take courage, my warriors, my charioteers! Look upon my victory. I am alone, but Amen is my helper, and his hand is with me."

When Menna, my charioteer, beheld with his eyes how many pairs of horses surrounded me, his courage left him, and his heart was afraid. Evident terror and great fright took possession of his whole body. Immediately he spake to me: "My gracious lord, thou brave king, thou guardian of the Egyptians in the day of the battle, protect us. We stand alone in the midst of enemies. Stop, to save the breath of life for us! Give us deliverance, protect us, O King Ramses Meri-Amen."

Then spake the king to his charioteer: "Halt! stand! take courage, my charioteer. I will dash myself down among them as the sparrow-hawk dashes down. I will slay them, I will cut them in pieces, I will dash them to the ground in the dust. Why, then, is such a thought in thy heart? These are unclean ones for Amen, wretches who do not acknowledge the god."

And the king hurried onwards. He charged down upon the hostile host of Kheta. For the sixth time, when he charged upon them (says the king), "There was I like to Baal behind them in his time, when he had strength. I killed them; none escaped me."

* * * * *

When now my warriors and my charioteers saw that I was named like Mentu of the victorious arm, and that Amen my father was with me, and the special favour he had done for me, and that the foreigners all lay like hay before my horses, then they came forward one after another out of the camp at the time of evening, and found all the people which had come against them, the best combatants of the people of Kheta, and of the sons and brothers of their king, stretched out. . . . And

when it was light . . . in the plain of Kadesh, one could hardly find a place for his foot on account of their multitudes.

Then came my warriors forward to praise highly my name, full of astonishment at what I had done.



THE TAKING OF JOPPA

Translated from THE PAPYRI, by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

THERE was once in the time of King Men-Kheper-ra a revolt of the servants of his majesty who were in Joppa; and his majesty said, "Let Tahutia go with his footmen and destroy this wicked Foe in Joppa." And he called one of his followers, and said, moreover, "Hide thou my great cane, which works wonders, in the baggage of Tahutia, that my power may go with him."

Now when Tahutia came near to Joppa with all the footmen of Pharaoh, he sent unto the Foe in Joppa, and said: "Behold now his majesty King Men-Kheper-ra has sent all this great army against thee; but what is that if my heart is as thy heart? Do thou come, and let us talk in the field and see each other face to face." So Tahutia came with certain of his men; and the Foe in Joppa came likewise, but his charioteer that was with him was true of heart unto the king of Egypt. And they spoke with one another in his great tent, which Tahutia had placed far off from the soldiers. But Tahutia had made ready two hundred sacks, with cords and fetters, and had made a great sack of skins with

bronze fetters, and many baskets; and they were in his tent, the sacks and the baskets, and he had placed them as the forage for the horses is put in baskets. For whilst the Foe in Joppa drank with Tahutia, the people who were with them drank with the footmen of Pharaoh, and made merry with them. And when their bout of drinking was past, Tahutia said to the Foe in Joppa, "If it please thee, while I remain with the women and children of thy own city, let one bring of my people with their horses, that they may give them provender, or let one of the Apuro run to fetch them." So they came, and hobbled their horses and gave them provender, and one found the great cane of Men-Kheper-ra (Tahutmer III), and came to tell of it to Tahutia. And thereupon the Foe in Joppa said to Tahutia: "My heart is set upon examining the great cane of Men-Kheper-ra, which is named *taut nefer*. By the *ka* of the King Men-Kheper-ra it will be in thy hands to-day; now do thou well and bring thou it to me." And Tahutia did thus, and he brought the cane of King Men-Kheper-ra. And he laid hold on the Foe in Joppa by his garment, and he arose and stood up, and said, "Look on me, O Foe in Joppa; here is the great cane of King Men-Kheper-ra, the terrible lion, the son of Sekhet, to whom his father gives power and strength." And he raised his hand and struck the forehead of the Foe in Joppa, and he fell helpless before him. He put him in the sack of skins, and he bound with gyves the hands of the Foe in Joppa, and put on his feet the fetters with four rings. And he made them bring the two hundred sacks which he

had cleaned, and made to enter into them two hundred soldiers, and filled the hollows with cords and fetters of wood; he sealed them with a seal, and added to them their rope-nets and the poles to bear them. And he put every strong footman to bear them, in all six hundred men, and said to them, "When you come into the town you shall open your burdens, you shall seize on all the inhabitants of the town, and you shall quickly put fetters upon them."

Then one went out and said unto the charioteer of the Foe in Joppa, "Thy master is fallen; go, say to thy mistress, 'A pleasant message! For Sutekh has given Tahutia to us with his wife and his children; behold the beginning of their tribute,' that she may comprehend the two hundred sacks, which are full of men and cords and fetters." So he went before them to please the heart of his mistress, saying, "We have laid hands on Tahutia." Then the gates of the city were opened before the footmen; they entered the city, they opened their burdens, they laid hands on them of the city, both small and great, they put on them the cords and fetters quickly; the power of Pharaoh seized upon that city. After he had rested, Tahutia sent a message to Egypt to the King Men-Kheper-ra, his lord, saying: "Be pleased, for Amen thy good father has given to thee the Foe in Joppa, together with all his people, likewise also his city. Send, therefore, people to take them as captives that thou mayest fill the house of thy father Amen Ra, king of the gods, with men-servants and maid-servants, and that they may be overthrown beneath thy feet for ever and ever."

CHINESE STORIES

INTRODUCTION

OVER three thousand years ago stories and legends were being told in China, and some of them are so old that the Chinese themselves do not know who first told them. Among the earliest are those found in the volumes that have come down under the name of "The Four Books" and "The Five Classics." "The Four Books" relate chiefly the wise words of Confucius and Mencius. "The Five Classics" are the Yi Ching, or "Book of Changes"; the Shih Ching, or "Book of Poetry"; the Shu Ching, or "Book of History"; the Li Chi, or "Record of Rites"; and the Chün Chiu, or "Spring and Autumn Annals." It is supposed that Confucius collected the greater part of these works.

Two stories are here given from "The Five Classics": one from the prose "Book of History," and one from "The Lesser Ya," which is the second division of the "Book of Poetry." The story that follows these is of much later origin, as it was written by T'ao Yüan-Ming, of whom we know little, except that he lived in the fourth century A.D. and raised chrysanthemums.

THE METAL-BOUND CHEST

From the SHU CHING or "BOOK OF HISTORY," PART V, BOOK VI.

Retold by Editor from J. LEGGE'S TRANSLATION

KING WÜ was a conqueror, and a wise ruler of his people. Now it happened that two years after his conquest of the tyrant of Shang, he fell ill and became very forlorn. So his brothers, the dukes of the

kingdom, talked over the serious situation and wondered what would be best to do. Two of them said, "Let us reverently consult the tortoise concerning the king," but the third, the duke of Chow, had a different plan.

The first step in the carrying-out of his plan was this: the duke of Chow made three altars on the same open place, and then made a fourth altar on the south and facing the north. At this last altar he took his own position, and addressed the former kings, — his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, because he thought that they could help him. Now the names of these three former kings are T'ae, Ke, and Wăn. While the duke of Chow was praying, the grand recorder of the kingdom wrote on a tablet the words of the prayer, and the prayer was this:

"King Wû, your chief descendant, is suffering from a severe and dangerous illness. You three kings have in heaven the charge of watching over him who is the great son of Heaven. If he must die, let me, Tan, die in his place: for I have been lovingly obedient to my father, and am fitted to serve the dwellers of heaven. It may be that I shall serve in heaven better than your great descendant, and it may be that he will serve better on earth. Moreover, he was appointed, in the hall of God, to extend his aid to the four quarters of the empire, and the people of the four quarters now stand in reverent awe of him. Oh! do not let that precious Heaven-born appointment fail. I will now seek for your orders from the great tortoise."

The duke then consulted three tortoises, and all were favourable. He took a key, opened the chest, and

looked at the responses of the kings. These also were favourable. "According to the signs," said the duke, "the king will have no further injury, and I do not need to die. His appointment is renewed by the three kings." After saying this, he placed the tablet, on which was the record of his prayer, in the metal-bound chest. The next day the king recovered.

Five years passed and then King Wû died, leaving his little son Ching to reign in his stead. As Ching was only thirteen years old, the duke of Chow, who was the wisest of King Wû's brothers, acted as adviser to the young king. But the duke's elder brother, duke of Kwan, and his younger brothers were envious of the power of adviser, so they spread an untrue report through the kingdom, saying, "The duke of Chow will do no good to the king's young son." Upon hearing of this, the duke of Chow resolved to have justice done that he might perform his duty to the king's throne.

For two years he travelled in the east, waiting to see how Heaven would prove him innocent of any desire for ruling in place of the young king. At last, in the autumn, when the grain was abundant and ripe and ready to be reaped, there came a great storm of thunder and lightning and wind, by which the grain was beaten down and great trees torn up. The people were greatly terrified, and the king and great officers, all in their caps of state, came to open the metal-bound chest and to examine the writings. On opening the chest they found the prayer of the duke of Chow, relating that the duke had asked to die for King Wû. The little King Ching and the two dukes questioned

the grand recorder and all the other officers about the writing. They replied, "Ah! it was really thus, but the duke charged us that we should not presume to speak about it." The boy-king then held the writing and wept, saying: "We need not now go on reverently to inquire the meaning of the storm. The duke always has been loyal to the interests of the throne, but I, being a child, did not know it. Now Heaven has moved its terrors to display the virtue of the duke of Chow. I shall welcome him back to court as a new man."

Then the king went out to the borders of his kingdom to meet his loyal adviser. At the same time, by virtue of a contrary wind, the grain all rose up, and when the dukes had caused the large trees to be replaced, the year turned out very fruitful.

FANG SHU'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE HUNS

*From "THE LESSER YA," or "SONGS FOR THE MINOR FESTIVALS," in the
SHIH CHING, or "BOOK OF POETRY," translated by C. F. R. ALLEN*

WE were gathering the crops of millet, which grew
on the virgin land
Round each village, when Fang Shu came to collect us
and take command.
His car, with its chequered screen and its quivers, was
lacquered red,
And was drawn by four dappled steeds with an even
and steady tread.

He wore the scarlet robes, the gifts bestowed by the
king,
The tinkling gems at the belt, and the red knee-covering.
The yoke of his car was gilt, and its wheels were with
leather bound,
And the bells at his horses' bits rang out with a merry
sound.
His banners flaunted o'erhead, and the thundering beat
of the drum
Was heard through the country side, to bid his warriors
come.
So we came with three thousand cars, and swore to be
soldiers true,
To follow to battle and death our faithful and good
Fang Shu ;
Oh, mad were the barbarous hordes of the south, when
they dared to defy
The strength of our mighty realm, making light of our
sovereignty.
No stripling our leader was, but age had not dimmed
his skill
In the arts of war, but his strength was fresh and vigor-
ous still.
So we fell on the savage tribes with the speed of the
falcon's flight,
When she stoops to the earth once more, after climbing
the zenith's height.
He captured the rebel hosts, and by chastisements stern
he taught
Their chieftains the peril by which all attempt to revolt
is fraught.

And the roar of his troops, as they rushed to the onset,
sounded as loud
As the crash of the levin bolt, when it darts from the
angry cloud.
Till, warned by the fate of the Huns, no tribe of the
south would try
To withstand him, but laid down their arms, being awed
by his majesty.

THE PEACH-BLOSSOM FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By TAO YÜAN-MING, translated by H. A. GILES

TOWARDS the close of the fourth century A.D., a certain fisherman of Wu-ling, who had followed up one of the river branches without taking note whither he was going, came suddenly upon a grove of peach trees in full bloom, extending some distance on each bank, without a tree of any other kind in sight. The beauty of the scene and the exquisite perfume of the flowers filled the heart of the fisherman with surprise, as he proceeded onwards, anxious to reach the limit of the lovely grove. He found that the peach trees ended where the water began, at the foot of a hill; and there he espied what seemed to be a cave with light issuing from it. So he made fast his boat, and crept in through a narrow entrance, which shortly ushered him into a new world of level country, of fine houses, of rich fields, of fine pools, and of luxuriance of mulberry and bamboo. Highways of traffic ran north and south; sounds of crowing cocks and barking dogs were heard

around ; the dress of the people who passed along or were at work in the fields was of a strange cut ; while young and old alike appeared to be contented and happy.

One of the inhabitants, catching sight of the fisherman, was greatly astonished ; but, after learning whence he came, insisted on carrying him home, and killed a chicken and placed some wine before him. Before long all the people of the place had turned out to see the visitor, and they informed him that their ancestors had sought refuge here, with their wives and families, from the troublous times of the House of Ch'in, adding that they had thus become finally cut off from the rest of the human race. Then they inquired about the politics of the day, ignorant of the establishment of the Han dynasty, and of course of the later dynasties which had succeeded it.

Each in turn invited the fisherman to his home and entertained him hospitably, until at length the latter prepared to take his leave. "It will not be worth while to talk about what you have seen to the outside world," said the people of the place to the fisherman, as he bade them farewell and returned to his boat. . . .

When he reached home, he at once went and reported what he had seen to the governor of the district, and the governor sent off men with him to seek, by the aid of the fisherman's notes, to discover this unknown region. But he was never able to find it again. Subsequently, another desperate attempt was made by a famous adventurer to pierce the mystery ; but he also failed, and died soon afterwards of chagrin, from which time forth no further attempts were made.

JAPANESE STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE Ko-ji-ki, or "Records of Ancient Matters," the oldest Japanese classic, tells the story of ancient Japan, from the seventh century B.C. to the seventh century A.D. It narrates all the queer things done by emperors and princes, as well as by the deities who watched over them, and explains how the lute was made out of a ship, and where the orange came from. Not all the record is true. The emperor Tem-nu probably collected the stories.

There is another prose record, called the Nihon-gi, or "Chronicles of Japan," which was completed a few years after the Ko-ji-ki, but the stories in this record are not so simply told. These two records in prose, and the Manyōshū, or "Collection of a Myriad Leaves," in poetry, are the most important early Japanese writings. The Manyōshū was compiled by Prince Moroye during the eighth century, but many of the songs are of much earlier date.

URASHIMA

Translated by B. H. CHAMBERLAIN

'TIS spring, and the mists come stealing
O'er Suminōye's shore,
And I stand by the seaside musing
On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
As the boats glide to and fro,
Of the fisher-boy Urashima,
Who a-fishing lov'd to go ;

How he came not back to the village
Though sev'n suns had risen and set,
But row'd on past the bounds of ocean,
And the sea-god's daughter met ;

How they pledged their faith to each other,
And came to the Evergreen Land,
And enter'd the sea-god's palace
So lovingly hand in hand,

To dwell for aye in that country,
The ocean-maiden and he, —
The country where youth and beauty
Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said, "To-morrow
I'll come back with thee to dwell ;
But I have a word to my father,
A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answered, "A casket
I give into thy hand ;
And if that thou hopest truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee !
Open it not, I beseech !"
So the boy row'd home o'er the billows
To Suminóye's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
 Strange hamlets line the strand.
 Where is his mother's cottage?
 Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What, in three short years since I left it,"
 He cries in his wonder sore,
 "Has the home of my childhood vanished?
 Is the bamboo fence no more?"

"Perchance if I open the casket
 Which the maiden gave to me,
 My home and the dear old village
 Will come back as they used to be."

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
 A fleecy, silvery cloud,
 That floats off to the Evergreen Country:—
 And the fisher-boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
 He rolls over on the ground,
 He dances with fury and horror,
 Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
 That bleaches his raven hair,
 And furrows with heavy wrinkles
 The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
 Till at last he sinks dead on the shore;
 And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
 Once stood, but now stands no more.

THE AUGUST EXCHANGE OF LUCK

Extracts from the KO-JI-KI, or "RECORDS OF ANCIENT MATTERS," translated by B. H. CHAMBERLAIN, and slightly adapted by Editor

HIS Augustness Fire-Shine was a prince who got his luck on the sea, and caught things broad of fin and things narrow of fin. His Augustness Fire-Subside was a prince who got his luck on the mountains, and caught things rough of hair and things soft of hair. One day His Augustness Fire-Subside said to his elder brother His Augustness Fire-Shine: "Let us mutually exchange, and use each other's luck." Nevertheless, though he thrice made the request, his elder brother would not accede to it; but at last with difficulty the mutual exchange was obtained. Then His Augustness Fire-Subside, undertaking the sea-luck, angled for fish, but never got a single fish, and, moreover, he lost the fish-hook in the sea. Thereupon his elder brother His Augustness Fire-Shine asked him for the fish-hook, saying: "A mountain-luck is a luck of its own. And a sea-luck is a luck of its own. Let each of us now restore to the other his luck." To which the younger brother His Augustness Fire-Subside replied, saying, "As for thy fish-hook, I did not get a single fish by angling with it, and at last I lost it in the sea." But the elder brother required it of him the more urgently. So the younger brother, breaking his ten-grasp sabre that was girded on him, made of the fragments five hundred fish-hooks as compensation, but he would not take them. Again he made a thousand fish-hooks as compensation; but he would not receive them, saying, "I still want the real, original fish-hook."

Hereupon, as the younger brother was weeping and lamenting by the seashore, the Deity Salt-Possessor came and asked him, saying, "What is the cause of the Sky's-Sun-Height's weeping and lamentation?" He replied, saying: "I had exchanged a fish-hook with my elder brother, and have lost that fish-hook; and as he asked me for it, I have given him many fish-hooks as compensation; but he will not receive them, saying, 'I still want the original fish-hook.' So I weep and lament for this." Then the Deity Salt-Possessor said, "I will give good counsel to Thine Augustness"; and therewith he built a stout little boat, and set him in the boat, and instructed him, saying: "When I shall have pushed the boat off, go on for some time. There will be a pleasant road, and if thou goest in the boat along that road there will appear a place built like fishes' scales, which is the palace of the Deity Ocean-Possessor. When thou reachest the august gate of that Deity's palace, there will be a branching cassia tree above the well at its side. So if thou sit on the top of the tree, the Sea-Deity's daughter will see thee, and counsel thee." So, following these instructions, His Augustness Fire-Subside went a little way, and everything happened as the Deity Salt-Possessor had said, and he forthwith climbed the cassia tree and sat there. Then when the handmaidens of the Sea-Deity's daughter Luxuriant-Jewel-Princess, bearing jewelled vessels, were about to draw water, there was a light in the well. On looking up, there was a beautiful young man. They thought it very strange. Then His Augustness Fire-Subside saw the handmaidens, and begged to be given

some water. The handmaidens at once drew some water and respectfully presented it to him in a jewelled bowl. Then, without drinking the water, he loosened the jewel at his neck, and dropped it into the jewelled bowl. Thereupon the jewel stuck to the bowl and the handmaidens could not take it off. So they took the bowl with the new jewel fastened to it, and presented it to Her Augustness Luxuriant-Jewel-Princess. Then, seeing the jewel, she asked her handmaidens, saying, "Is there, perhaps, some one sitting outside the gate?" They replied, saying, "There is some one." So she looked at the young man, and called her father that he might look. Then the Sea-Deity himself went out to look, and saying, "This person is the Sky's-Sun-Height, the august child of the Heaven's-Sun-Height," led him into the interior of the palace, and spreading eight layers of rugs of sea-asses' skins, and spreading on the top other eight layers of silk rugs, and setting him on the top of them, arranged merchandise on tables holding an hundred, made an august banquet, and forthwith gave his daughter in marriage.

So he dwelt in that land for three years. Hereupon His Augustness Fire-Subside thought of what had gone before, and heaved one deep sigh. So Her Augustness Luxuriant-Jewel-Princess, hearing the sigh, asked her father, saying: "Though he has dwelt three years with us, he had never sighed; but this night he heaved one deep sigh. What may be the cause of it?" The Great Deity, her father, asked his son-in-law, saying: "This morning I hear my daughter speak, saying, 'Though he has dwelt three years with us, he had never sighed;

but this night he heaved one deep sigh.' What may the cause be? Moreover, what was the cause of thy coming here?" Then His Augustness Fire-Subside told the Great Deity exactly how his elder brother had pressed him for the lost fish-hook. Thereupon the Sea-Deity summoned together all the fishes of the sea, great and small, and asked them, saying, "Is there, perchance, any fish that has taken this fish-hook?" So all the fishes replied, "Lately the tahi has complained of something sticking in its throat, preventing it from eating; so it doubtless has taken the hook." On the throat of the tahi being thereupon examined, there was the fish-hook in it. Being forthwith taken, it was washed and respectfully presented to His Augustness Fire-Subside, whom the Deity Great-Ocean-Possessor then instructed, saying: "What thou shalt say when thou grantest this fish-hook to thine elder brother is as follows: 'This fish-hook is a big hook, an eager hook, a poor hook, a silly hook.' Having thus spoken, bestow it with thy hand behind thy back. Having done thus, if thine elder brother make high fields, do Thine Augustness make low fields; and if thine elder brother plant rice in low fields, do Thine Augustness plant rice in high fields. If thou do thus, thine elder brother will certainly be impoverished in the space of three years, owing to my ruling the water. If thine elder brother, incensed at thy doing this, shall attack thee, put forth this tide-flowing jewel I give thee to drown him. If he express grief, put forth this tide-ebbing jewel to let him live. Thus shalt thou harass him." With these words the Sea-Deity gave to His Augustness Fire-Subside the

tide-flowing jewel and the tide-ebbing jewel, — two in all, — and forthwith summoned together all the crocodiles, and asked them, saying: "The Day's-Sun-Height, august child of the Heaven's-Sun-Height, is now about to proceed out to the Upper Land. Who will in how many days respectfully escort him, and bring back a report?" So each, according to the length of his body in fathoms, spoke, fixing a certain number of days — one of them, a crocodile one fathom long, saying, "I will escort him, and come back in one day." So the Sea-Deity said to the crocodile one fathom long: "If that be so, do thou respectfully escort him." Forthwith he seated him upon the crocodile's head, and saw him off. So the crocodile respectfully escorted him home in one day. When the crocodile was about to return, His Augustness Fire-Subside untied the stiletto which was girded on him, and setting it on the crocodile's neck, sent the latter back. So the crocodile one fathom long is now called the Deity Blade-Possessor.

Hereupon His Augustness Fire-Subside gave the fish-hook to his elder brother exactly according to the Sea-Deity's words of instructions. So thenceforward the elder brother became poorer and poorer, and one day, with renewed savage intentions, came to attack him. When he was about to attack His Augustness Fire-Subside, the latter put forth the tide-flowing jewel to drown him; on his expressing grief, he put forth the tide-ebbing jewel to save him. When he had been thus harassed, he bowed his head, saying, "I henceforward will be Thine Augustness's guard by day and night, and respectfully serve thee."

HEBREW STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE most important early Hebrew writings are found in the Bible and in the Talmud.

No record of the Hebrews is more ancient than the Bible, or "the Book." Genesis, which contains the story of Joseph, means *beginning*, and is the first division of the Pentateuch, as the first five books of the Bible are called. In this book is given the account of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Moses, the law-giver of the Israelites, is generally considered to be the writer of a large part of the Pentateuch. The story of Joseph, the favourite son of Jacob, begins by telling how Joseph, when a boy, was sold by his jealous brothers to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, king of Egypt; and how he finally became the ruler of the whole land.

The word *Talmud* means *study*, and is applied to the work containing laws and discussion of these laws that are based upon the written law of the Pentateuch. But rules for living and explanations of law do not entirely make up the Talmud, for the story of "The Rabbi and the Diadem," here told, is only one of many stories in the book of study. The Talmud dates from the sixth century.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

From the MODERN READER'S BIBLE

NOW Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, and said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another? And he said, Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and

buy for us from thence, that we may live, and not die. And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn from Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, Lest peradventure mischief befall him. And the sons of Israel came to buy among those that came: for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land; he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves to him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly with them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food. And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies. And he said unto them, Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said, We thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not. And Joseph said unto them, That is it that I spake unto you, saying, Ye are spies: hereby ye shall be proved: by the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be bound, that your words may be

proved, whether there be truth in you : or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies. And he put them all together into ward three days.

And Joseph said unto them the third day, This do, and live ; for I fear God ; if ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in your prison house ; but go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses : and bring your youngest brother unto me ; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die. And they did so. And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the distress of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear ; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child ; and ye would not hear ? therefore also, behold, his blood is required. And they knew not that Joseph understood them ; for there was an interpreter between them. And he turned himself about from them, and wept ; and he returned to them, and spake to them, and took Simeon from among them, and bound him before their eyes. Then Joseph commanded to fill their vessels with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way : and thus was it done unto them. And they laded their asses with their corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the lodging place, he espied his money ; and, behold, it was in the mouth of his sack. And he said unto his brethren, My money is restored ; and, lo, it is even in my sack : and their heart failed them, and they turned trembling one to

another, saying, What is this that God hath done unto us?

And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that had befallen them. . . .

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, and buy us a little food. And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down: for the man said unto us, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. And Israel said, Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother? And they said, The man asked straitly concerning ourselves, and concerning our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother? and we told him according to the tenor of these words: could we in any wise know that he would say, Bring your brother down? And Judah said unto Israel his father, Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever: for except we had lingered, surely we had now returned a second time. And their father Israel said unto them, If it be so now, do this; take of the choice fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spicery and

myrrh, nuts, and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was returned in the mouth of your sacks carry again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight: take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may release unto you your other brother and Benjamin. And if I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the steward of his house, Bring the men into the house, and slay, and make ready; for the men shall dine with me at noon. And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men were afraid, because they were brought into Joseph's house; and they said, Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in; that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen, and our asses. And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and they spake unto him at the door of the house, and said, Oh my lord, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food: and it came to pass, when we came to the lodging place, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight: and we have brought it again in our hands. And other money have we brought down in our hand to buy food: we know not who put our money in our sacks. And he

said, Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money. And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender.

And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there. And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed down themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they said, Thy servant our father is well, he is yet alive. And they bowed the head and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw Benjamin his brother, his mother's son, and said, Is this your youngest brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother; and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and came out; and he refrained himself, and said, Set on bread. And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marvelled one with another.

And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money. And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and were not yet afar off, Joseph said unto his steward, Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby he indeed divineth? ye have done evil in so doing. And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these words. And they said unto him, Wherefore speakest my lord such words as these? God forbid that thy servants should do such a thing. Behold, the money which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then should we steal out of my lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen. And he said, Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my bondman; and ye shall be blameless. Then they hasted, and took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and

began at the eldest, and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; and he was yet there: and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, What deed is this that ye have done? know ye not that such a man as I can indeed divine? And Judah said, What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants; behold, we are my lord's bondmen, both we, and he also in whose hand the cup is found. And he said, God forbid that I should do so; the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my bondman; but as for you, get you up in peace unto your father.

Then Judah came near unto him, and said, Oh my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother? And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to pass when we came up

unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, Go again, buy us a little food. And we said, We cannot go down; if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I have not seen him since: and if ye take this one also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then shall I bear the blame to my father for ever. Now therefore, let thy servant, I pray thee, abide instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest I see the evil that shall come on my father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians heard, and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his breth-

ren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother whom ye sold into Egypt. And now be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and there are yet five years in the which there shall be neither ploughing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a remnant in the earth, and to save you alive by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and ruler over all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: and there will I nourish thee; for there are yet five years of famine; lest thou come to poverty, thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast. And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. And he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them; and after that his brethren talked with him.

And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, saying, Joseph's brethren are come; and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Say unto thy brethren, This do ye: lade your beasts, and go, get you unto the land of Canaan; and take your father and your households, and come unto me: and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land. Now thou art commanded, this do ye; take you wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours. And the sons of Israel did so: and Joseph gave them wagons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way. To all of them he gave each man changes of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver, and five changes of raiment. And to his father he sent after this manner: ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she-asses laden with corn and bread and victual for his father by the way. So he sent his brethren away, and they departed: and he said unto them, See that ye fall not out by the way.

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father. And they told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt. And his heart fainted; for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived; and Israel said, It

is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.

And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beer-sheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, Jacob, Jacob. And he said, Here am I. And he said, I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation: I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put his hands upon thine eyes. And Jacob rose up from Beer-sheba: and the sons of Israel carried Jacob their father, and their little ones, and their wives, in the wagons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him. And they took their cattle, and their goods, which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt, Jacob, and all his seed with him: his sons, and his sons' sons with him, his daughters, and his sons' daughters, and all his seed brought he with him into Egypt.

And he sent Judah before him unto Joseph, to shew the way before him unto Goshen; and they came into the land of Goshen. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen; and he presented himself unto him, and fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, that thou art yet alive. And Joseph said unto his brethren, and unto his father's house, I will go up, and tell Pharaoh, and will say unto him, My brethren, and my father's house, which were in the land of Canaan,

are come unto me ; and the men are shepherds, for they have been keepers of cattle ; and they have brought their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have. And it shall come to pass, when Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, What is your occupation ? that ye shall say, Thy servants have been keepers of cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and our fathers : that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen ; for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians.

Then Joseph went in and told Pharaoh, and said, My father and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan ; and, behold, they are in the land of Goshen. And from among his brethren he took five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, What is your occupation ? And they said unto Pharaoh, Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and our fathers. And they said unto Pharaoh, To sojourn in the land are we come ; for there is no pasture for thy servants' flocks ; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan : now, therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen. And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee : the land of Egypt is before thee ; in the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell ; in the land of Goshen let them dwell ; and if thou knowest any able men among them, then make them rulers over my cattle. And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh : and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How many are the days of the years of thy life ? And Jacob said

unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years : few and evil have been the days of the years of my life, and they have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage. And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from the presence of Pharaoh. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

THE RABBI AND THE DIADEM

From the TALMUD, translated by DR. A. S. ISAACS

GREAT was the alarm in the palace of Rome, which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem, and it could not be found. They searched in every direction, but it was all in vain. Half-distracted, for the mishap boded no good to her or her house, the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result. As a last resource it was proclaimed in the public streets : "The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head."

In those times all nationalities flocked toward Rome ; all classes and creeds could be met in its stately halls

and crowded thoroughfares. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learned sage from the East, who loved goodness, and lived a righteous life in the stir and turmoil of the Western world. It chanced one night as he was strolling up and down, in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky, he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly, brought it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days had expired, when he resolved to return it to the owner.

He proceeded to the palace, and, undismayed at sight of long lines of soldiery and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.

"What dost thou mean by this?" she inquired, when he told her his story and gave her the diadem. "Why didst thou delay until this hour? Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited."

"I delayed until now," the rabbi answered, calmly, "so that thou mightst know that I return thy diadem, not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment; but solely to comply with the Divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him."

"Blessed be thy God!" the Empress answered, and dismissed the rabbi without further reproof; for had he not done right for right's sake?

BABYLONIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE Izdubar legend, which is one of the earliest Assyrian records, is found also in pictorial representation on the still older Babylonian seals. Probably it took shape before 2000 B.C. The fragments that remain are in verse and relate the adventures of Izdubar, a legendary sovereign of Babylonia. These adventures are thought by some to represent the passage of the sun among the heavenly constellations. One portion tells of Izdubar's journey to the dwelling of the blessed, and of his meeting with Pir-napishtim, who told him the story of the Deluge. The entire legend of Izdubar forms the chief literary work of the Assyrians.

Another poem tells of the beautiful Ishtar, goddess of love, and of her descent into Hades. The object of this descent is unknown, but it seems to have been to search for the healing waters which should restore to life her bridegroom, Tammuz, the beautiful young sun-god slain by the cruel Night.

THE STORY OF THE DELUGE

From THE IZDUBAR LEGENDS, translated by G. SMITH

BE revealed to thee, Izdubar, the concealed story, and the judgment of the gods be related to thee :

The city Surripak, . . . that city is ancient . . . the gods within it, their servant, the great gods, . . .

the god Anu . . . the god Bel . . . the god Ninip, and the god . . . lord of Hades; their will he revealed in the midst . . . and I his will was hearing, and he spake to me: "Surippakite, son of Ubaratutu, make a ship after this . . . I destroy sinner and life; cause to go in the seed of life, all of it, to the midst of the ship. The ship which thou shalt make six hundred cubits shall be the measure of its length and sixty cubits the amount of its breadth and height; . . . into the deep launch it."

I perceived and said to Hea, my lord: "The ship-making which thou commandest me, when I shall have made, young and old will deride me."

Hea opened his mouth and spake and said to me his servant:

"Thou shalt say unto them, 'He has turned from me.' . . . Into it enter and the door of the ship turn. Into the midst of it thy grain, thy furniture, and thy goods, thy wealth, thy woman servants, thy female slaves, and the young men, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field, — all I will gather and I will send to thee, and they shall be enclosed in thy door."

* * * * *

All I possessed the strength of it; all I possessed the strength of it, silver; all I possessed the strength of it, gold; all I possessed the strength of it, the seed of life, — the whole I caused to go up into the ship. . . .

A flood Shamas made, and he spake, saying, in the night: "I will cause it to rain heavily. Enter to the midst of the ship, and shut thy door."

That flood happened of which he spake, saying in

the night, "I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily." In the day I celebrated his festival, the day of watching fear I had. I entered to the midst of the ship, and shut my door.

Ragmu-seri-ina-namari arose, from the horizon of heaven extending and wide. Vul in the midst of it thundered, and Nebo and Saru went in front, the throne-bearers went over mountains and plains, the destroyer Negal overturned, Ninip went in front and cast down, the spirits carried destruction, in their glory they swept the earth; of Vul the flood reached to heaven. The bright earth to a waste was turned. The surface of the earth . . . it swept, it destroyed all from the face of the earth. . . . The strong deluge over the people reached to heaven. Brother saw not his brother, they did not know the people. In heaven the gods feared the tempest, and sought refuge; they ascended to the heaven of Anu. . . .

Six days and nights passed, the wind, deluge, and storm overwhelmed. On the seventh day in its course was calmed the storm, and all the deluge which had destroyed like an earthquake quieted. The sea he caused to dry, and the wind and deluge ended. I perceived the sea making a tossing. . . . I opened the window, and the light broke over my face. It passed. I sat down and wept; over my face flowed my tears. I perceived the shore at the boundary of the sea; for twelve measures the land rose. To the country of Nizir went the ship; the mountain of Nizir stopped the ship, and to pass over it was not able. The first day and the second day, the mountain of Nizir the same. The third

day and the fourth day, the mountain of Nizir the same. The fifth and sixth, the mountain of Nizir the same.

On the seventh day, in the course of it I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went, and turned, and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went, and turned, and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a raven, and it left. The raven went, and the decrease of water it saw, and it did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and it did not return. I sent the animals forth to the four winds; I poured out a libation; I built an altar on the peak of the mountain.

* * * * *

When his judgment was accomplished, Bel went up to the midst of the ship. He took my hand and raised me up, he caused to raise and to bring my wife to my side; he made a bond, he established in a covenant, and gave this blessing, in the presence of Hasisadra and the people, thus: "When Hasisadra, and his wife, and the people, to be like the gods, are carried away, then shall dwell Hasisadra in a remote place at the mouth of the rivers."



THE DESCENT OF ISHTAR

From THE POEM OF ISHTAR, translated by A. H. SAYCE, and retold by Editor

TO the land whence none return, the land of darkness, Ishtar, the goddess Ishtar, turned. To the house of darkness she went, toward the seat of the god Irkalla, to the house from whose entrance there is no

exit, to the road from whose passage there is no return, to the place from whose visitors the light is taken away. The dwellers of this land see no light, for in utter darkness they dwell. Their garment is of feathers, the garment of birds. Over the door dust is scattered, over the door and the bolt.

When Ishtar had come to the gate of Hades, she said to the keeper of the gate: "Keeper of the waters, open thy gate! Open thy gate that I may enter. If thou dost not open the gate, I will smite the door, I will shatter the bolt, I will smite the threshold and pass through the portals." The keeper replied to the Princess Ishtar: "Stay, O lady, thou must not break it down! Let me go and tell thy name to Nin-ki-gal, the queen of Hades."

So the keeper descended and declared her name to Nin-ki-gal, and said: "O goddess, the Princess Ishtar, thy sister, has come to seek the healing water of life, and is trying to break the mighty bars." When Nin-ki-gal Allat heard this, she answered: "Like a drooping flower has Ishtar descended into Hades, and prayed for the water of life. What matters to me her wish? What matters to me her anger? Yet go, keeper, open for her thy gate, and bring her in according to the ancient rules."

Then the keeper returned to Ishtar, and opened the gate for her, saying, "Enter, O lady; let the palace of Hades rejoice before thee." After he had made her enter the first gate and shut it, he threw down from her head the mighty crown she wore. "Why, O keeper," said Ishtar, "hast thou thrown down the mighty crown

of my head?" "Enter, O lady," he replied; "for this is the order of Allat." After entering and shutting the second gate, he threw away her ear-rings; after the third gate was closed, he threw away the precious stones of her necklace; after the fourth gate, her ornaments; after the fifth gate, her girdle; after the sixth gate, the bracelets of her hands and her feet; after the seventh gate, her outer robe. Each time that the keeper threw away something, Ishtar asked, "Why, O keeper, hast thou done this?" And each time that she asked, he replied, "Enter, O lady; for this is the order of Allat."

After Ishtar had descended all the way into Hades, Allat, the queen, beheld her and was haughty before her. Then Ishtar besought Allat to grant her desire, but the queen of Hades said to an attendant, "Go, Namtar, take Ishtar out of my presence, and lead her away!" So Ishtar was led away to the abode of the dead.

Soon after, there came to Hades the god of the sun to plead with Allat because, since Ishtar had descended into Hades, the world had gone all wrong. Then Allat, against her will, told Namtar to pour over Ishtar the waters of life, and to take her to the earth again. Namtar departed to the place of the dead, and bade the spirits of earth come forth and sit upon a throne of gold. After he had poured over Ishtar the waters of life, he brought her along the path by which she had come to Hades. At the first gate he restored her outer robe; at the second, her bracelets; at the third, her girdle of gems; at the fourth, her ornaments; at the

fifth, the jewels of her necklace; at the sixth, her earrings; at the seventh, her crown. Namtar then said to her: "If Allat has not given thee the gift for which the ransom made by the god of the sun was paid to her, turn back now for Tammuz, the bridegroom of thy youth. Pour over him the pure waters, anoint him with precious oil. Clothe him with a purple robe, and put a ring of crystal on his finger." So Namtar advised, and Ishtar hereafter had Tammuz with her a part of every year.

ARABIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE Arabs of the tenth century A.D. have one kind of poetical writing all their own. "Assemblies" is the name that was given to it, because in this form of writing an Arab gentleman is imagined as meeting constantly in his travels an old vagabond, who in "Assemblies" or "gatherings" of strangers relates, or improvises, some incident in his life for the sake of gaining sympathy and money. The Assemblies of Al Harîrî, who was the best of these poets, are regarded by the Arabs as a treasure second only to their sacred Koran. In these Assemblies the Arab gentleman is El Harîth Ibn el Hammâm, who is the narrator of the adventures given by the vagabond improviser, Abn Zeid.

The Romance of Antâr is a celebrated Arabian romance, believed to have been composed in the eighth century from traditional Eastern tales. El-Asma'ee, a poet at the court of Hâroon Er-Rasheed, was probably the author. Antâr is no make-believe person, but a real warrior, famous for his bravery. He was also the author of the "Seven Poems" supposed to have been suspended on the temple at Mecca. The account of his exploits is enjoyed by the Arabs even more than are the stories in "The Arabian Nights."

The tales in "The Arabian Nights" are doubtless by different authors, and from several countries besides Arabia; but the work, as we have it, was completed possibly in the first part of the sixteenth century. It is a collection of fanciful Oriental stories.

THE LOST CAMEL: THE WORDS OF
HARRET IBN HAMMAM

From THE ASSEMBLIES OF AL HARÎRÎ, translated by THEODORE PRESTON

I WAS inclined in the prime of my past life
To make my residence among the people of the desert,
In order to acquire their high-minded temperament,
And their pure dialect of the Arabian language:
So I strove to qualify myself to dwell among them
With the energy of one who abates not his zeal,
And began to prosecute enterprise in every direction,
Till I had gained large herds of camels and flocks of
sheep;

And then I betook me to a tribe of Bedouin Arabs,
Men of princely excellence and eloquent discourse,
Who presently lodged me in the most secure abode,
And turned from me the edge of every misfortune;
So that no arrow of slander assailed my reputation,
And no trouble reached me while I was among them:
Till on a full moonlight night I lost a fine milch-camel;
And my mind was not satisfied to neglect search after
her,

Nor content to let her go without trying to recover her.
So I mounted a swift steed, and poised a quivering lance,
And travelled all night long, crossing the desert,
And exploring every woodland and vast place,
Till the time when the morn unfurls her banner,
And the muezzin summons to early prayer;
And then, after alighting to perform the prescribed
duties,

I sprang again upon my beast, and put her to full speed,
And went forward, following up every trace that I saw,
Ascending every hill, and crossing every valley on my
way,

And interrogating every traveller that I met with,
Though still my assiduity proved abortive,
And my quest obtained not any satisfactory return,
Till the stroke of the noontide sun was at hand,
And such a torrid midday heat beat down upon me
As would have compelled even Greilan to forget Meya ;
And it was a day longer than the shadow of a lance,
And more scorching than the tears of a bereaved mother ;
So that I was sure, unless I found shelter from the heat,
Or an opportunity to refresh myself by reposing,
That fatigue would overwhelm me with malady,
And death soon seize upon me as his prey.

So I turned aside out of my path to a spreading tree,
Whose branches were thick and boughs in full leaf,
That I might repose beneath it till the approach of eve.
But I had scarce time to take breath, or my mare to rest,
Before I saw approaching from the right, in a pilgrim's
garb,

One in quest of the same thing that I had sought myself,
And approaching rapidly in my direction.

Now I disliked his turning aside to the place that I occupied,

And commended myself to God for protection against intruders ;

Though I hoped that he might prove my guide to what was lost,

Or appear as my leader in the right way.

However, when he approached my spreading tree,
And was on the point of alighting in my neighbourhood,
I discovered that he was our Shaikh of Serong,
Carrying a wallet fastened about his waist,
And bearing under his arm the provisions of his journey.
And he saluted me courteously when he reached me,
And by his affability made me forget my loss.
Then I asked him from what direction he was come,
And how he was circumstanced externally and internally,
And, in reply, he indited unpremeditatedly and unhesitatingly :

“ Since one to whom my best esteem is due
Would know my mode of life, I'll tell him true. —
From land to land I journey without home,
And o'er the lonely desert nightly roam ;
Possessing naught whose loss my heart would grieve,
Amerced of naught that I would fain retrieve ;
My food the chase, the earth my only bed,
My foot by staff and way-worn sandal sped,
My home in towns the garret of an inn,
A scroll and scrip my only friend and kin.
No dread of danger, no desire of gain,
Disturbs my breast ; I know not grief or pain,
Nor feel one trace of fever or distress,
When nightly slumbers on my eyelids press ;
And though I care not whence my draughts are found,
Or if with sweet or bitter they abound,
I ne'er submit dishonour to endure,
Or sordid pelf by shameful arts procure.
Whene'er I see a wretch on baseness bent,
My inmost soul abhors his vile intent ;

For rather would I sink to death than shame,
On bier be borne than bear a caitiff's name."
Then he looked at me and said, "What brings thee
here?

'Kozeir did not mutilate himself without a motive.'"
So I told him in reply how my camel had strayed,
And how much I had suffered on that day and the last;
But he replied, "Leave off regarding what is gone,
Or longing after what has quite disappeared,
Nor sorrow for what is irretrievably lost,
Though it were even a 'valley-full of gold';
Nor seek to conciliate one averse from thy sway,
Who has kindled for thee the flame of vexations,
Though he be the son of thy loins or partner of thy soul.
But in the meantime, wilt thou that we repose ourselves,
And abstain a while from the interchange of conversation?

For our bodies are utterly exhausted by fatigue,
And the noontide heat has all the fierceness of a flame;
And nothing brightens the mind and braces the languid
Like repose at noon, and especially in the two hottest
months."

I replied, "It rests with thee, and I will not oppose thee."
So he made his bed on the ground, and laid him down,
And soon exhibited the symptoms of being fast asleep;
While I leant on my elbow, intending to watch and not
slumber.

But sleep seized upon me when our tongues were
hushed,
Nor did I wake till night was come and the stars shone;
When, lo! Abou-Zaid and my steed were both gone.

So I passed a night like that of the poet Narbegri,
And continued in a state of distress like that of Jacob,
Struggling incessantly with my sullen indignation,
And vying in wakefulness with the stars ;
Pondering on my prospect of a lonely journey on foot,
And then on my doom to return home disappointed ;
Until, when the smile of dawn beamed in the face of the
sky,

I perceived a mounted traveller coursing over the desert.
So I made a sign to him by waving my garment,
And expected that he would turn aside in my direction ;
But he heeded not my signal, nor pitied my distress,
But proceeded regardlessly, wounding me with the arrow
of scorn.

I therefore hastened towards him, intending to beg of
him

To give me permission to take my seat behind him,
Though I should be submitting thereby to endure his
pride.

Now when I had with some difficulty overtaken him,
And had succeeded in obtaining a distinct view of him,
I found that it was on my camel that he was mounted,
And that it was my lost property that he had found.
So I was not slow to dislodge him from her hump,
And to try to pull the end of her cord away from him,
Saying to him, "I am her owner, and the man who
lost her ;

And her milk and her offspring alike belong to me ;
Be not therefore as absurdly covetous as Ashaab,
Lest thou only bring useless trouble on thyself and
me."

But he began to attack me, and then complain of my attacks ;
At one time boldly aggressive, at another shamelessly timid.
And while he displayed this alternation of violence and meekness,
Now behaving like a lion, and now assuming submission,
Lo! Abou-Zaid came suddenly upon us, dressed in tiger's skin,
And careering along like an inundating flood ;
So that I feared he would treat me as he had done already,
And his conduct be the same as it had been the day before,
And myself have to share the fate of the "two tanners,"
With nothing left of me but the tale of which I was the subject ;
But all that I could do was to remind him of his past promises,
And of what he had done to me on the preceding day.
I therefore conjured him to tell me if he was now come
To effect reconciliation with me, or to complete my ruin.
And he replied, "God forbid that I should kill a wounded man,
Or add a simoom by day to my hot wind of the night !
I came to thee only to ascertain the state of thy affairs,
And to make myself as a right hand to thy left."
Then my heart was set at rest, and my fear dispelled,
And I proceeded to inform him about my camel,
And how the person with me persisted in denial ;
Whereupon he looked at him like a wild lion at his prey,

And then set his lance in rest against him,
And swore by Him who lights up the dawn,
That unless he at once submitted to an ignominious
flight,

And consented to withdraw with the loss of his prize,
He would certainly plunge the spear-head into his
neck,

And put his sons and friends into mourning for him.
Then he threw down the camel's cord, and fled in haste:
And Abou-Zaid said to me, "Take her, and mount her
hump;

For this is one of the two good deeds I ought to do,
And one misfortune is easier to bear than two."

So I was perplexed whether to blame him or thank him,
And whether the benefit compensated for the wrong
done me;

But, as if he were supernaturally informed of my
thoughts,

Or had divined what reflections disturbed my soul,
He turned to me smilingly, and fluently indited these
lines:

"My friend, who hast meekly an injury borne,
That my brethren and kin would have sorely 're-
sented,

And, though yesterday grieved by my outrage and
scorn,

Art glad that I now have sincerely repented,
O excuse for my present behaviour the past,
And away both thy censure and gratitude cast."

"But," said he, "my temper is as hasty as thine is gloomy,
How then is it possible that we should agree together?"

So he departed, cleaving the dust before him as he
went,
And urging forward his steed with all his might ;
But for me, I delayed not to mount my camel,
And set out again in the direction that I had intended,
Till I reached my dwelling after my mishaps great and
small.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE ARAB HERO
ANTAR AND THE PERSIAN HERO
KHOSREWAN

From THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR, translated by TERRICK HAMILTON

AS Khosrewan was preparing to proceed to the field,
lo! from the Arab army there came forth a man
between the two ranks, and stood conspicuous amidst
the two armies, and both parties gazed at him. He
was like a strong battlement, quite immersed in steel ;
in his hand was a sparkling blade, and he had a long
spear slung over him, and under him was a steed of the
colour of gold, indefatigable in labour, as an Arab poet
has described :

“Praise the yellow steed of the colour of gold, for
“he is of the horse noblest in pedigree ; his rider
“shall outstrip every warrior in the beauty of his
“shape and paces. He may be in the evening at
“Tekmet, in the morning at Aleppo.”

And he galloped over the plain to and fro, and he
disclosed a countenance like that of a Ghoul ; the
warriors and heroes marked him : and lo ! it was the

illustrious chieftain and intrepid warrior, Aboolfawaris, Antar the son of Sheddad; and he came forth to put an end to the Persian contest, and to slay their general; and thus returned to his family and country with wealth and riches. He dashed into the centre of the army; he disdained the common herd, and would not condescend to challenge them. He burst on the right, and discomfited it, and slew threescore and ten; he rushed on to the left, and forced it in confusion on the right; he returned again to the centre, seeking carnage and bloodshed. He was mounted on a mare; for his horse, Abjer, wounded the day before, was still unfit for the day of encounter. And when he was in the centre between the two armies, he thus spoke:

“Relieve my pains, ease my sorrows. Sally forth, aye, every lion warrior. Taste the draught at the edge of my sword, more bitter than the cups of Absynth. When death appears in the crowded ranks, then challenge me to the meeting of armies. Ye Persians, I heed ye not, I heed ye not. Where is he who wishes to fight me, and wants to make me drink the liquor of death? Bring him forth; let him see what he will meet from my spear under the shades of the war dust. I swear, O Ilba, he shall eat of death. By thy teeth, luscious to the kiss, and by thine eyes, and all the pangs of their enchantment, and their beauty, were thy nightly visionary form not to appear to me, never should I taste of sleep. O thou, my hope! O may the western breeze tell thee my salutation, when the sparkling dawn bursts the veil of night. May God moisten thy nights, and bedew thee with his rain-charged clouds. May peace

dwell with thee as long as the western and northern breeze shall blow."

When Antar had finished, behold Khosrewan; he appeared on the plain, and he was mounted on a long-tailed steed; marked with the new moon on his forehead, and on his body was a strong coat of mail well knit together, the workmanship of David; and armed with an imperial casque and a glittering sword; and under his thighs were four small darts, each like a blazing flame. And when he came forth on the field of battle he roared aloud and contemptuously of the Arabs. Antar assailed him; high arose the dust about them, so that they were hid from the sight. They exhibited most extraordinary prowess; they separated, they clung to each other, now they sported, now they were in earnest; they gave and took, they were close, they were apart, until it was midday, and both had severely toiled. But whenever Khosrewan attempted to assail Antar and strike him with his mace, he found him vigilant and on his guard, and aware of his intent. So he darted away from him in order to gallop over the field, and would exhibit all his manœuvres and stratagems; but Antar kept him employed, wearied him, and prevented his executing his designs, so that the chieftain's wrath became intense. He snatched up one of his darts, and shook it, and hurled it at him; it flew from his hand like the blinding lightning or descending fate. Antar stood firm, and when it came near him he met it, and dexterously turning it off by his shield, it bounded away and fell upon the ground far off. Khosrewan snatched out a second dart and levelled it

at him ; but Antar sprang out of its way, and it passed harmless. He aimed a third, but Antar rendered it fruitless by his dexterity and his persevering activity. He hurled a fourth, but it shared the same fate as the others.

When Khosrewan saw how Antar had parried the darts, his indignation was extreme. Again he took up his mace, and he roared even as a lion roars; then, stretching himself out with it, he hurled it, backing it with a howl that made the plains and the air re-bellow. Antar threw away his spear and met the mace, and caught it with his right hand in the air ; then, aiming it at Khosrewan, he cried out : " Take that, thou son of a two-thousand-horned cuckold ! I am the lover of Ilba, and am alone the Phoenix of the world." Khosrewan saw him grasp the mace in the air, and was horrified ; for his strength and force were exhausted. He retreated, and attempted to fly over his antagonist ; for he was now convinced of his destruction. He moved round his shield between his shoulders ; but he felt that his fate was nigh at hand, for the mace fell upon his shield more forcibly than the stone of a sling ; furiously it rattled on the Persian chief, and hurled him off his saddle to the distance of twelve cubits, and broke his ribs and snapped his spine.

Every warrior was intensely agitated at this surprising deed, and when the Persian chiefs saw it they were bewildered ; they rushed upon Antar, agonized as they were at this calamity, and exposed their lives to certain death. The Arabs received them with undaunted courage at the points of their spears ; and their spirit was

exhilarated by the acts of Antar. The two armies assailed, and the earth was pounded under the tramping of the horses. The horsemen and the clans encountered; clouds of dust thickened over their heads. And their fury increased, till they were like waves of the boisterous ocean. Spears penetrated through hearts and waists, heads were flying off, blood was boiling, cowards were scared, the courageous full of fire; the King of Death circled around the cup of mortality; and the commands of the Most High were executed upon them.

THE CITY OF IREM

From THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, translated by JOHN PAYNE

IT is related that Adballah ben Abou Kilabeh went forth in quest of a camel that had strayed from him; and as he was wandering in the deserts of Yemen and Sebaa, he came upon a great city, in whose midst was a vast citadel compassed about with pavilions that rose high into the air. He made for the place, thinking to find there inhabitants, of whom he might inquire concerning his camel; but when he reached it he found it deserted, without a living soul in it. So (quoth Adballah), "I alighted and, hobbling my she-camel, took courage and entered the city. When I came to the citadel, I found it had two vast gates,—never in the world was seen their like for size and loftiness,—inlaid with all manner of jewels and jacinths, white and red and yellow and green. At this I marvelled greatly, and entering the citadel, trembling and dazed with

wonder and affright, found it long and wide, as it were a city for bigness; and therein were lofty storied pavilions, builded of gold and silver and inlaid with many-coloured jewels and jacinths and chrysolites and pearls. The leaves of their doors were even as those of the citadel for beauty, and their floors strewn with great pearls and balls, as they were hazelnuts, of musk and ambergris and saffron. When I came within the city and saw no human being therein, I had well-nigh swooned and died for fear. Moreover, I looked down from the summit of the towers and balconies and saw rivers running under them; in the streets were fruit-laden trees and tall palms, and the manner of the building of the city was one brick of gold and one of silver. So I said to myself, 'Doubtless this is the paradise promised for the world to come.' Then I took of the jewels of its gravel and the musk of its dust as much as I could bear and returned to my own country, where I told the folk what I had seen.

"After a while, the news reached Muawiyeh ben Abou Sufyan, who was then khalif in the Hejaz; so he wrote to his lieutenant in Senaa of Yemen to send for the teller of the story and question him of the truth of the case. Accordingly the lieutenant sent for me and questioned me, and I told him what I had seen, whereupon he despatched me to Muawiyeh, to whom I repeated my story; but he would not credit it. So I brought out to him some of the pearls and balls of musk and ambergris and saffron, in which latter there was still some sweet smell; but the pearls were grown yellow and discoloured. The khalif wondered at this, and

sending for Kaab el Ahbar, said to him, 'O Kaab el Ahbar, I have sent for thee to learn the truth of a certain matter, and hope that thou wilt be able to certify thereanent.' 'What is it, O Commander of the Faithful?' asked Kaab, and Muawiyeh said, 'Wottest thou of a city builded of gold and silver, the pillars whereof are of rubies and chrysolite and its gravel pearls and balls of musk and ambergris and saffron?' 'Yes, O Commander of the Faithful,' answered Kaab. 'This is "Irem of the Columns, the like of which was never made in the lands," and it was Sheddad, son of Aad the Great, that built it.' Quoth the khalif, 'Tell us of its history'; and Kaab said, 'Aad the Great had two sons, Shedid and Sheddad. When their father died, they ruled in his stead, and there was no king of the kings of the earth but was subject to them. After a while Shedid and his brother Sheddad reigned over the earth alone. Now he was fond of reading in old books, and happening upon the description of the world to come and of Paradise, with its pavilions and galleries and trees and fruits and so forth, his soul moved him to build the like thereof in the world, after the fashion aforesaid. Now under his hand were a hundred thousand kings commanding over a hundred thousand captains, commanding each a hundred thousand warriors; so he called these all before him and said to them, "I find in old books and histories a description of Paradise, as it is to be in the next world, and I desire to build its like in this world. Go ye forth, therefore, to the goodliest and most spacious tract in the world and build me there a city of gold and silver, whose gravel shall be

rubies and chrysolites and pearls and the columns of its vaults beryl. Fill it with palaces, whereon ye shall set galleries and balconies, and plant its lanes and thoroughfares with all manner of trees bearing ripe fruits, and make rivers to run through it in channels of gold and silver." "How can we avail to do this thing," answered they, "and whence shall we get the chrysolites and rubies and pearls whereof thou speakest?" Quoth he, "Know ye not that all the kings of the world are under my hand and that none that is therein dare gainsay my commandment?" "Yes," answered they, "we know that." "Get ye then," rejoined he, "to the mines of chrysolites and rubies and gold and silver and to the pearl-fisheries, and gather together all that is in the world of jewels and metals of price and leave naught; and take also for me such of these things as be in men's hands and let nothing escape you: be diligent and beware of disobedience."

"Then he wrote letters to all the chief kings of the world [now the number of kings then reigning in chief over the earth was three hundred and threescore kings], and bade them gather together all these things that were in their subjects' hands and get them to the mines of precious stones and metals, and bring forth all that was therein, even from the abysses of the seas. This they accomplished in the space of twenty years; and Sheddad then assembled from all lands and countries builders and men of art, and labourers and handicraftsmen, who dispersed over the world and explored all the wastes and deserts thereof, till they came to a vast and fair open plain, clear of hills and mountains, with springs welling and rivers running, and said, "This

is even such a place as the king commanded us to find." So they busied themselves in building the city even as Sheddad, king of the whole earth in its length and breadth, had commanded them, laying the foundations and leading the rivers therethrough in channels after the prescribed fashion. Moreover, all the kings of the earth sent thither jewels and precious stones and pearls, large and small, and cornelian and gold and silver upon camels by land and in great ships over the waters, and there came to the builders' hands of all these things so great a quantity as may neither be told nor imagined. They laboured at the work three hundred years; and when they had wrought it to end, they went to King Sheddad and acquainted him therewith. Then said he, "Depart and make thereto an impregnable citadel, rising high into the air, and round it a thousand pavilions, each builded on a thousand columns of chrysolite and ruby and vaulted with gold, that in each pavilion may dwell a vizier." So they returned and did this in other twenty years; after which they again presented themselves before the king and informed him of the accomplishment of his will. Then he commanded his viziers, who were a thousand in number, and his chief officers, and such of his troops and others as he put trust in, to prepare for departure and removal to Many-Columned Irem, at the stirrup of Sheddad, son of Aad, king of the world; and he bade also such as he would of his women and of his female slaves and eunuchs make them ready for the journey. They spent twenty years in preparing for departure, at the end of which time Sheddad set out with his host, rejoicing in the attain-

ment of his wish, and fared forward till there remained but one day's journey between him and Irem. Then God sent down on him and on the stubborn unbelievers with him a thunder-blast from the heavens of his power, which destroyed them all with a mighty clamour; and neither he nor any of his company set eyes on the city. Moreover, God blotted out the road that led to the city, and it stands unchanged, in its stead, until the Resurrection Day.'

"Muawiyeh wondered greatly at the Kaab's story, and said to him, 'Hath any mortal ever made his way to the city?' 'Yes,' answered Kaab, 'one of the companions of Mohammed (on whom be peace and salvation) reached it, doubtless after the same fashion as this man who sits here.' 'And [quoth Es Shaabi] it is related, on the authority of learned men of Himyer of Yemen, that Sheddad was succeeded in his kingship by his son, Sheddad the Less, whom he left his viceregent in Hezremout and Sebaa, when he set out for Irem. When he heard of his father's death on the road, he caused his body to be brought back to Hazremout and let hew him out a sepulchre in a cavern, where he laid the body on a throne of gold and threw over it threescore and ten robes of cloth of gold, embroidered with precious stones; and at his head he set up a tablet of gold, on which were graven the following verses:

"Take warning, thou that by long life Art duped and thinkst to live away.

I'm Sheddad son of Aad, a high And mighty monarch in my day;
Lord of the columned citadel, Great was my prowess in the fray.
All the world's peoples feared my might And did my ordinance obey;

Yea, and I held the East and West And ruled them with an iron sway.

One came to us with God's command And summoned us to the right way.

"Is there no 'scaping from this thing?" Quoth we and did his word gainsay.

Then on us fell a thunder-blast From out the heavens far away,
And like the sheaves in reaping-time Midmost a field, o'erthrown we lay.

And now beneath the storied plains Of earth we wait the appointed Day.'

"Quoth Eth Thaalibi also, 'It chanced that two men once entered this cavern, and found at its upper end a stair; so they descended and came to an underground chamber a hundred cubits long by forty wide and a hundred high. In the midst stood a throne of gold, whereon lay a man of gigantic stature, filling the whole length and breadth of the throne. He was covered with jewelry and raiment gold and silver wrought, and at his head was a tablet of gold, bearing an inscription. So they took the tablet and bore it off, together with as many bars of gold and silver and so forth as they could away with.'"



THE CITY OF LEBTAIT

From THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, translated by JOHN PAYNE

THERE was once a city in the land of the Franks, called the City of Lebtait.¹ It was a royal city, and in it stood a tower which was always shut. Whenever a king died and another king of the Franks took

¹ Apparently Toledo.

the kingship after him, he set a new and strong lock on the tower, till there were four and twenty locks upon the gate. After this time there came to the throne a man who was not of the old royal house, and he had a mind to open the locks, that he might see what was within the tower. The grandees of his kingdom forbade him from this, and were instant with him to desist, offering him all that their hands possessed of riches and things of price, if he would but forego his desire; but he would not be baulked, and said, "Needs must I open this tower." So he did off the locks, and entering found within figures of Arabs on their horses and camels, covered with turbans with hanging ends, girt with swords and bearing long lances in their hands. He found there also a scroll, with these words written therein: "Whenas this door is opened, a people of the Arabs, after the likeness of the figures here depicted, will conquer this country; wherefore beware, beware of opening it." Now this city was in Spain, and this very year Tarik ibn Ziyad conquered it, in the khalifate of Welid ben Abdulmelik of the sons of Umeyyeh, slaying this king after the sorriest fashion and sacking the city, and making prisoners of the women and boys therein. Moreover, he found there immense treasures; amongst the rest more than a hundred and seventy crowns of pearls and rubies and other gems, and a saloon, in which horsemen might tilt with spears, full of vessels of gold and silver, such as no description can comprise. Moreover, he found there also the table of food of the people of God, Solomon, son of David (on whom be peace), which is extant even now in a city

of the Greeks ; it is told that it was of green emerald, with vessels of gold and platters of chrysolite ; likewise, the Psalms written in the ancient Greek character, on leaves of gold set with jewels, together with a book setting forth the properties of stones and herbs and minerals, as well as the use of charms and talismans, and the canons of the art of alchemy, and another that treated of the art of cutting and setting rubies and other precious stones, and of the preparation of poisons and antidotes. There found he also a representation of the configuration of the earth and the seas and the different towns and countries and villages of the world, and a great hall full of hermetic powder, one drachm of which would turn a marvellous great round mirror of mixed metals, made for Solomon, son of David (on whom be peace), wherein whoso looked might see the very image and presentment of the seven divisions of the world, and a chamber full of carbuncles such as no words can suffice to set forth, many camel-loads. So he despatched all these things to Welid ben Abdulmelik, and the Arabs spread all over the cities of Spain, which is one of the finest of lands. This is the end of the story of the City of Lebtait.

HINDU STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE earliest stories of India and of life in India are perhaps the oldest stories of the Indo-European race. Part of these stories are in Sanskrit, the literary language of the Aryan inhabitants of India; part are in Pali, the language of the Buddhists, who were followers of Buddha, the founder of the religion called Buddhism.

There are two great divisions of the Sanskrit writings,—the Vedic and the classical. *Veda* means *knowledge*, and the Vedic division takes its name from the books of knowledge, the Vedas. The Hindus think that the Vedas have always existed, and that they had semi-divine authors; however this may be, the Rig-Veda, which is one of the four collections of Vedas, is very old. This collection is the most important and it contains more than a thousand hymns. To the Vedic division belong also the Brahmanas, writings which relate to “brahman,” or prayer. They contain many traditions and explanations.

The classical division contains, among other works, the two great epics, the “Mahā-bhārata” and the “Rāmāyana.” The chief theme of the “Mahā-bhārata” is the battle of the Bhāratans, but many tales and legends apart from the principal story are told. Hindu tradition says that these tales, orally handed down from the earliest times by the minstrels, were gathered together by the sage, Vyāsa; but though the “Mahā-bhārata” may have been collected by one man, the stories themselves are by various authors. The “Rāmāyana,” on the contrary, was written by one poet, Vālmīki, and its legends centre about the life and adventures of the hero Rāma, who fought with

giants and men. Vālmīki lived probably during the fifth century B.C. The classical division contains also the animal-fables in the two collections known as the "Panchatantra" and the "Hitopadeṣa"; and there are other collections less important.

Among the writings in Pālī, or the "text" language, are the Jātaka, or "Birth-legends." These stories, known as early as the fourth century B.C., are supposed to be told by the sacred Buddha himself. They relate events in his past existences as an animal or as a person, for the Buddha claimed many successive lives as a "Bodhisatta," or being destined to become a Buddha.

THE BHĀRATA HOST CROSSING THE RIVERS

From RIG-VEDA, III, 33, translated by A. V. W. JACKSON

PREFATORY NOTE

THE host of the Bhāratas, led by the high-priest Viṣvā-mitra and accompanied by their horses and chariots, have arrived at the meeting-place of two rivers, the Beas and Sutlaj (Vipāṣ and Çatudrī), in the Panjab, India. The host desires to cross. The renowned priest addresses the two streams in words of praise, and he begs them to slacken their onward course and allow him and his host a safe passage over. A dialogue between Viṣvā-mitra and the rivers ensues. The rivers are persuaded; their waters sink so low as not to touch the axles of the chariot wheels; the favoured band safely passes to the other shore; the great priest bids the rivers resume their torrent course; and this spirited hymn is composed to glorify the event of the waters' granting his prayer. A rendering, sufficiently close, is here attempted.

THE CROSSING OF THE RIVERS

INTRODUCTION

Forth from the bosom of the mountain caverns,
 Like steeds with loosened rein, eager contending,
 Like two fine cows eager to lick their offspring,
 Vipāç and Çutudrī rush in a torrent.

THE PRIEST VIÇWĀ-MITRA ADDRESSES THEM

Sent by god Indra, and eager to dash onward,
 Like charioteers goal-ward ye speed to the ocean ;
 Mingling your waves together, rising and swelling,
 Ye sparkling rivers, each outstrip the other.

VIÇWĀ-MITRA CONTINUES

Now am I come to Sutlaj, stream maternal ;
 And to broad Vipās', blessèd, we've come hither ;
 These rivers twain haste to a common centre,
 Like mother-kine eager to lick their offspring.

THE RIVERS BEGIN TO LISTEN AND THEY ANSWER HIM

Why does the priest loud summon us the rivers ?
 Our torrent course cannot be checked nor hindered ;
 With this our milky flood, rising and swelling,
 We speed on to our goal divine, the ocean.

VIÇWĀ-MITRA MAKES AN INVOCATION

Ye hallowed streams, peace ! Pause in your course a
 moment,
 Hearing my voice which brings you a libation ;

In need, O Sutlaj, with loud call I summon,
'Tis I, the seer, Kuçika's son, that call thee.

THE RIVERS RESPOND

Yes, but god Indra, armed with the mighty thunder,
Opened our course, what time he slew the Dragon,
Our guide was Savitar, the sun, gold-handed;
At Indra's bidding, alone, we haste broad-flowing.

VIÇWĀ-MITRA MAKES ACKNOWLEDGMENT

That glorious deed of Indra, slaying the Dragon,
Shall be extolled unto all time, forever;
He burst the waters' barrier with his lightning,
So that the streams can go their course at pleasure.

THE RIVERS BEGIN TO SHOW SIGNS OF CONCESSION

This speech that thou hast made, O bard, forget not,
So that the ages future may receive it;
Be favourable to us, minstrel, in these verses;
Let no man show us scorn. — Homage we pay thee.

VIÇWĀ-MITRA NOW MAKES HIS APPEAL

List well, ye sister rivers, unto the poet;
Far have I come to you with car and chariot;
Kindly sink low, ye streams, for an easy fording,
Your waves not rising to our chariot axles.

THE RIVERS HEARKEN AND OBEY

Unto thy words, yes, poet, we shall hearken;
Far hast thou hither come with car and chariot;

I bow to thee like a mother nursing her offspring,
And I, too, bend like a girl for a man's embraces.

THE PRIEST ASKS ONE FAVOUR MORE

When once the raiding Bhārata host has forded,
By you despatched, and onward sped by Indra,
Let then your torrent stream once more dash onwards;
This kindly boon I humbly beg your Worships.

SAFELY ACROSS, HE BIDS THE RIVERS TO FLOW ON

The raiding Bhāratas have crossed in safety;
The sage has had the rivers' gracious favour:
Now swell your streams, fill to the full your courses,
Roll swiftly on, dispensing food and riches.



LEGEND OF THE WINGED MOUNTAINS

From the MĀITRĀYAṆI SAMHITĀ, I, 10, 13, translated by A. V. W. JACKSON.

Selection from the BRĀHMANA LITERATURE

THE mountains were the first creation of the Lord of Creation. They were created with wings. Accordingly, they flew about wheresoever they pleased. Thus, verily, this earth was unsteady at that time. The god Indra, therefore, clipped off their wings. Thereby he rendered the earth firm-set. And the wings of the mountains became clouds. It is for that reason that the clouds constantly float about the mountain, for this was their original home.

THE MAKING OF THE THUNDERBOLT

*From the MAHĀ-BHĀRATA, translated by PROTAP CHANDRA ROY, Calcutta, 1885
Bharata Press, 367 Upper Chitpore Road. Adapted by Editor*

MANY ages ago there were certain fierce tribes of Dānavas who could not be conquered in battle. These people were known also as Kālakeyas. Placing themselves under their leader, the demon Vritra, and arming themselves with various weapons, they pursued the celestials with Indra at the head. The gods then resolved to destroy Vritra, and went with Indra to the supreme being, Brahma.

When he saw them standing before him with joined hands, Brahma addressed all of them and said: "Everything is known to me, ye gods, about the thing ye seek! I shall now show the means by which ye may slay Vritra. There is a high-souled and great sage known by the name of Dadhicha. Go ye all together unto him and ask of him a favour. Flattered at your request, Dadhicha of virtuous soul will grant you any favour that you ask. Desirous as ye are of victory, go ye all together unto him and tell him, — *For the good of the three worlds, give us thy bones!* Then renouncing his body, he will give you his bones. With these bones of his, make ye a fierce and powerful weapon to be called Vajra, thunderbolt, endued with six sides and a terrible roar, and capable of destroying even the most powerful enemies. With that weapon will he of a hundred sacrifices slay Vritra. I have now told you all. See that all this is done speedily!"

Thus addressed by Brahma, the gods with his leave

came away, and with Vishnu at their head they went to the asylum of Dadhicha. That asylum was on the other bank of the river Saraswati, and was covered with diverse trees and creepers; and it resounded with the hum of bees as if they were reciting chants. Also, buffaloes and boars and deer wandered there at pleasure, free from the fear of tigers. There elephants plunged in the stream and made the entire region resound with their roars. The place also echoed with the loud roars of lions and tigers, while at intervals might be seen those grisly monarchs of the forest lying stretched in caves and glens, and beautifying them with their presence. Such was the asylum, like unto heaven itself,—the asylum of Dádhicha, that the gods entered.

There they beheld Dadhicha looking like the sun himself in splendour and blazing in grace of person like Brahma himself. And the celestials saluted the feet of the sage and bowed unto him and begged of him the favour as Brahma had bidden them. Then Dadhicha, well pleased, addressing the foremost of the celestials, said, "Ye celestials, I will do what is for your benefit! I will even renounce this body of mine, myself!" Then that foremost of men with soul under control, having said this, suddenly renounced his life.

The gods then took the bones of the deceased sage; and, glad at heart, the celestials went to Twashtri (the master workman among the gods) and spake to him of the means of victory. Twashtri, hearing their words, was filled with joy, and constructed out of the bones, with great attention and care, the fierce weapons called Vajra. When he had finished, he joyfully addressed

Indra, saying: "With this foremost of weapons, O exalted one, reduce that fierce foe of the gods to ashes! And after slaying the foe, rule thou happily the entire domain of heaven, O chief of the celestials, with those that follow thee." Thus addressed by Twashtri, Indra took the Vajra from his hands with proper respect.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN INDRA AND VRITRA

ARMED with the Vajra, and followed by celestials, Indra then approached Vritra, who, at that time, was occupying the entire earth and the heaven. On all sides he was guarded by huge-bodied Kālakeyas with upraised weapons resembling gigantic mountains with towering peaks. The encounter which then took place between the gods and the Dānavas lasted for a short while, and was terrific in the extreme, appalling as it did the three worlds (earth, heaven, and hell). Loud was the clash of swords, and scimitars were upraised and warded off by heroic hands in course of that fierce encounter. And the Kāleyas, armed with iron-mounted weapons and cased in golden mail, ran against the gods like moving mountains on fire. The gods, unable to stand the shock of that impetuous and proudly advancing host, broke and fled from fear.

Then the foremost of gods, Purandara himself, agitated with fear of the Kāleyas, and beholding the gods flying in fear and Vritra growing in boldness, became deeply dejected, and sought the exalted god Vishnu's

refuge. The eternal Vishnu, beholding Indra so depressed, then imparted to him some of his own might. The spotless Brahmarshis also imparted strength unto the chief of the celestials. Favoured thus by Vishnu and all the gods, and by the high-blessed sages also, Indra became mightier than before.

Now when Vritra learned that the chief of the celestials had been given the might of others, he sent forth some terrific roars; and at these roars of his, the earth, the firmament, heaven, and the mountains all began to tremble. And the chief of the celestials, deeply agitated on hearing that fierce and loud roar, was filled with fear, and, desiring to slay the demon soon, hurled the mighty Vajra! And, struck with Indra's Vajra, the great demon, decked in gold and garlands, fell headlong, like the great mountain Mandara hurled of yore from Vishnu's hands. Although the prince of Daityas was slain, yet Indra in panic ran from the field, desiring to take shelter in a lake; for he thought that the Vajra itself had not been hurled from his hands, and that Vritra himself was still alive. The celestials, however, and the great saint became filled with joy, and all of them began to chant cheerfully the praises of Indra. And mustering together, the celestials began to slay the Dānavas, who were dejected at the death of their leader. And struck with panic at sight of the assembled celestial host, the afflicted Dānavas fled to the depths of the sea.

After the Dānava demons had entered the fathomless deep, teeming with fishes and crocodiles, they assembled together and began to cast fire proudly for

the destruction of the three worlds; and they made the ocean, with billows high as hills, their fort, from which to make their sallies.

THE HERO RĀMA BREAKS THE ENCHANTED BOW

From the RĀMĀYANA, I, 68, 69. Version by A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

KING JANAKA, a monarch ruling in ancient times in northern India, has a beautiful daughter whose name is Sītā. The young hero Rāma, who has been brought up under the care of the holy Sage Viçwā-mitra, wins her hand by his exhibition of strength in breaking the enchanted bow. This bow had belonged to the gods and no mortal man could lift or bend it. King Janaka is represented in conversation with Priest Viçwā-mitra.

“Kings of the realm have oft come as suitors for my daughter’s hand. But ever did I say to them, ‘Heroic valour is the price to be paid for such a prize.’ And they, anxious to win my daughter and eager to exhibit manly strength, pressed to my royal city. Wishing to test their heroic worth, I showed them the mighty bow of divine Çiva. But not one of them was able even to lift great Çiva’s bow. . . . Now will I show the glorious bow divine unto young Rāma and his brother; and if the youthful Rāma can string the bow, to him will I give my daughter, the fair Sītā.”

Hearing the king’s words, the holy sage replied :

"Yes, let the bow be shown to the prince." King Janaka therefore gave orders unto his train, "Let the bow be brought for Rāma to behold."

At the king's behest, attendants sped to the city and ordered the bow to be brought by trusty men. Eight hundred stalwart sturdy men now dragged, as best they could, the ponderous box that stood on eight wheels. And when they had brought in the iron chest that held the bow, the ministers said to the king: "Your Majesty, the glorious bow is brought as you did bid; let it be shown, therefore, unto young Rāma."

At this, King Janaka in humble words addressed the priest and Rāma and his brother: "O Brahman sage, the bow is brought, the bow that stood in our house, that bow which none of the kings could even lift; no, nor were the gods themselves, Indra or Titan, Serpent or Demon, able to string the bow, save only Çiva, the god of gods. But as for men, it was an utter impossibility to wield this bow, for whence could come the strength to bend or draw it? Yet, as the bow divine has been brought for thee at my command, let the young prince behold it now."

Hearing the king's speech, Sage Viçvā-mitra, pious-souled, spake with heart overjoyed: "Rāma, thou youth of brawny arms, take hold of the matchless bow divine, and make the attempt to lift and string it."

At the seer's word Rāma threw open the chest that held the bow and said to the sage: "With my hand will I lift this bow divine, and will attempt to string and draw it."

"Good!" cried the king; and "Good!" the sage,

while Rāma, as if in sport, with a single hand lifted the bow in the sight of all standing there amazed; and bending it with ease, he fixed the string, smiling as he did so. Then having fixed the string, he drew the bow, with mighty strength. And as with force he bent the bow it snapped in the middle, and awful was the report as is the rift of a mountain cleft asunder, or the crashing bolt hurled by god Indra on some towering peak.

Stunned by the fearful sound, the people fell down on every side, save the king alone and the priest and brothers twain. When the people came to their senses, the astonished King Janaka, reverently folding his hands, addressed the sage:

“Sire, I have heard before of Rāma, princely born; but now that I have seen this marvellous deed, I know that my daughter will win new renown for the kingly line of Janaka, if she obtain as lord, Rāma, the hero born. Nor shall this acknowledgment be without the result of bestowing a reward for his manly prowess; for unto Rāma I shall give my daughter Sītā, dearer to me than life and soul. Quick to the City of Oude, let the messengers haste at my behest and tell my decision, and bid to my city the king that is young Rāma’s sire, and tell him of the gift of Sītā’s hand as the reward for his son’s valorous might.”

The messengers sped away; the joyous tidings are spread far and wide; preparations for the royal wedding are completed; the king comes to see his heroic son’s marriage to the princess; and the nuptials are celebrated with royal pomp.

THE OLD HARE AND THE ELEPHANTS

From the HITOPADEŚA, translated by EDWIN ARNOLD

ONCE on a time very little rain had fallen in the due season; and the elephants, being oppressed with thirst, thus accosted their leader: "Master, how are we to live? The small creatures find something to wash in, but we cannot, and we are half dead in consequence; whither shall we go then, and what shall we do?" Upon that the king of the elephants led them away a little space; and showed them a beautiful pool of crystal water, where they took their ease. Now it chanced that a company of hares resided on the banks of the pool, and the going and coming of the elephants trampled many of them to death, till one of their number, named Hard-head, grumbled out, "This troop will be coming here to water every day, and every one of our family will be crushed." "Do not disquiet yourself," said an old buck named Good-speed; "I will contrive to avert it," and so saying, he set off, bethinking himself on his way how he should approach and accost a herd of elephants; for,

Elephants destroy by touching, snakes with point of tooth beguile;
Kings by favour kill, and traitors murder with a fatal smile.

"I will get on the top of a hill," he thought, "and address the elephants thence."

This being done, and the lord of the herd perceiving him, it was asked of the hare, "Who art thou? and whence comest thou?"

"I am an ambassador from His Godship the Moon," replied Good-speed.

"State your business," said the elephant-king.

"Sire," began the hare, "an ambassador speaks the truth safely by charter of his name. Thus saith the Moon then: 'These hares were the guardians of my pool, and thine elephants in coming thither have scared them away. This is not well. Am I not "S'ās'anka" whose banner bears a hare, and are not these hares my votaries?'"

"Please your worship," said the elephant-king with much trepidation, "we knew nothing of this; we will go there no more."

"It were well," said the sham ambassador, "that you first made your apologies to the divinity, who is quaking with rage in his pool, and then went about your business."

"We will do so," replied the elephant with meekness; and being led by night to the pool, in the ripples of which the image of the Moon was quivering, the herd made their prostrations; the hare explaining to the Moon that their fault was done in ignorance, and therefore they got their dismissal.



THE ADVANTAGE OF A COMRADE

From the PANCHATANTRA, V, 15, translated by A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

IN a certain place there lived a Brahman whose name was Brahmadatta. Once as he was starting off to the town, upon a matter of business, his mother said to

him: "My son, why do you go alone? You ought to get a companion to go with you."

He answered: "Don't be afraid, mother; there's no danger on the way. I am going by myself on business."

Seeing he was decided, his mother got a crab from a pool near by, and said: "My son, if you really must go, at least let this crab be your company. Take it with you and go."

Now, because his mother had said this, he took the crab in both hands, rolled it in a leaf of a camphor tree, placed it in his bag, and started off at once.

As he went along, he became heated by the scorching summer sun; and coming to a tree that stood at a certain point by the roadside, he lay down and fell asleep.

Meanwhile a snake crept out of a hole in the tree and glided towards him. But because of the smell of the camphor, of which the snake is naturally very fond, it left the sleeping Brahman, bit into the bundle, and began eagerly to feast upon the camphor-leaf package that was inside.

The crab, however, that was rolled up in the package, attacked the snake and killed it.

When the Brahman awoke, he looked about him, and lo! there was the black snake lying dead on the bundle by his side. As he saw it, he said to himself, "The snake has been killed by the crab," and he added with joy, "Why! my mother had the right of it; a man should have a comrade, and one ought not to go alone."

PALI STORIES

THE UNION OF THE TREES

From the JĀTAKA, edited by E. B. COWELL. Translated by ROBERT CHALMERS

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the first king Vessavana died, and Sakka sent a new king to reign in his stead. After the change, the new King Vessavana sent word to all trees and shrubs and bushes and plants, bidding the tree-fairies each choose out the abode that liked them best. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as a tree-fairy in a Sāl-forest in the Himalayas. His advice to his kinsfolk in choosing their habitations was to shun trees that stood alone in the open, and to take up their abodes all round the abode which he had chosen in that Sāl-forest. Hereon the wise tree-fairies, following the Bodhisatta's advice, took up their quarters round his tree. But the foolish ones said: "Why should we dwell in the forest? let us rather seek out the haunts of men, and take up our abodes outside villages, towns, or capital cities. For fairies who dwell in such places receive the richest offerings and the greatest worship." So they departed to the haunts of men, and took up their abode in certain giant trees which grew in an open space.

Now it fell out upon a day that a mighty tempest swept over the country. Naught did it avail the solitary trees that years had rooted them deep in the soil and

that they were the mightiest trees that grew. Their branches snapped; their stems were broken; and they themselves were uprooted and flung to earth by the tempest. But when it broke on the Sāl-forest of interlacing trees, its fury was in vain; for, attack where it might, not a tree could it overthrow.

The forlorn fairies whose dwellings were destroyed took their children in their arms and journeyed to the Himalayas. There they told their sorrows to the fairies of the Sāl-forest, who in turn told the Bodhisatta of their sad return. "It was because they hearkened not to the words of wisdom, that they have been brought to this," said he; and he unfolded the truth in this stanza:

"United, forest-like, should kinsfolk stand;
The storm o'erthrows the solitary tree."

So spake the Bodhisatta; and when his life was spent, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

THE KIND HERMIT

From the JĀTAKA, translated by ROBERT CHALMERS

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Brahmin in the North, and growing up, gave up the world and dwelt at the head of five hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree which he hollowed

into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruit for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves: "So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that every one of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the hermit." This they agreed to do, every animal that came bringing mangoes or jambus or bread-fruits or the like, till their offerings would have filled two hundred and fifty wagons; and there was food for the whole five hundred hermits with abundance to spare. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed: "Thus has one man's goodness been the means of supplying with food all these hermits. Truly, we should always be steadfast in right-doing." So saying, he uttered this stanza:

"Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
Nor let thy courage flag and tire;
Forget not him, who by his grievous fast
Reaped fruits beyond his heart's desire."

THE WATERING OF THE SAPLINGS

From the JĀTAKA, translated by W. H. D. ROUSE

ONCE upon a time, when a king named Vissasena was reigning over Benares, proclamation was

made of a holiday. The park-keeper thought he would go and keep holiday; so, calling the monkeys that lived in the park, he said :

"This park is a great blessing to you. I want to take a week's holiday. Will you water the saplings on the seventh day?" "Oh, yes," said they. He gave them the watering skins, and went his way.

The monkeys drew water and began to water the roots.

The eldest monkey cried out : "Wait, now! It's hard to get water always. We must husband it. Let us pull up the plants, and notice the length of their roots; if they have long roots, they need plenty of water; but short ones need but a little." "True, true," they agreed; then some of them pulled up the plants; then others put them in again and watered them.

The Bodhisatta at the time was a young gentleman living in Benares. Something or other took him to this park, and he saw what the monkeys were doing.

"Who bids you do that?" asked he.

"Our chief," they replied.

"If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like!" said he; and to explain the matter, he uttered the first stanza :

"Best of all the troops is this :
What intelligence is his !
If he was chosen as the best,
What sort of creatures are the rest !"

Hearing this remark, the monkeys rejoined with the second stanza :

"Brahmin, you know not what you say
Blaming us in such a way !
If the root we do not know,
How can we tell the trees that grow ?"

To which the Bodhisatta replied by the third, as follows :

"Monkeys, I have no blame, for you,
Nor those who range the woodland through.
The monarch is a fool, to say
'Please tend my trees while I'm away.'"

THE TIMID HARE AND THE FLIGHT OF THE BEASTS

From the JĀTAKA, translated by H. N. FRANCIS

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young lion. And when fully grown he lived in a wood. At this time there was near the Western Ocean a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. A certain hare lived here beneath a palm sapling, at the foot of a vilva tree. One day this hare after feeding came and lay down beneath a young palm tree. And the thought struck him : "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?" And at this very moment a ripe vilva fruit fell on a palm leaf. At the sound of it, the hare thought, "This solid earth is collapsing," and starting up he fled without so much as looking behind him. Another saw him scampering off as if frightened to death, and asked the cause of his panic flight. "Pray, don't ask me," he said. The other hare cried, "Pray, sir, what is it?" and kept running after him. Then the hare stopped

a moment and without looking back he said, "The earth here is breaking up." And at this the second hare ran after the other. And so first one and then another hare caught sight of him running, and joined in the chase till one hundred thousand hares all took flight together. They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion, and an elephant. And when they asked what it meant and were told that the earth was breaking up, they too took flight. So by degrees this host of animals extended to the length of a full league.

When the Bodhisatta saw this headlong flight of the animals, and heard the cause of it was that the earth was coming to an end, he thought: "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must be some sound which was misunderstood by them. And if I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I will save their lives." So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and lion-like roared three times. They were terribly frightened at the lion, and stopping in their flight stood all huddled together. The lion went in amongst them and asked why they were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he said.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said; "the lions know." But the lions said, "We don't know; the tigers know." The tigers said, "The rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses said, "The wild oxen know." The wild oxen, "The buffaloes." The buffaloes,

"The elks." The elks, "The boars." The boars, "The deer." The deer said, "We don't know; the hares know." When the hares were questioned, they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the Bodhisatta asked, "Is it true, sir, that the earth is breaking up?"

"Yes, sir, I saw it," said the hare.

"Where," he asked, "were you living when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, sir, in a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard the sound of breaking up of the earth, and I fled."

Thought the lion: "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a 'thud,' and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. I will find out the exact truth about it." So he reassured the herd of animals, and said: "I will take the hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return do you stay here." Then, placing the hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion, and putting the hare down in a palm grove, he said, "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood afar off and cried, "Yonder, sir, is the place of

dreadful sounds," and so saying, he repeated the first stanza :

"From the spot where I did dwell
 Issued forth a fearful 'thud';
 What it was I could not tell,
 Nor what caused it understood."

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went to the foot of the vilva tree, and saw the spot where the hare had been lying beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf, and having carefully ascertained that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back and with the speed of a lion soon came again to the herd of beasts.

Then he told them the whole story, and said, "Don't be afraid." And having thus reassured the herd of beasts, he let them go. Verily, if it had not been for the Bodhisatta at that time, all the beasts would have rushed into the sea and perished. It was all owing to the Bodhisatta that they escaped death.

Alarmed at sound of fallen fruit,
 A hare once ran away ;
 The other beasts all followed suit,
 Moved by that hare's dismay.
 They hastened not to view the scene,
 But lent a willing ear
 To idle gossip, and were clean
 Distracted with foolish fear.
 They who to Wisdom's calm delight
 And Virtue's heights attain,
 Though ill example should invite,
 Such panic fear disdain.

These three stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

PERSIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE Avesta, or Zend-Avesta, meaning "Explanation of the Law," is the name of an ancient Persian book that corresponds to our Bible. Many portions may have existed centuries before Christ; many others belong to a much later period. Not all of the original book exists to-day; for Alexander the Great, it is said, allowed the writings to be burned when he invaded Persepolis. The portions that remain, written in verse and in prose, are divided, as our Bible, into several books, which contain songs of praise to gods and heroes, rules for worship, and early legends. Zoroaster, the great Iranian prophet, may have composed the greater part of these ancient writings, which to-day form the sacred scriptures of the Parsis, the descendants of the early Persians. The Zend-Avesta is the greatest work of ancient Persia; the *Shāh-Nāmāh* is the most representative work of modern Persia.

In the tenth century A.D., the Persian monarch, Mahmūd of Ghazni, asked the poet Firdausī to prepare a history of Persia from records kept by former monarchs. The *Shāh-Nāmāh*, or "Book of Kings," is the great poem that was then written, but because he was a poet, Firdausī could not write merely history, so the poem is full of beautiful legends, as well as of facts. One legend gives the account of the lives of Rustam and of his son Sohrab. Rustam, champion of the Persians, or Iranians, has a Turkish, or Turanian, wife, from whom a daughter is born to him, as he is informed. This was not true, it is a son. This son, Sohrab, when grown to manhood, becomes the champion of the Turks, and he challenges the Persians in hope of finding his father, the hero, Rustam. The challenge resulted in the single combat of Sohrab and Rustam.

THE MAIDEN, CONSCIENCE

THE SOUL BEHOLDS ITS CONSCIENCE IN THE FORM OF A
MAIDEN

From the AVESTA, Yasht XXII, translated by A. V. W. J.

WHEN a righteous man departs this life, where does his soul tarry during that first night?

It takes its seat near the head and chants the "Psalm of Hail," proclaiming Hail in these words: "Hail is to him to whom the Lord Ormazd, who rules at will, shall grant Hail." And during that night the soul experiences an amount of peace as great as all that which the living world perceives. And so again the second night; and so the third.

At the close of the third night it seems to be dawning and the soul of the righteous man seems, as it were, to be inhaling a sweet perfume in the midst of trees; and a breeze seems to be wafted towards him from the southern region, from the regions of the south, sweeter in perfume than all other breezes. And the soul of the righteous man seems to inhale this breeze with his nostrils, thinking, "Whence blows this breeze the sweetest that I have ever inhaled with my nostrils?"

Then, out of this breeze there seems to come towards him his own Conscience, in the form of a maiden, fair and lustrous, with white arms and strong, fair of face and well-shapen, with goodly bust and slender waist, born of illustrious blood, fifteen years of age in appearance, and in figure so fair as the very fairest creatures.

Then the soul of the righteous man spake to her and

asked, "What maiden art thou, the fairest that ever I have seen?"

Then she, being his own Conscience, answered him saying: "Truly, O youth of good thoughts, good words, good deeds, I am thine own Conscience. Every one in life did admire thee for that well-known greatness and goodness, fairness and sweetness, for thy triumphant character, and for overcoming malice, according as thou seemest unto me." Similarly: "Thou, O youth of good thoughts, good words, good deeds, didst admire me for that greatness and goodness, fairness and sweetness, victorious character and triumph over malice, as I seem unto thee." And having recounted his merits, the Conscience adds:

"Thou didst cause me that am dear, to be still more dear; thou didst cause me that am fair, to be still more fair; thou didst cause me who am charming, to be still more charming: thou didst cause me that was sitting in a forward place, to sit in still higher place, by thy good thoughts, thy good words, thy good deeds."

The soul of the righteous man then made the first step; it placed him in the Paradise of Good Thoughts. The soul of the righteous man made a second step; it placed him in the Paradise of Good Words. The soul of the righteous man made a third step; it placed him in the Paradise of Good Deeds. The soul of the righteous man made a fourth step; it placed him in the Paradise of Eternal Light.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN SOHRAB AND
RUSTAM

From the SHĀH-NĀMAH, after the French translation by JULES MOHL

THE standard-bearer carried before Rustam his standard. Then came Rustam, wrathful and eager for combat. When he saw Sohrab, of powerful build, and with a chest as large as that of his own mighty ancestor, he said to him, "Let us depart; let us leave the lines of the two armies!"

But Sohrab, striking one hand upon the other, ran out from the lines of battle, saying: "Come! Let us withdraw by ourselves to some retired spot; we two are the only courageous warriors; call not to your side any of your Iranian friends, for we will fight alone, — you and I! But think not you can hold out against me on the field of battle; you cannot withstand a single stroke of my hand; you are tall, — you have powerful shoulders, — yet those arms of yours are, after all, feeble under the weight of your years."

Rustam took a long look at this champion so proud; he looked at his shoulders, his hands, and his long stirrups; and then he said gently: "Youth, O youth so inexperienced! the earth is dry and cold; the air sweet and warm. I am old; I have seen many a battle-field; I have destroyed many an army; many a demon has died by my hand; and I have never known defeat. Verily, if me you fight, if me you survive, you need fear even the crocodile no more. The sea and the mountains have seen my combats; the stars are witnesses of my conquest of the Turanians; my valour has put the

whole earth under my feet. Yet I feel pity for you, and I hesitate to take your life. Do not remain with the Turks, for you have no equal in Iran."

While Rustam was speaking, the heart of Sohrab yearned toward him, and he replied: "I desire to ask one question, and surely you will tell me the truth. Tell me frankly your birth, and gladden my heart by your answer. I believe that you are Rustam, of the family of the illustrious Neriman."

But Rustam replied, "I am not Rustam, nor yet of the family of Neriman."

Then Sohrab, who had been full of hope, became full of despair, and the day turned from light to dark for him.

Presently they chose a narrow place for the combat, and, on their horses, they began the attack with their short javelins. When the javelins were broken to bits, both champions, turning the bridle of their horses to the left, rushed upon each other with swords, so that sparks flew out from the steel. The swords, too, broke under these mighty strokes. Next they seized their heavy clubs; and the arms of the heroes began to lose their strength, the clubs bent from the force of the blows, the horses staggered, the heroes themselves trembled. The armour of the horses fell off; the heroes' coats of mail flew to pieces. Horses and heroes stopped, unable to move: bodies perspiring, mouths full of dust, tongues parched. Secretly each hero was amazed at the other, though the father knew not his son. So the two champions, wounded and hurt, separated for the night and returned to their camps.

When the sun lifted his head again, and the raven of night folded his wings, Rustam clad himself in his breastplate of leopard-skin and mounted his fiery horse. There was now between the two armies a space of eight miles, which no one dared enter. Here Rustam waited for Sohrab.

At daybreak, when the sun had begun to shed its rays over the earth, Sohrab, too, clad himself in new armour and returned to the battle-ground. In his heart he had begun to fear that he was fighting with his own father.

Both champions leaped from their horses and approached each other. Then, as lions, they rushed together, and fought from morning even until the shadows of the sun grew long. Sohrab struggled like an enraged elephant, and jumped like a lion. He seized Rustam by the girdle, and dragged him until Rustam uttered a cry of hate and rage that almost rent the earth. The furious Sohrab even lifted Rustam from the ground, and, raising him, threw him to the earth. Then, dagger in hand, he knelt upon his chest.

But Rustam spoke: "O hero, vanquisher of lions, our custom is different from yours, and our laws of honour ordain different things. The man who lays a hero in the dust does not take advantage of this first victory, but waits until the second." By this wile did Rustam escape death, for Sohrab left him free.

They began the combat anew, and seized each other by the girdle, though now the strength of the noble Sohrab was ebbing. Rustam came upon him with fury, and, stretching out both hands, grasped him by the

head and by the arms and made him bend. The time of Sohrab was at hand, his body lost its force. Rustam, like a lion, threw him to the ground and wounded him.

Sohrab, overcome, gave one deep sigh, and said to Rustam: "Fate comes through my own fault; you are innocent. Heaven has exalted and debased me thus early. But my mother has told me of certain marks by which I might know my father, and my love for him has led me to my death. I have searched to see his face; I have sacrificed my life in this desire. Alas! my effort has been useless. I have not been able to see the features of my father. Yet now, even should you become a fish in the sea, or hide in the darkness of the night, or take refuge in the sky as a star, or blot out the sun itself, my father will hear of my death and take vengeance upon you. Some one of these proud warriors will tell Rustam that Sohrab has been killed, that he was overcome by a common man, while he was searching for his father."

As Rustam listened, his head grew dizzy, everything before him became confused, his body lost its strength, his vigour failed him, he fell, and fainted. When he came to himself again, he cried out to Sohrab in grief and despair: "Tell me! by what marks shall you know Rustam? May his name be struck off from the roll of heroes! For I am Rustam; may my name perish, and may Zal, my father, mourn my death!" He uttered cry upon cry; he tore his hair; he lamented.

When Sohrab saw Rustam in this condition, he was beside himself with grief, and he said: "If this be true, if you are Rustam, you have needlessly slain me. I

sought peace from you, but I could find no tenderness in you. Open now my breastplate and look on my arm. When the trumpet sounded at my gate, my mother ran to me, her eyes streaming, her heart breaking because of my departure. Then she fastened on my arm this onyx, saying, 'This was a gift from your father; keep it, and some day it will help you.' But it helps me too late, because the combat is over, and the son perishes before the eyes of his father."

Rustam opened the armour and saw the onyx. He rent his clothes, and cried, "O thou whom I have slain with my own hand, thou who art glorious in all countries and among all people!"

So he continued lamenting, and covered his head with dust, and wept bitterly.

Sohrab said to him: "There is no help, so weep no more. Of what use would it be for you to slay yourself? Fate has allowed this to happen. Now that I must die, the fate of the Turks will change; prove to me your love by persuading your king to withdraw his army from them. I have been all their confidence; and I took even you prisoner by my skill. How I tried to find out who you were, because your face troubled me! But your words were continually false, so the bright day has turned black for me. My fate was written upon my head, and I had to die by the hand of my father. I came like the lightning; like the wind I go; it may be that I shall meet you again, happy, in heaven."

So Sohrab went to his death, and Rustam mourned for him, and found no comfort anywhere.

GREEK STORIES

INTRODUCTION

BEFORE Homer there may have been poets and poems, but the Homeric poems are the first Greek writings of which we know directly. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are supposed to have been written about the tenth century B.C. In the "Iliad" is told the story of the events that took place in the last month of the siege of Troy, or Ilium,—a siege undertaken by the Greeks to avenge the carrying away of the Spartan queen, Helen, by the Trojan prince, Paris. Achilles, the champion of the Greeks, at first holds aloof from the contest, but finally, roused by the death of his friend Patroclus whom Hector, the champion of the Trojans, slew, he seeks Hector in combat and slays him. The "Odyssey" relates the adventures of Ulysses, or Odysseus, one of the Greek leaders, on his return from Troy. He passes through perils of every kind, and only the gods are able to deliver him from foes, giants, and enchanters, and to bring him safe at last to his wife and son in Ithaca.

The life of Herodotus covers the greater part of the fifth century B.C. His history of the struggle between Greece and Persia is our earliest complete work in Greek prose. In it, history and legend are so mingled that it is often hard to tell one from the other. The story of Perdiccas, for example, is a legendary account of the founder of the Macedonian Kingdom.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

From the ILIAD, translated by LANG, LEAF, and MEYER.

THUS pondered he as he stood, but nigh on him came Achilles, peer of Enyalios, warrior of the waving helm, brandishing from his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all around the bronze on him flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the sun as he ariseth. And trembling seized Hector as he was aware of him, nor endured he to abide in his place, but left the gates behind him and fled in fear. And the son of Peleus darted after him, trusting in his swift feet. As a falcon upon the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth fleetly after a trembling dove, and she before him fleeth, while he with shrill screams hard at hand still darteth at her, for his heart urgeth him to seize her; so Achilles in hot haste flew straight for him, and Hector fled beneath the Trojans' wall, and plied swift knees. They past the watch-place and wind-waved wild fig tree; sped ever away from under the wall, along the wagon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing springs, where two fountains rise that feed deep-eddying Skamandros. The one floweth with warm water, and smoke goeth up there from around as it were a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth like cold hail or snow or ice that water formeth. And there beside the springs are broad washing-troughs hard by, fair troughs of stone, where wives and fair daughters of the men of Troy were wont to wash bright raiment, in the old time of peace, before the sons of the

Achaians came. Thereby they ran, he flying, he pursuing. Valiant was the flier, but far mightier he who fleetly pursued him. For not for beast of sacrifice or for an ox-hide were they striving, such as are prizes for men's speed of foot, but for the life of horse-taming Hector was their race. And as when victorious whole-hooved horses run rapidly round the turning-points, and some great prize lieth in sight, be it a tripod or a woman, in honour of a man that is dead, so thrice around Priam's city circled those twain with flying feet, and the gods were gazing on them. Then among them spake first the father of gods and men: "Ay me, a man beloved I see pursued around the wall. My heart is woe for Hector, who hath burnt for me many thighs of oxen amid the crests of many-folded Ida, and other times on the city-height; but now is goodly Achilles pursuing him with swift feet around Priam's town. Come, give your counsel, gods, and devise whether we shall slay him, valiant though he be, by the hand of Achilles, Peleus' son."

Then to him answered the bright-eyed goddess Athene: "O father, lord of the bright lightning and the dark cloud, what is thus that thou hast said? A man that is a mortal, doomed long ago by fate, wouldst thou redeem back from ill-boding death? Do it, but not all we other gods approve."

And unto her in answer spoke cloud-gathering Zeus: "Be of good cheer, Tritonis-born, dear child: not in full earnest speak I, and I would fain be kind to thee. Do as seemeth good to thy mind, and draw not back."

Thus saying he roused Athene, that already was set

thereon, and from the crests of Olympus she darted down. But after Hector sped fleet Achilles, chasing him vehemently. And as when on the mountains a hound hunteth the fawn of a deer, having started it from its covert, through glens and glades, and if it crouch to baffle him under a bush, yet scenting it out the hound runneth constantly until he find it; so Hector baffled not Peleus' fleet-footed son. Oft as he set himself to dart under the well-built walls over against the Dardanian gates, if haply from above they might succour him with darts, so oft would Achilles gain on him, and turn him towards the plain, while he himself sped ever on the city-side. And as in a dream one faileth in chase of a flying man, — the one faileth in his flight and the other in his chase, — so failed Achilles to overtake him in the race, and Hector to escape. And thus would Hector have avoided the visitation of death, had not this time been utterly the last wherein Apollo came nigh to him who nerved his strength and his swift knees. For to the host did noble Achilles sign with his head, and forbade them to hurl bitter darts against Hector, lest any smiting him should gain renown, and he himself come second. But when the fourth time he had reached the springs, then the father hung his golden balances and set therein two lots of dreary death, one of Achilles, one of horse-taming Hector, and held them by the midst and poised. Then Hector's fated day sank down, and fell to the house of Hades, and Phœbus Apollo left him. But to Peleus' son came the bright-eyed goddess Athene, and standing near spake to him winged words: "Now, verily,

glorious Achilles dear to Zeus, I have hope that we twain shall carry off great glory to the ships for the Achaians, having slain Hector, for all his thirst for fight. No longer is it possible for him to escape us, not even though far-darting Apollo should travail sore, grovelling before the father, ægis-bearing Zeus. But do thou now stand and take breath, and I will go and persuade this man to confront thee in fight."

Thus spake Athene, and he obeyed and was glad at heart, and stood leaning on his bronze-pointed ashen spear. And she left him and came to noble Hector, like unto Delphobus in shape and in strong voice, and standing near spake to him winged words: "Dear brother, verily fleet Achilles doth thee violence, chasing thee round Priam's town with swift feet; but come, let us make a stand and await him on our defence."

Then answered her great Hector of the glancing helm: "Delphobus, verily aforetime wert thou far dearest of my brothers, whom Hekabe and Priam gendered, but now methinks I shall honour thee even more, in that thou hast dared for my sake, when thou sawest me, to come forth of the wall, while the others tarry within."

Then to him again spake the bright-eyed goddess Athene: "Dear brother, of a truth my father and lady mother and my comrades around besought me much, entreating me, in turn, to tarry there, so greatly do they all tremble before him; but my heart within was sore with dismal grief. And now fight we with straight-set resolve and let there be no sparing of spears, that we may know whether Achilles is to slay us and carry our

bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or whether he might be vanquished by thy spear."

Thus saying, Athene, in her subtlety, led him on. And when they were come nigh in onset on one another, to Achilles first spake great Hector of the glancing helmet: "No longer, son of Peleus, will I fly thee, as before I thrice ran around the great tower of Priam, and endured not to await thy onset. Now my heart biddeth me to stand up against thee; I will either slay or be slain. But come hither and let us pledge us by our gods, for they shall be best witnesses and beholders of covenants: I will entreat thee in no outrageous sort, if Zeus grant me to outstay thee, and if I take thy life, but when I have despoiled thee of thy glorious armour, O Achilles, I will give back thy dead body to the Achaians, and do thou the same."

But unto him, with grim gaze, spake Achilles, fleet of foot: "Hector, talk not to me, thou madman, of covenants. As between men and lions there is no pledge of faith, nor wolves and sheep can be of one mind but imagine evil continually against each other, so is it impossible for thee and me to be friends, neither shall be any pledge between us until one or other shall have fallen and glutted with blood Ares, the stubborn god of war. Bethink thee of all thy soldiership: now behoveth it thee to quit thee as a good spearman and valiant man of war. No longer is there way of escape for thee, but Pallas Athene will straightway subdue thee to my spear; and now in one hour shalt thou pay back for all my sorrows for my friends whom thou hast slain in the fury of thy spear." He said, and poised his far-shadowing

spear and hurled. And noble Hector watched the coming thereof and avoided it; for with his eye on it he crouched, and the bronze spear flew over him, and fixed itself in the earth; but Pallas Athene caught it up and gave it back to Achilles, unknown of Hector, shepherd of hosts. Then Hector spake unto the noble son of Peleus: "Thou hast missed, so nowise yet, god-like Achilles, hast thou known from Zeus the hour of my doom, though thou thoughtest it. Cunning of tongue art thou and a deceiver in speech, that fearing thou I might forget my valour and strength. Not as I flee shalt thou plant thy spear in my reins, but drive it straight through my breast as I set on thee, if God hath given thee to do it. Now in thy turn avoid my spear of bronze. O that thou mightst take it all into thy flesh! Then would the war be lighter to the Trojans, if but thou wert dead, for thou art their greatest bane."

He said, and poised his long-shadowed spear and hurled it, and smote the midst of the shield of Peleus' son, and missed him not; but far from the shield the spear leapt back. And Hector was wroth that his swift weapon had left his hand in vain, and he stood down-cast, for he had no second ashen spear. And he called with a loud shout to Derphobus of the white shield, and asked of him a long spear, but he was nowise nigh. Then Hector knew the truth in his heart, and spake and said: "Ay me, now verily the gods have summoned me to death. I deemed the warrior Derphobus was by my side, but he is within the wall, and it was Athene who played me false. Now, therefore, is evil death come very nigh me, not far off, nor is there way of es-

cape. This then was from of old the pleasure of Zeus and of the far-darting son of Zeus, who yet before were fain to succour me; but now my fate hath found me. At least let me not die without a struggle or ingloriously, but in some great deed of arms whereof men yet to be born shall hear."

Thus saying, he drew his sharp sword that by his flank hung great and strong, and gathered himself and swooped like a soaring eagle that darted to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or crouching hare. So Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles made at him, for his breast was filled with wild fierceness, and before his breast he made a covering with his fair graven shield, and tossed his bright four-plated helm; and round it waved fair golden plumes that Hephaistos had set thick about the crest. As a star goeth among stars in the darkness of night, Hesperos, fairest of all stars set in heaven, so flashed there forth a light from the keen spear Achilles poised in his right hand, devising mischief against noble Hector, eying his fair flesh to find the fittest place. Now for the rest of him his flesh was covered by the fair bronze armour he stripped from strong Patroklos when he slew him, but there was an opening where the collar bones coming from the shoulders clasp the neck, even at the gullet, where destruction of life cometh quickest; there, as he came on, noble Achilles drave at him with his spear, and right through the tender neck went the point. Yet the bronze-weighted ashen spear clave not the windpipe, so that he might yet speak words of answer to his foe. And he fell down in the

dust, and noble Achilles spake exultingly: "Hector, thou thoughtest, whilst thou wert spoiling Patroklos, that thou wouldst be safe, and didst reckon nothing of me who was afar, thou fool. But away among the hollow ships his comrade, a mightier far, even I, was left behind, who have now unstrung thy knees. Thee shall dogs and birds tear foully, but his funeral shall the Achaians make."

Then with faint breath spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm: "I pray thee by thy life and knees and parents leave me not for dogs of the Achaians to devour by the ships, but take good store of bronze and gold, gifts that my father and lady mother shall give to thee, and give them home my body back again, that the Trojans and Trojans' wives give me my due of fire after my death."

But unto him with grim gaze spake Achilles, fleet of foot: "Entreat me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou hast wrought me, as surely as there is none that shall keep the dogs from thee, not even should they bring ten or twenty fold ransom and here weigh it out, and promise even more, not even were Priam, Dardanos' son, to bid pay thy weight in gold, not even so shall thy lady mother lay thee on a bed to mourn her son, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly."

Then dying spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm: "Verily, I know thee and behold thee as thou art, nor was I destined to persuade thee; truly thy heart is iron in thy breast. Take heed now lest I draw

upon thee wrath of gods, in the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo slay thee, for all thy valour, at the Skaian gate."

He ended, and the shadow of death came down upon him, and his soul flew forth of his limbs and was gone to the house of Hades, wailing her fate, leaving her vigour and youth. Then to the dead man spake noble Achilles: "Die; for my death, I will accept it whensoever Zeus and the other immortal gods are minded to accomplish it."

THE STORY OF THE SIRENS

From the ODYSSEY, translated by G. H. PALMER

AFTER our ship had left the current of the Ocean-stream and come into the waters of the open sea and to the island of *Æea*, where is the dwelling of the early dawn, its dancing-ground and place of rising, as we ran in we beached our ship among the sands, and forth we went ourselves upon the shore; where, falling fast asleep, we awaited sacred dawn.

But when the early, rosy-fingered dawn appeared, I sent men forward to the house of Circe to fetch the body of the dead Elpenor. Then, hastily cutting logs, where the coast stood out most boldly we hurried him, in sadness, letting the big tears fall. After the dead was burned, and the armour of the dead man, we raised a mound, and dragged a stone upon it, and fixed on the mound's highest point his shapely oar.

With all this we were busied; nevertheless, our com-

ing from the house of Hades was not concealed from Circe, but quickly she arrayed herself and came to meet us. Her maids bore bread and stores of meat and ruddy, sparkling wine; and, standing in the midst of all, the heavenly goddess said:

“Madmen! who have gone down alive into the house of Hades, thus twice to meet with death while others die but once, come, eat this food and drink this wine here for to-day, and when to-morrow comes you shall set sail. I will myself point out the way and fully show you all; lest by unhappy lack of skill you be distressed on sea or land and suffer harm.”

So she spoke, and our high hearts assented. Thus all throughout the day, till setting sun, we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun had set and darkness came, my men lay down to sleep by the ship's cables; but leading me by the hand apart from my good comrades, the goddess bade me sit, herself reclined beside me, and asked me for my story. So I related all the tale in its due order. Then thus spoke potent Circe:

“All this is ended now; but listen to what I say, and God himself shall help you to remember. First you will meet the Sirens, who cast a spell on every man who goes their way. Whoso draws near unwarned and hears the Sirens' voices, by him no wife nor little child shall ever stand, glad at his coming home; for the Sirens cast a spell of penetrating song, sitting within a meadow. Near by is a great heap of rotting human bones; fragments of skin are shrivelling on them. Therefore, sail on and stop your comrades' ears with

sweet wax kneaded soft, that none of the rest may hear. If you yourself will listen, see that they bind you hand and foot on the swift ship, upright upon the mast-block, — round it let the rope be wound, — that so with pleasure you may hear the Sirens' song. But if you should entreat your men and bid them set you free, let them with still more fetters bind you fast.

“After your men have brought the ship past these, what is to be your course I will not fully say; do you yourself ponder it in your heart. I will describe both ways. Along one route stand beetling cliffs, and on them roar the mighty waves of dark-eyed Amphitrite; the blessed gods call them the Wanderers. This way not even winged things can pass, — no, not the gentle doves which bear ambrosia to father Zeus; but one of them the smooth rock always draws away, though the father puts another in to fill the number. No ship of man ever escapes when once come hither, but in one common ruin planks of ships and sailors' bodies are swept by the sea-waves and storms of deadly flame. The only coursing ship that ever passed this way was Argo, famed of all, when voyaging from Æëtes; and her the waves would soon have dashed on the great rocks, but Here brought her through from love of Jason.

“By the other way there are two crags, one reaching up to the broad heavens with its sharp peak. Clouds gather about it darkly, and never float away; light strikes its peak neither in heat nor harvest. No mortal man could clamber up or down it, though twenty hands and feet were his; for the rock is smooth, as it were

polished. About the middle of the crag is a dim cave, facing the west and Erebus, the very way where you must steer your rounded ship, glorious Odysseus; and from that rounded ship no lusty youth could with a bow-shot reach the hollow cave. Here Scylla dwells and utters hideous cries; her voice like that of a young dog, and she herself an evil monster. None can behold her and be glad, be it a god who meets her. Twelve feet she has, and all misshapen; six necks, exceedingly long; on each a frightful head; in these three rows of teeth, stout and close-set, fraught with dark death. As far as the waist she is drawn down within the hollow cave; but she holds forth her heads outside the awful chasm and fishes there, spying round the crag for dolphins, dog-fish, or whatever larger creature she may catch, such things as voiceful Amphitrite breeds by thousand. Never could sailors boast of passing her in safety; for with each head she takes a man, snatching him from the dark-bowed ship.

“The second crag is lower, you will see, Odysseus, and close beside the first; you well might shoot across. On it a fig tree stands, tall and in leafy bloom, underneath which divine Charybdis sucks the dark water down. For thrice a day she sends it up, and thrice she sucks it down, — a fearful sight! May you not happen to be there when it goes down, for nobody could save you then from ill, not even the Earth-shaker. But swiftly turn your course toward Scylla’s crag, and speed the ship along; for surely it is better to miss six comrades from your ship than all together.”

So she spoke, and answering her, I said: “Yet, god-

dess, tell me this in very truth: might I not possibly escape from fell Charybdis, and then beat off that other when she assails my crew?"

So I spake, and straight the heavenly goddess answered: "Foolhardy man! Still bent on war and struggle! Will you not yield even to immortal gods? This is no mortal being, but an immortal woe, dire, hard, and fierce, and not to be fought down. Courage is nothing; flight is best. For if you arm and linger by the rock, I fear that, issuing forth once more, she may attack you with her many heads and carry off as many men. Therefore, with zeal speed on; and call on Force, the mother of this Scylla, who bore her for a bane to humankind; she will restrain her from a second onset.

"Next you will reach the island of Thrinacia, where in great numbers feed the kine and the sturdy flocks of the Sun,—seven droves of kine and just as many beautiful flocks of sheep, fifty in each. Of them no young are born, nor do they ever die. Goddesses are their shepherds, nymphs of fair hair, Phaëthousa and Lampetia, whom to the exalted Sun divine Neæra bore. These their potent mother bore and reared, and sent them to the island of Thrinacia to dwell afar, and keep their father's flocks and crook-horned kine. If you leave these unharmed and heed your homeward way, you still may come to Ithaca, though you shall meet with hardship. But if you harm them, then I predict the loss of ship and crew, and even if you yourself escape, late shall you come, in evil plight, with loss of all your crew."

Even as she spoke, the gold-throned morning came, and up the island the heavenly goddess went her way ; I turned me toward my ship, and called my crew to come on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took places at the pins, and sitting in order smote the foaming water with their oars. And for our aid behind our dark-bowed ship came a fair wind to fill our sail, a welcome comrade, sent us by fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess, human of speech. When we had done our work at the several ropes about the ship, we sat us down, while wind and helmsman kept her steady.

Now to my men, with aching heart, I said: " My friends, it is not right for only one or two to know the oracles which Circe told, that heavenly goddess. Therefore I speak, that, knowing all, we so may die, or fleeing death and doom, we may escape. She warns us first against the marvellous Sirens, and bids us flee their voice and flowery meadow. Only myself she bade to hear their song; but bind me with galling cords, to hold me firm, upright upon the mast-block, round it let the rope be wound. And if I should entreat you, and bid you set me free, thereat with still more fetters bind me fast."

Thus I, relating all my tale, talked with my comrades. Meanwhile, our stanch ship swiftly neared the Sirens' island; a fair wind swept her on. On a sudden the wind ceased; there came a breathless calm; Heaven hushed the waves. My comrades, rising, furled the sail, stowed it on board the hollow ship, then sitting at their oars whitened the water with the polished blades. But I with my sharp sword cut a great cake of wax into

small bits, which I then kneaded in my sturdy hands. Soon the wax warmed, forced by the powerful pressure and by the rays of the exalted Sun, the lord of all. Then one by one I stopped the ears of all my crew, and on the deck they bound me hand and foot, upright upon the mast-block, round which they wound the rope; and, sitting down, they smote the foaming water with their oars. But when we were as far away as one can call and driving swiftly onward, our speeding ship, as it drew near, did not escape the Sirens, and thus they lifted up their penetrating voice:

“Come hither, come, Odysseus, whom all praise, great glory of the Achaians! Bring in your ship, and listen to our song. For none has ever passed us in a black-hulled ship till from our lips he heard ecstatic song, then went his way rejoicing, and with larger knowledge. For we know all that on the plain of Troy Argives and Trojans suffered at the gods’ behest; we know whatever happens on the bounteous earth.”

So spoke they, sending forth their glorious song, and my heart longed to listen. Knitting my brows, I signed my men to set me free; but bending forward, on they rowed. And straightway Perimedes and Eurylochus arose and laid upon me still more cords and drew them tighter. Then, after passing by, when we could hear no more the Sirens’ voice nor any singing, quickly my trusty crew removed the wax with which I stopped their ears, and set me free from bondage.

THE STORY OF PERDICCAS AND HIS BROTHERS

From the HISTORY OF HERODOTUS, translated by GEORGE RAWLINSON

THREE brothers, descendants of Têmenus, fled from Argos to the Illyrians; their names were Gauanes, Aëropus, and Perdiccas. From Illyria they went across to Upper Macedonia, where they came to a certain town called Lebæa. There they hired themselves out to serve the king in different employs: one tended the horses; another looked after the cows; while Perdiccas, who was the youngest, took charge of the smaller cattle. In those early times poverty was not confined to the people: kings themselves were poor, and so here it was the king's wife who cooked the victuals. Now, whenever she baked the bread, she always observed that the loaf of the labouring boy Perdiccas swelled to double its natural size. So the queen, finding this never fail, spoke of it to her husband. Directly that it came to his ears, the thought struck him that it was a miracle, and boded something of no small moment. He therefore sent for the three labourers, and told them to begone out of his dominions. They answered, "They had a right to their wages; if he would pay them what was due, they were quite willing to go." Now it happened that the sun was shining down the chimney into the room where they were; and the king, hearing them talk of wages, lost his wits, and said, "There are the wages which you deserve; take that — I give it you!" and pointed, as he spoke, to the sunshine. The two

elder brothers, Gauanes and Aëropus, stood aghast at the reply, and did nothing; but the boy, who had a knife in his hand, made a mark with it around the sunshine on the floor of the room, and said, "O king! we accept your payment!" Then he received the light of the sun three times into his bosom, and so went away; and his brothers went with him.

When they were gone, one of those who sat by told the king what the youngest of the three had done, and hinted that he must have had some meaning in accepting the wages given. Then the king, when he heard what had happened, was angry, and sent horsemen after the youths to slay them. Now there is a river in Macedonia to which the descendants of these Argives offer sacrifice as their saviour. This stream swelled so much, as soon as the sons of Têmenus were safe across, that the horsemen found it impossible to follow. So the brothers escaped into another part of Macedonia, and took up their abode near the place called "The gardens of Midas, son of Gordias." In these gardens there are roses which grow of themselves, so sweet that no others can come near them, and with blossoms that have as many as sixty petals apiece. It was here, according to the Macedonians, that Silenus was made a prisoner. Above the garden stands a mountain called Bermius, which is so cold that none can reach the top. Here the brothers made their abode; and from this place by degrees they conquered all Macedonia.

ROMAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

DURING the first century before Christ, in the age of Augustus, the golden age of Latin writers, Vergil wrote his great poem, the "Æneid." Other important works by him are the "Bucolics" and the "Georgics"; but the "Æneid" stands alone among Roman writings as the expression of a nation's life, seen through a national hero. Legend claimed that Æneas, whose adventures are described in the "Æneid," was the ancestor of the Romans, and in his poem Vergil exalts Rome and its rulers. The first part of the poem tells of the wanderings of Æneas in his attempt to found a second Ilium; the last part describes his wars in Italy. During one of these wars, when Æneas had sought aid from the Greek Evander, the goddess-mother of Æneas caused a special set of armour to be forged for him. This armour he used in all his later wars, until he succeeded in conquering the Latins.

The poet Ovid, who wrote a short time after Vergil, was fond of retelling the ancient Roman stories which reported the dealings of gods with men. Some of these are contained in his *Metamorphoses*, or book of "Transformations," so called because many of the stories tell of wonderful changes undergone both by persons and by things.

THE SHIELD OF ÆNEAS AND PREPARATIONS FOR CONFLICT

From VERGIL'S ÆNEID, Book VIII, translated by W. MORRIS

UPON the flank of Sicily there hangs an island close
To Lipari of Æolus, with sheer-hewn smoky steep ;
Beneath it thunder caves and dens Ætnæan, eaten deep
With forges of the Cyclops : thence men hear the anvil's
cry

'Neath mighty strokes, and through the caves the hissing
sparkles fly

From iron of the Chalybes, and pants the forge with
flame.

The house is Vulcan's, and the land Vulcania hath to
name.

Thither the Master of the Fire went down from upper
air,

Where Cyclop folk in mighty den were forging iron
gear ;

Pyracmon of the naked limbs, Brontes and Steropes.

A thunderbolt half-fashioned yet was in the hands of
these,

Part-wrought, such wise as many a one the Father casts
on earth

From all the heaven, but elsewhere unfinished from
the birth.

Three rays they wrought of writhen storm, three of the
watery wrack ;

Nor do the three of ruddy flame nor windy winging
lack :

And now the work of fearful flash, and roar, and dread
they won,
And blent amid their craftsmanship the flame that followeth on,
But otherwhere they dight the wain and wingèd wheels
of Mars,
Wherewith the men and walls of men he waketh up to wars.

* * * * *

"Do all away," he said; "lay by the labour so far done;
Cyclops of Ætna, turn your minds to this one thing alone:
Arms for a great man must be wrought; betake ye to your might;
Betake ye to your nimble hands and all your mastery's sleight,
And hurry tarrying into haste."

No more he spake; all they
Fall swift to work and portion out the labour of the day;
The brazen rivers run about with metal of the gold,
And soft the Chalyo bane-master flows in the forger's hold.
A mighty shield they set on foot to match all weapons held
By Latin men, and sevenfold ring on ring about it weld.
Meanwhile, in windy bellows' womb some in the breezes take
And give them forth, some dip the brass all hissing in the lake.

And all the cavern is agroan with strokes on anvil laid.
There turn and turn about betwixt, with plenteous might
to aid,
They rear their arms ; with grip of tongs they turn the
iron o'er.

But while the Lemnian father thus speeds on the Æo-
lian shore,

The lovely light Evander stirs amid his lowly house,
And morning song of eave-dwellers from sleep the king
doth rouse,

Riseth that ancient man of days and on his kirtle does,
And both his feet he binds about with bands of Tyrrhene
shoes ;

Then Tegæan sword he girds to shoulder and to side,
And on the left he flings aback the cloak of panther-
hide.

Moreover, from the threshold step goes either watchful
ward,

Two dogs to wit, that follow close the footsteps of their
lord.

So to the chamber of his guest the hero goes his way,
Well mindful of his spoken word and that well-promised
stay.

Nor less Æneas was afoot betimes that morning-tide,
And Pallas and Achates went each one their lord beside.
So met, they join their right hands there and in the house
sit down,

And win the joy of spoken words, that lawful now had
grown ;

And thuswise speaks Evander first :

"O mightiest duke of Trojan men,—for surely thou
being safe,

My heart may never more believe in Troy-town's van-
quishing, —

The battle-help that I may give is but a little thing
For such a name: by Tuscan stream on this side are we
bound;

On that side come Rutulian arms to gird our walls with
sound.

But 'tis my rede to join to you a mighty folk of fight,
A wealthy lordship: chance unhoped this hope for us
hath dight;

So draw thou thither whereunto the Fates are calling on.
Not far hence is a place of men, on rock of yore
agone

Built up; Argylla's city 'tis, where glorious folk of war,
The Lydian folk, on Tuscan hills pitched their abode of
yore.

A many years of blooming once they had, until the king
Mezentius held them 'neath his pride and cruel war-
faring.

* * * * *

So by just anger raised to-day Etruria is abroad,
Crying with Mars to aid, 'Give back the king to pay the
cost!'

Æneas, I will make thee now the captain of their
host:

For down the whole coast goes the roar from out their
ship-host's pack;

They cry to bear the banners forth; but them still
holdeth back

The ancient seer, thus singing Fate: *Mæonia's chosen
peers,*

*The heart and flower of men of old, whom grief's just
measure bears*

*Against the foe; souls that your king hath stirred to
righteous wrath,*

No man of Italy is meet to lead this army forth;

Seek outland captains. Then, indeed, the Tuscan war
array,

Feared by such warnings of the gods, amidst these
meadows lay.

Tarchon himself hath hither sent sweet speakers, bear-
ing me

Their lordship's kingly staff and crown, and signs of
royalty;

And bidding take the Tuscan land and join their camp
of war.

But eld adull with winter frost and spent with days of
yore,

My body over-öld for deeds begrudged such government.

I would have stirred my son, but he, with Sabine mother
blent,

Shared blood of this Italian land: but thee the Fates
endow

With years and race full meet thereto; the gods call on
thee now,

Go forth, O captain valorous of Italy and Troy;

Yea, I will give thee Pallas here, my hope and darling
joy,

And bid him 'neath thy mastery learn in battle to be
bold,

And win the heavy work of Mars, and all thy deeds
 behold ;
And, wondering at thy valiancy, win through his earli-
 est years,
Two hundred knights of Arcady, the bloom of all it bears ;
I give thee, in his own name, too, like host shall Pallas
 bring."

Scarce had he said, and still their gaze unto the earth
 did cling,
Æneas of Anchises born and his Achates true,
For many thoughts of matters hard their minds were
 running through,
When Cytherea gave a sign amid the open sky ;
Far from the left a flash of light went quivering sud-
 denly,
And sound went with it, and all things in utter turmoil
 fared,
And clangour of the Tyrrhene trump along the heavens
 blared ;
They look up ; ever and anon a mighty clash they hear,
And gleams they see betwixt the clouds, amid the sky-
 land clear,
The glitter of the arms of god, the thunder of their
 clang.

The man of Troy, while others' hearts amazed and fear-
 ful hang,
Knoweth the sound, the promised help, his goddess-
 mother's meed.
He saith : "Yea, verily, O host, to ask is little need

What hap this portent draweth on : the gods will have
me wend ;
The god that made me promised erst such heavenly
signs to send
If war were toward ; and through the sky she promised
to bear down
Arms Vulcan-fashioned for my need.
Woe's me for poor Laurentium's folk ! what death, what
bloody graves !
— Ah, Turnus, thou shalt pay it me ! — how many 'neath
thy waves,
O Father Tiber, shalt thou roll the shields and helms of
men,
And bodies of the mighty ones ! Cry war, oath-breakers,
then ! ”

And as he spake the word he rose from off the lofty
throne,
And the slaked fire of Hercules roused on the altar
stone ;
And joyfully he drew anear the god of yesterday
And little house-gods : chosen ewes in manner due they
slay,
Evander and the youth of Troy together side by
side.
Then to the ships they wend their ways, where yet their
fellows bide :
There men to follow him in fight he chooseth from the
peers,
The flower of hardy hearts ; the rest the down long water
bears ;

Deedless they swim adown the stream, Ascanius home
to bring

The tidings of his coming sire and matters flourishing.

* * * * *
* * * * *

There is a mighty thicket-place by chilly Cæres' side
By ancient dread of fathers gone held holy far and wide ;
A place that hollow hills shut in and pine-wood black
begirds.

Men say that to Silvanus erst, the god of fields and
herds,

The old Pelasgi hallowed it, and made a holy day,
E'en those who in the time ago on Latin marches
lay,

No great way hence the Tuscan folk and Tarcho held
them still

In guarded camp ; the host of them from rising of a
hill

Might now be seen, as far and wide they spread about
the field.

Father Æneas and his folk, the mighty under shield,
Speed hither, and fire wearied now their steeds and
bodies tend.

But through the clouds of heavenly way doth fair white
Venus wend,

Bearing the gift ; who when she saw in hidden valley
there

Her son afar, apart from men by river cool and fair,
Then kind she came before his eyes, and in such words
she spake :

"These promised gifts, my husband's work, O son, I bid thee take :

So shalt thou be all void of doubt, O son, when presently

Laurentines proud and Turnus fierce thou bidst the battle try."

So spake the Cytheræan one and sought her son's embrace,

And hung the beaming arms upon an oak that stood in face.

But he, made glad by godhead's gift, and such a glory great,

Marvelleth and rolleth o'er it all eyes insatiate,

And turns the pieces o'er and o'er his hands and arms between ;

The helm that flasheth flames abroad with crest so dread beseen :

The sword to do the deeds of Fate ; the hard-wrought plates of brass,

Blood-red and huge ; yea, e'en as when the bright sun brings to pass

Its burning through the coal-blue clouds and shines o'er field and fold :

The light greaves forged and forged again of silver-blend and gold :

The spear, and, thing most hard to tell, the plaiting of the shield.

For there the tale of Italy and Roman joy afield

That Master of the Fire had wrought, not unlearned of the seers,

Or blind to see the days before. The men of coming
years,
Ascanius stem, all foughten fields, were wrought in due
array.

So on the shield, his mother's gift by Vulcan fashioned
fair,
He wondereth, blind of things to come but glad the tale
to see,
And on his shoulder bears the fame and fate of sons to
be.



THE STORY OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

As told by OVID and as translated by JOHN DRYDEN

IN Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompassed round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one ;
I saw the place and them, by Pitheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant.
Here Jove with Hermes came ; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities ;
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod,
And many toilsome steps together trod ;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knocked,
Not one of all the thousand but was locked ;

At last one hospitable house they found,
A homely shed ; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair ;
Now old in love ; though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather, both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping entered through the little door ;
The man their hearty welcome first expressed,
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But, ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise ;
Coarse, but the best she had ; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant-fire ;
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on,
Like burnished gold the little seether shone ;
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground, a small well-watered spot ;

She stripped the stalks of all their leaves ; the best
 She culled and then with handy care she dressed.
 High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung ;
 Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
 And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
 Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one ;
 Yet a large portion of a little store,
 Which, for their sake alone, he wished were more.
 This in the pot he plunged without delay,
 To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
 The time between, before the fire they sat,
 And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
 Hung by the handle, and a driven nail ;
 This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
 Before their guests ; in this they bathed their feet,
 And often with clean towels dried them sweet :
 This done, the host produced the genial bed,
 Sallow the foot, the borders, and the sted,
 With which no costly coverlet they spread,
 But coarse old garments ; yet such robes as these
 They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
 The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
 The table sets ; the invited gods lie down.
 The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
 A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
 Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
 So was the mended board exactly reared ;
 Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint,
 A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
 Pallas began the feast, where first was seen

The party-coloured olive, black and green ;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved ;
A garden-sallad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory ;
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board ;
And, next in place, an earthen pitcher, stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought ; like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls ; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard ;
On which, with eager appetite, they dine,
A savoury bit, that served to relish wine ;
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat ;
All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face ;
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
 Though often emptied, were observed to fill ;
 Filled without hands, and of their own accord
 Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
 Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
 With wine, and of no common grape, increased ;
 And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
 Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
 One goose they had, 'twas all they could allow,
 A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
 Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow :
 Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed ;
 She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued ;
 Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
 And would not make her master's compliment ;
 But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
 He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
 And saved her life ; then what he was declared,
 And owned the god. "The neighbourhood," said he,
 "Shall justly perish for impiety ;
 You stand alone exempted ; but obey
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way ;
 Leave these accursed, and to the mountain's height
 Ascend, nor once more look backward in your flight." —

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
 The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
 An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
 And there secure, but spent with travel, stop ;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes ;
 Lost in a lake, the floated level lies ;

A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains :
Wondering, with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbour's fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems from the ground increased, in height and bulk to
grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies ;
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise ;
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of
gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene,
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men ;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound." —

Awhile they whisper : then, to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine ;
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death ; that neither she,
With widow's tears, may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space ;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen

Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green ;
 Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
 And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood ;
 Then roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind ;
 Then, ere the bark above the shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last adieu ;
 At once, " Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said ;
 At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
 Even yet an ancient Tyanæan shows
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows ;
 The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows ;
 And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
 The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
 And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly honour
 share.

GERMAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

AN old German hero-song, which is, perhaps, the oldest of all the hero-stories that belong to Germany, is the Hildebrandslied, or "Song of Hildebrand." It is only a fragment, dating from about the ninth century, but an important fragment, because this earliest heroic poem tells about Hildebrand and Dietrich, who appear later in the "Nibelungenlied," the noblest heroic German poem. The "Hildebrandslied" is an account of a combat between a father and a son, who, not knowing each other, fight and are wounded. Its author is unknown.

The "Nibelungenlied," which may have been the work of one poet, or of several, is a set of legends that were put together in the twelfth century. Siegfried, the chief hero of these legends, gains possession of the wealth of the Nibelungs, who were dwarfs in the North, and much of the chief story is about the gaining and the keeping of this treasure. After Siegfried's death his wife, Kriemhild, takes charge of the gold, until Hagen, who had been the enemy of Siegfried, takes it away from her. Other heroes in the poem are Gunther, Dietrich, Hildebrand, and Etzel.

The poem of Gudrun, belonging also to the twelfth century, is a hero-story by an unknown author, and relates the fortunes of Gudrun, the daughter of a Northern king. Horant, the sweet singer in the poem, and Fru-te are vassals of Hettel, who becomes the husband of Hilda and father of Gudrun. King Hagen is the father of Hilda.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN HILDEBRAND
AND HADUBRAND

From the HILDEBRANDSLIED, retold from the translation by J. M. LUDLOW

I HAVE heard it told how by challenge Hildebrand and Hadubrand met between two hosts, the son with the father. They made ready their armour, put to rights their battle-garments, girded on their swords and their coats of mail. Thus the heroes rode to the fight.

Hildebrand, the son of Heribrand, first spoke; for he was the lordlier man and the more experienced in life. He began to ask with few words about his opponent's father: "Of what race art thou? If thou name me one kinsman, I shall know the others, because I know all the great nations."

Then answered Hadubrand, son of Hildebrand: "This was told me by our people, the old and experienced, who were before me,—that my father was called Hildebrand. I am called Hadubrand. Of old, Hildebrand went eastward, fleeing from Ottaker's hatred; with his many knights and Dietrich he fled, leaving his young wife and his little child; eastward he rode from hence. After that, Dietrich lost my father, though unmeasured was Ottaker's wrath against that best of knights till Dietrich lost him. At the head of the folk was he ever, for fighting was always dear to him. Men of price knew him well. I know not if he is yet alive."

"I pledge the great God above in heaven," said Hildebrand, "that thou never talked with a man so

near of kin as now." He then took from his arms twisted rings made by the lords, rings which the king, the lord of the Huns, had given him. "This," he added, "I now give to thee of free grace."

Then answered Hadubrand, son of Hildebrand: "With the spear should one receive gifts, spear-point against spear-point. Crafty art thou beyond measure, thou old Hun. Thou trickest me with thy words, thou wilt throw me with thy spear. So aged art thou that thou must be always plotting! I say this was told me by seamen, westward over the middle sea, that he was carried off by the battle. Dead is Hildebrand, son of Heribrand."

And Hildebrand, son of Heribrand, replied: "Woe now, O ruler-God! sorrow befalls me. Sixty summers and winters I have wandered out of my country; wherever I might be placed among the fighters, in no stronghold yet hath any one done harm to me: now either must my sweet son hew me with his sword, or I must do him harm. Alas! I see by thy weapons that thou hast a good lord, and wilt not be lacking in defence of his land; if thy strength fail thee, thou mayest win alms of a lordly man, and strip him of his armour-ornaments. Most cowardly would he be who should refuse thee the fight since thou so boastest. To-day must it be decided which of us two shall boast of armour won, or be master of both breastplates."

Then they hurled first their ash-spears sharply, so that both spears stuck in each other's heels. So they rushed together in their battle-garments, and lifted harmfully their white shields, and wounded one another.

THE REMOVAL OF THE TREASURE

From the NIBELUNGENLIED, translated by W. N. LETTSOM

'TWAS no long time thereafter when this device
they wrought,
That from the land of Niblung should to the Rhine be
brought
By the command of Kriemhild the wondrous treasure
bright;
'TWas her morning gift at marriage, and so was hers
by right.

For it the youthful Giselher and eke good Gernot went;
Eighty hundred warriors with them their sister sent,
To bring it from the mountain, where close conceal'd it
lay
Watch'd by the stout dwarf Albric and his best friends
alway.

When now came the Burgundians the precious hoard
to take,
Albric, the faithful keeper, thus his friends bespake:
"This far-renowned treasure we can't withhold, I ween,
The marriage-morning present claim'd by the noble
queen.

"Yet should they have it never, nor should we thus
be cross'd,
Had we not the good cloud-cloak to our misfortune lost
Together with Sir Siegfried, who gain'd it here of yore;
For Kriemhild's noble husband the same at all times wore.

Now ill, alas ! had happ'd it to Siegfried, the good knight,
That from us the cloud-cloak he took by conquering might,
And all this land to serve him as lord and master bound."
Then went the chamberlain sadly, where soon the keys he found.

And now the men of Kriemhild before the mountain stood,
And some too of her kinsmen ; the hoard, as best they could,
Down to the sea they carried ; there in good barks 'twas laid,
Whence o'er the waves, and lastly up the Rhine convey'd.

The tale of that same treasure might well your wonder raise ;
'Twas much as twelve huge waggons in four whole nights and days
Could carry from the mountain down to the salt-sea bay,
If to and fro each waggon thrice journey'd every day.

It was made of nothing but precious stones and gold ;
Were all the world bought from it, and down the value told,
Not a mark the less thereafter were left, than erst was scor'd.
Good reason sure had Hagen to covet such a hoard.

And thereamong was lying the wishing-rod of gold ;
Which whoso could discover, might in subjection hold
All this wide world as master, with all that dwell therein.
There came to Worms with Gernot full many of Albric's
kin.

When Gernot and young Giseler had thus possession
gain'd
Of that power-giving treasure, the rule they straight
obtain'd
Of the country and the castles and many a warlike
knight ;
All was constrain'd to serve them through terror of their
might.

When they had brought the treasure thence to King
Gunther's land,
And had their charge deliver'd into fair Kriemhild's
hand,
Cramm'd were the towers and chambers wherein the
same they stor'd.
Ne'er told was tale of riches to match this boundless
hoard.

Yet had she found the treasure a thousand-fold as great
Could she have seen but Siegfried restor'd to life's es-
tate,
Bare as her hand had Kriemhild preferr'd with him to
live,
Renouncing all the puissance which all that hoard could
give.

Now she had gain'd possession, so liberal was the dame,
That foreign knights unnumber'd into the country came.
All prais'd her generous virtues, and own'd they ne'er
 had seen
Lady so open-handed as this fair widow'd queen.

To rich and poor together began she now to give;
Thereat observ'd Sir Hagen, "If she should chance to
 live
Some little season longer, so many should we see
Won over to her service, that ill for us 'twould be."

Thereto made answer Gunther: "The hoard is hers
 alone;
How can I check her giving? she gives but from her
 own.
Scarce could I gain forgiveness for my offence of old.
I care not how she scatters her jewels and her ruddy
 gold."

"A prudent man," said Hagen, "not for a single hour
Would such a mass of treasure leave in a woman's
 power.
She'll hatch with all this largess to her outlandish crew
Something that hereafter all Burgundy may rue."

Thereto replied King Gunther, "An oath to her I swore,
That I would offend her nor harm her any more;
And I'm resolved to keep it; my sister too is she."
At once Sir Hagen answer'd, "Then lay the blame on
 me."

Too many of the chieftains their plighted faith for-
sook ;

The powerful hoard the perjur'd from the poor widow
took ;

Sir Hagen straight made seizure at once of every key.
When her brother Gernot heard it, bitterly wroth was he.

Then spake the young Sir Giselher, " Hagen, the fierce
and rude,

Hath foully wrong'd my sister ; this I should have with-
stood ;

But that he is my kinsman, it should cost his life."

Then afresh all vainly wept noble Siegfried's wife.

Then said the good Sir Gernot, " Ere this pernicious
mine

Confound us any further, better beneath the Rhine
Sink it altogether, and tell no mortal where."

Then sadly went fair Kriemhild to her brother Giselher.

She wept and said, " Dear brother, pray take some
thought of me ;

Of my person and possessions thou shouldst the guar-
dian be."

Then spake he to his sister, " I will, whate'er betide,
Soon as we come back hither, for now we hence must
ride."

King Gunther and his kinsmen they forthwith left the
land ;

The very best among them he took to form his band.

There stay'd behind but Hagen ; fierce hate and malice
still

He bore the weeping Kriemhild, and sought to work
her ill.

Ere back the king came hither, impatient of delay
Hagen seiz'd the treasure, and bore it thence away,
Into the Rhine at Lochheim the whole at once threw he !
Henceforth he thought t' enjoy it, but that was ne'er
to be.

He nevermore could get it for all his vain desire ;
So fortune oft the traitor cheats of his treason's hire.
Alone he hop'd to use it as long as he should live,
But neither himself could profit, nor to another give.

Once more return'd the princes, and with them all their
train.

Forthwith began sad Kriemhild her heavy loss to plain
With ladies and with maidens ; their grief indeed was
strong, —

In all good faith was Giselher ready to venge her wrong.

Then said they altogether, " Much evil hath he done."
So for a time Sir Hagen retir'd their wrath to shun,
Till he regain'd their favour ; at last they look'd it o'er,
Thereat to him fair Kriemhild yet deadlier hatred bore.

Ere thus the knight of Trony had hidd'n the wondrous
hoard,

They all an oath together had sworn with one accord :

To keep it in concealment while one of them should
live,
So none himself could take it, nor to another give.

With this new weight of anguish surcharg'd was Kriem-
hild left,
Of her bold husband widow'd, and of the hoard bereft
By such o'erweening outrage; in tears the mourner
lay
Nor ever ceased to sorrow e'en till her dying day.



THE SINGING OF HORANT

From GUDRUN, translated by MARY P. NICHOLS

IT came to pass one evening, good luck did so befall,
That Horant, the knight of Daneland, sang before
them all.

His singing was so wondrous that all who listened near
him
Found his song well-pleasing; the little birds all hushed
their notes to hear him.

King Hagen heard him gladly, and with him all his
men:

The song of the Danish Horant friends for him did
gain.

Likewise the queenly mother hearkened with ear befit-
ting,

As it sounded thro' the opening where she upon the
leaded roof was sitting.

Then spake the fair young Hilda : "What is it that I hear?

Just now a song the sweetest was thrilling on mine ear,
That e'er from any singer I heard until this hour.

Would to God in heaven my chamberlain to raise such
notes had power ! "

Then she bade them bring her him who so sweetly
sung ;

Soon as the knight came forward, thanks were on her
tongue.

For her with song the evening blissfully was ended ;
By Lady Hilda's women the minstrel-knight was care-
fully befriended.

Then spake the lovely Hilda : "Once more you must
let us hear

The songs that you this evening have made to us so
dear.

Truly it were blissful every day, at even,
To hear from you such singing ; for this would great
reward to you be given."

"Since you your thanks, fair lady, have thus on me
bestowed,

Every day will I gladly sing you a song as good ;
And whoso listens rightly shall find his pains departed,
His cares shall all be lessened, and he henceforth will
feel himself light-hearted."

When he his words had given, forthwith he left the
queen.

Great reward in Ireland did his singing win ;

Never in his birthland had such to him been meted.
Thus did the knight from Denmark give his help to
Hettel, as him befitted.

Soon as the night was ended, with the early dawn of
day,
Horant raised his carol; the birds soon stopped their
lay,
And to his song they listened, while in hedges hidden.
The folk who yet were sleeping rested no more, by his
sweet tones upbidden.

Horant's song rose softly, higher and yet more sweet;
King Hagen also heard it, while near his wife was his
seat,
From out their inner chamber drawn to the roof, they
waited;
Their guest of this had warning; and Hilda the young
gave ear, where she was seated.

The daughter of wild Hagen with her maids around her
heard
From where they sat and listened; and now each little
bird
Wholly forgot his singing, and in the courtyard
lighted;
The warriors hearkened also, and well the song of the
Danish minstrel greeted.

Thanks to him were given by women and by men;
"But," said the Danish Fru-te, "would that I ne'er
again

Such songs might hear him singing. Whom would he
be pleasing ?

To whom is my witless nephew such worthless morning
hymns so bent on raising ? ”

Then spake King Hagen's liegemen : “ My lord, let
him be heard ;

There's none so sick lying but would in truth be
cheered,

If to the songs he listened which fall from him so
sweetly.”

Said Hagen : “ Would to Heaven such skill to sing were
mine ; 't would glad me greatly.”

When the knightly minstrel three songs to the end had
sung,

No one there who heard him thought they were too
long.

The turn of a hand, not longer, they had thought it
lasted,

E'en if they had listened while for a thousand miles a
horseman hasted.

When his song he ended, and to leave his seat was
seen,

The youthful, queenly maiden more blithe had never
been,

Nor decked, at early morning, in gayer clothes or
better ;

Forthwith the high-born lady sent to beg her father
now to meet her.

Then came her father quickly, and on the maiden
looked,
While in a mood of sadness her father's chin she
stroked ;
With her hand she coaxed him, to make her word the
stronger,
And said : " My dearest father, bid that he at court
may sing yet longer."

He answered : " Best-loved daughter, if again, at the
hour of eve,
His songs he deigns to sing you, a thousand pounds I'll
give.
But now a mien so lofty these guests of ours are wearing,
To us 'tis not so pleasant here, at court, to give his
songs a hearing."

However much she pressed him, would the king no
longer stay ;
Then strove again young Horant, and never on any day
Had his knightly song been better. Sick and well
together
All lost their wits in hearing, and none could leave who
to listen once came hither.

The wild beasts in the forest let their pasture grow ;
The little worms that creeping through grass are wont
to go,
The fishes, too, that ever amidst the waves were swim-
ming,
All now stopped to listen ; the singer's heart with pride
was overbrimming.

SCANDINAVIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

EARLY Scandinavian stories first came from Iceland. The prose stories are found in the sagas, — the word *saga* meaning *tale*. Stories in verse are in the *eddic* or *skaldic* form; and of these two forms the eddic is the simpler and stronger.

The sagas are hero-legends that usually begin with the hero's ancestors and often end only with his descendants, — long stories of struggle and adventure. There are very many of these sagas, which unknown authors wrote, probably during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Volsunga Saga gives the history of the Volsungs and the Nibelungs, two hostile races of the north. Its hero is Sigurd the Volsung, the same as Siegfried of the "Nibelungenlied," who is the son of the mighty Sigmund. Another of these tales is Fridthjof's Saga, of early Norwegian origin. Fridthjof, the hero, is a man of craft and wisdom.

Edda — a word by some thought to mean *poetry*, by others *mind* or *soul* — is the name given to two entirely separate Norse works. The Prose Edda, from which the "Death of Balder" is taken, is called also Snorri's Edda, from its supposed author, Snorri Sturluson, and The Younger Edda, to distinguish it from an earlier work. Snorri lived in the last part of the twelfth and first part of the thirteenth centuries. His edda is a collection of old stories and of some poems, too, for the use of the "skalds," or poets, of the early times. In these stories are accounts of the ancient heroes and gods, among whom is the beautiful god of light, Balder, whose death grieves all.

The Elder, or Poetic Edda, is known also as The Edda of

Sæmund the Learned, from its supposed author in the twelfth century. Like Snorri's Edda, it is a collection of ancient legends of gods and men. One of these legends is about Thor, the god of thunder, champion of gods and friend of men, who is a being of marvellous power, and whose very hammer is of priceless value.

THE RECOVERY OF THOR'S HAMMER

From THE ELDER EDDA, translated by B. THORPE, and retold by Editor

WROTH was Vingthor, when he awoke and missed his hammer; he shook his beard, he struck his forehead; the son of earth felt all around him.

And first of all these words he uttered: "Hear now, Loki! what I now say,—which no one knows anywhere on earth, nor in heaven above; the As's hammer is stolen!"

They went to the fair Freyia's dwelling, and these words first of all he said: "Wilt thou lend me, Freyia, thy feather-garment, that perchance my hammer I may find?"

Freyia

"That I would give thee although of gold it were, and trust it to thee though it were of silver."

Loki then flew—the plumage rattled—until he came beyond the Æsir's dwelling, and came within the Jotun's land.

On a mound sat Thrym, the Thursar's lord, plaiting gold bands for his greyhounds, and smoothing his horses' manes.

Thrym

"How goes it with the Æsir? How goes it with the Alfar? Why art thou come alone to Jotunheim?"

Loki

"Ill it goes with the Æsir. Ill it goes with the Alfar. Hast thou hidden Hlorridi's hammer?"

Thrym

"I have hidden Hlorridi's hammer eight rasts beneath the earth; no man shall get it again unless he bring me Freyia to wife."

Then flew Loki—the plumage rattled—until he came beyond the Jotun's dwellings, and came within the Æsir's courts; there he met Thor, in the middle court, who these words first of all uttered:

"Hast thou had success as well as labour? Tell me from the air the long tidings. Often the tales of him who sits are untrue, and he who lies down utters falsehood."

Loki

"I have had labour and success: Thrym has thy hammer, the Thursar's lord. No man shall get it again unless he bring him Freyia to wife."

They went to find the fair Freyia; and he these words first of all said: "Bind thee, Freyia, in bridal raiment; we two must drive to Jotunheim."

Wroth then was Freyia, and with anger chafed; all the Æsir's hall beneath her trembled: in shivers flew the famed Brisinga necklace.

* * * * *

Straightway all the Æsir went to council, and all the Asyniur to hold converse; and the mighty gods deliberated how they might get back Hlorridi's hammer.

Then said Heimdall, and he had the gift of foreseeing of Æsir, like other Vanir: "Let us clothe Thor with bridal raiment; let him have the famed Brisinga necklace. Let keys jingle by his side, and women's weeds fall round his knees; but on his breast place precious stones, and a neat coif set on his head."

Then said Thor, the mighty As: "The Æsir will call me womanish if I let myself be clad in bridal raiment."

Then spoke Loki, Laufey's son: "Do thou, Thor! refrain from such words; forthwith the Jotuns will inhabit Asgard, unless thou gettest back thy hammer."

Then they clad Thor in bridal raiment, and with the noble Brisinga necklace; let by his side keys jingle, and women's weeds fall round his knees; and on his breast placed precious stones, and a neat coif set on his head.

Then said Loki, Laufey's son: "I will go with thee as a servant: we two will drive to Jotunheim."

Straightway were the goats homeward driven, and hurried to the traces; for they had fast to run. The rocks were shivered, the earth was in a blaze; Odin's son drove to Jotunheim.

Then said Thrym, the Thursar's lord: "Rise up, Jotuns! and deck the benches, now they bring me Freyia to wife, Niord's daughter, from Noatun.

"Hither to our court bring gold-horned cows, all-

black oxen, for the Jotuns' joy. Treasures I have many, necklaces many; Freyia alone seemed to me wanting."

Early in the evening they came, and for the Jotuns beer was brought forth. Then Thor devoured an ox, eight salmons, and all the sweatmeats women should have. Sif's consort drank even three sals of mead.

Then said Thrym, the Thursar's prince: "Where hast thou seen brides eat more voraciously? I never saw brides feed more amply, nor a maiden drink more mead."

The all-crafty serving-maid sat close by, who found words fitting against the Jotun's speech: "Freyia has nothing eaten for eight nights, so eager was she for Jotunheim."

Under her veil he stooped, desirous to salute her, but sprang back along the hall: "Why are Freyia's looks so piercing? Methinks that fire burns from her eyes."

The all-crafty serving-maid sat close by, who found words fitting against the Jotun's speech: "Freyia for eight nights has not slept, so eager was she for Jotunheim."

In came the Jotun's luckless sister, who for a bride-gift dared to ask, "Give me from thy hands the ruddy rings, if thou wouldst gain my love, my love and favour all."

Then said Thrym, the Thursar's lord: "Bring the hammer in, the bride to consecrate; lay Miolnir on the maiden's knee; unite us each with other by the hand of Vor."

Laughed Hlorridi's soul in his breast, when the fierce-hearted recognized his hammer. He first slew Thrym, the Thursar's lord, and then crushed all the Jotun's race.

He slew the Jotun's aged sister, her who a bride-gift had demanded ; she a blow got instead of skillings, and a hammer's stroke for many rings.

So Odin's son got his hammer back.



THE DEATH OF BALDER

From THE YOUNGER EDDA, translated by RASMUS B. ANDERSON

THE beginning of this tale is, that Balder dreamed dreams great and dangerous to his life. When he told these dreams to the Asas, they took counsel together, and it was decided that they should seek peace for Balder against all kinds of harm. So Frigg exacted an oath from fire, water, iron and all kinds of metal, stones, earth, trees, sicknesses, beasts, birds, and creeping things, that they should not hurt Balder. When this was done and made known, it became the pastime of Balder and the Asas that he should stand up at their meeting while some of them should shoot at him, others should hew at him, while others should throw stones at him ; but no matter what they did, no harm came to him, and this seemed to all a great honour. When Loke, Laufey's son, saw this, it displeased him very much that Balder was not scathed. So he went to Frigg, in Fensal, having taken on himself the likeness of a woman ; Frigg asked this woman whether she knew what the Asas were doing at their meeting. She answered that all were shooting at Balder, but that he was not scathed thereby. "Then," said Frigg, "neither weapon nor tree can hurt Balder ; I have taken an oath

from them all." Then asked the woman: "Have all things taken an oath to spare Balder?" Frigg answered: "West of Valhal there grows a little shrub that is called the mistletoe, that seemed to me too young to exact an oath from." Then the woman suddenly disappeared. Loke went and pulled up the mistletoe and proceeded to the meeting. Hoder stood far to one side in the ring of men, because he was blind. Loke addressed himself to him, and asked, "Why do you not shoot at Balder?" He answered, "Because I do not see where he is; and, furthermore, I have no weapons." Then said Loke: "Do like the others and show honour to Balder. I will show you where he stands; shoot at him with this wand." Hoder took the mistletoe and shot at Balder under the guidance of Loke. The dart pierced him and he fell dead to the ground. This is the greatest misfortune that has ever happened to gods and men. When Balder had fallen, the Asas were struck speechless with horror, and their hands failed them to lay hold of the corpse. One looked at the other, and all were of one mind toward him who had done the deed; but being assembled in a holy peacestead, no one could take vengeance. When the Asas at length tried to speak, the wailing so choked their voices that one could not describe to the other his sorrow. Odin took this misfortune most to heart, since he best comprehended how great a loss and injury the fall of Balder was to the Asas. When the gods came to their senses, Frigg spoke and asked who there might be among the Asas who desired to win all her love and good-will by riding the way to Hel and trying to find Balder, and offering

Hel a ransom if she would allow Balder to return home again to Asgard. But he is called Hermod the Nimble, Odin's swain, who undertook this journey. Odin's steed, Sleipner, was led forth. Hermod mounted him and galloped away.

* * * * *

But of Hermod it is to be told that he rode nine nights through deep and dark valleys, and did not see light until he came to the Gjallar-river and rode on the Gjallar-bridge, which is thatched with shining gold. Modgud is the name of the may who guards the bridge. She asked him for his name and of what kin he was, saying that the day before there rode five fylkes (kingdoms, bands) of dead men over the bridge; but she added, "It does not shake less under you alone, and you do not have the hue of dead men; why do you ride the way to Hel?" He answered: "I am to ride to Hel to find Balder. Have you seen him pass this way?" She answered that Balder had ridden over the Gjallar-bridge; adding, "But downward and northward lies the way to Hel." Then Hermod rode on till he came to Hel's gate. He alighted from his horse, drew the girths tighter, remounted him, clapped the spurs into him, and the horse leaped over the gate with so much force that he never touched it. Thereupon Hermod proceeded to the hall and alighted from his steed. He went in, and saw there sitting on the foremost seat his brother Balder. He tarried there over night. In the morning he asked Hel whether Balder might ride home with him, and told how great weeping there was among the Asas. But Hel replied that it should now be tried

whether Balder was so much beloved as was said. "If all things," said she, "both quick and dead, will weep for him, then he shall go back to the Asas; but if anything refuses to shed tears, then he shall remain with Hel." Hermod arose, and Balder accompanied him out of the hall. He took the ring Draupner and sent it as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna sent Frigg a kerchief and other gifts, and to Fulla she sent a ring. Thereupon Hermod rode back and came to Asgard, where he reported the tidings he had seen and heard.

Then the Asas sent messengers over all the world, praying that Balder might be wept out of Hel's power. All things did so, — men and beasts, the earth, stone, trees, and all metals, just as you must have seen that these things weep when they come out of frost and into heat. When the messengers returned home and had done their errand well, they found a certain cave wherein sat a giantess whose name was Thok. They requested her to weep Balder from Hel, but she answered :

"Thok will weep
With dry tears
For Balder's burial;
Neither in life nor in death
Gave he me gladness.
Let Hel keep what she has !"

It is generally believed that this Thok was Loke, Laufey's son, who has wrought most evil among the Asas.

THE DRAWING OF THE SWORD FROM
THE BRANSTOCK

From the VOLSUNGA SAGA, adapted from H. H. SPARLING's translation

THE story says that King Volsung (Sigurd) built a noble hall in such a way that a big oak tree stood therein, and that the limbs of the tree blossomed far out over the roof of the hall, while below stood the trunk within it, and this trunk did men call Branstock.

There was a mighty king called Siggeir, who ruled over Gothland and its many people. He went at this time to meet Volsung, the king, and prayed that he would give him Signy, his daughter, as his wife; and the king took his talk well, as did also his sons, but Signy was unwilling, though she bade her father rule in this as in all other things that concerned her. So the king took good counsel and decided to give her to Siggeir, and, for the fulfilling of the feast and the wedding, King Siggeir came to the house of King Volsung. The king got ready the feast according to his best might, and when all things were ready, the king's guests, and with them King Siggeir, came on the day appointed, and King Siggeir had with him many a man of great account.

The tale tells that great fires were made along the end of the hall, and the great tree stood in the middle. Now people say that while the men were sitting by the fires in the evening, there came into the hall a certain man unknown to all; barefoot, and over his shoulders hung a spotted cloak. He wore linen breeches knit

tight, and had a sword in his hand, as he went up to Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head: huge he was, and seeming-ancient, and one-eyed.¹ Then he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk so that it sank in up to the hilt; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he began speaking, and said:

"Whoso draweth this sword from this stock shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find, in good faith, that never bore he better sword than is this."

Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went.

Now men stand up, and none wanted to be the last to lay hands on the sword; for they thought that he who might first touch it would have the best of it. So all the noblest first went to it, and then the others, one after another; but none who came could pull it out, for in no wise would it come away, no matter how they tugged at it. But now up comes Sigmund, King Volsung's son, and sets his hand to the sword, and pulls it from the stock, even as if it lay loose before him. Now so good that weapon seemed to all, that none thought he had seen such a sword before, and Siggeir wanted to buy it of him at thrice its weight of gold, but Sigmund said:

"Thou mightest have taken the sword no less than I from the place where it stood, if it had been thy lot; but now, since it has first of all fallen into my hand, never shalt thou have it, though thou biddest for it all the gold thou hast."

So King Siggeir, after the feast, got ready for

¹ The man is the god Odin.

home, and before he went he bade King Volsung, his father-in-law, to visit him in Gothland when three months shall be past ; and King Volsung gave his word to come on the day named, and Siggeir went home with his wife.

FRIDTHJOF AT CHESS

From FRIDTHJOF'S SAGA, translated by R. B. ANDERSON

THERE was a king, by name Ring, who ruled over Ring-ric, which also is a part of Norway. He was a mighty fylke-king of great ability, but at this time somewhat advanced in age. Spoke he to his men : " I have heard that the sons of Bele have broken off their friendship with Fridthjof, a man of quite uncommon excellence. Now I will send some men to the kings, and offer them this choice,—either they must become subject and tributary to me, or I will equip an army against them ; and I think it will be easy to capture their kingdom, for they are not my peers either in forces or in wisdom, and yet it would be a great honour to me in my old age to put them to death." Hereupon King Ring's messengers left, and meeting the brothers, Helge and Halfdan, in Sogn, they spoke to them as follows : " This message does King Ring send you, that you must either pay a tribute to him or he will come and barry your kingdom." They made answer that they were unwilling to learn in their youth that which they had no mind to know in their old age, namely, to serve him with shame ; and now, said they, we shall gather all the army that we may be able to

get together. And so they did; but as it seemed to them that their army would be small, they sent Hilding's foster-father to Fridthjof asking him to come and help the kings. Fridthjof was sitting at the knave-play¹ when Hilding came. Said Hilding: "Our kings send you their greetings, and request your help for the battle with King Ring, who is going to invade their kingdom with arrogance and wrong." Fridthjof answered nothing, but said to Bjorn, with whom he was playing: "There is an open place there, foster-brother, and you will not be able to mend it; but I will attack the red piece, and see whether it can be saved." Said Hilding then again: "King Helge bade me say this to you, Fridthjof, that you should go into this warfare together with them, or you might look for a severe treatment from them when they come back." Said Bjorn then: "There are two moves by which you may escape." Said Fridthjof: "Then I think it advisable to attack the knave first, and yet the double play is sure to be doubtful." No other answer to his errand did Hilding get, and so, without delay, he went back and told the kings what Fridthjof had said. They asked Hilding what meaning he could make out of these words. Answered he: "When he spoke of the open place, he thought, in my opinion, of leaving his place in your expedition open; but when he pretended to attack the red piece, I think he meant by this your sister, Ingeborg; watch her, therefore, as well as you can. But when I threatened him with severe treatment from you, Bjorn considered it a choice between

¹ *Knave-play*, chess.

two, but Fridthjof said the knave must be attacked first, and by this he meant King Ring." Then the kings busked themselves for departure, but before they went they brought Ingeborg to Baldershage and eight maidens with her. Said they that Fridthjof would not be so daring that he would go thither to meet her, for nobody is so rash as to injure anybody there. But the brothers went south to Jadar, and met King Ring in Sogn Sound. What most of all made King Ring angry was that the brothers had said that they thought it a shame to fight with a man so old that he was unable to mount his horse without help.

* * * * *

Now it is to be told of the brothers, that they met King Ring, who had more forces than they; then some people went between them, trying to bring about an agreement, so that there should be no battle. King Ring said he was willing to settle with them, on the condition that the brothers submit to him and give him their sister, Ingeborg the Fair, in marriage, together with the third part of all their possessions. The kings consented to this, for they saw that they had to do with a force far superior to their own.

CELTIC STORIES

INTRODUCTION

TOWARD the end of the third century A.D. the Celts in two branches, the Gaelic and the Cymric, had spread over the land now known as Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. In their stories these first centuries of our era figure as the heroic age.

Though the earliest Irish stories refer to events probably dating from the beginning of the Christian era, the stories themselves doubtless belong to a time that is later by several centuries. The Irish and Scottish poems collected by the Dean of Lismore in the sixteenth century possibly date from the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. The poem of "Conlach and Cuchullin," which is in the Dean of Lismore's collection, is supposed to have been written by Gilliecallum M'an Olave, of whom nothing beyond his name is known. In substance, this story resembles the Persian story of "Sohrab and Rustam" and the German "Hildebrandslied." The Dean of Lismore gives also some poems that describe "Finn," a famous Irish hero, the earliest accounts of whom are found in manuscripts of the third century.

The "Voyage of Maildun," written by an early Irish author, is first found in "The Book of the Dun Cow" about the year 1100. Maildun is thought by some to have been a known voyager; but whether or not he ever lived, the prose story of his voyage has lived for many centuries.

Some of the oldest Welsh stories are found in the "Red Book of Hergest" of the fourteenth century, and as many of these stories were told for the instruction of the young bard,

or "Mabinog," of that time, the collection of stories taken from this old book is often called the Mabinogion; but not all of the stories are Mabinogion. In the story of "Lludd and Llevelys," which is not a Mabinogi, Lludd is the celebrated king who, according to legend, gave his name to London. Other Welsh writings are the Gododin war-poems by the bard Aneurin, and the songs of conquest by the bard Taliesin.

It is from these early Celtic stories that part of the story-life of the English people comes.

THE STORY OF CONLACH AND CUCHULLIN

From the DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK, translated by the REV. THOMAS W. LAUGHLAN. This tale is by Gilliecallum M'an Olave

I HAVE heard a tale of old,
A tale that should make us weep;
'Tis time to relate it sadly,
Although it should fill us with grief.
Rury's race of no soft grasp,
Children of Connor and Connal;
Bravely their youth did take the field,
In Ulster's noble province.
None with joy returned home
Of Banva's proudest heroes.
For as they once more tried the fight,
Rury's race did win the day.
There came to us, fierce his mien,
The dauntless warrior, Conlach,
To learn of our beauteous land,
From Dunscaich to Erin.
Connor spoke thus to his men,

“Who’s prepared to meet the youth,
And of him to take account;
Who will take no refusal?”
Then the strong-armed Connal went
Of the youth to take account;
The end of their fight was this,
Conlach had bound Connal.
Yet the hero did not halt,
Conlach, brave and vigorous,
He bound a hundred of our men, —
It is a strange and mournful tale.
To the hounds’ great chief¹ a message
Was sent by Ulster’s wise king,
To sunny, fair Dundalgin,
The old, wise fort of the Gael,
That stronghold of which we read,
And the prudent daughter of Forgan,
From thence came he of great deeds
To see our generous king;
To know of Ulster’s great race,
There came to us the red branch Cu,²
His teeth like pearls, cheeks like berries.
“Long,” said Connor to the Cu,
“Has been thine aid in coming,
While Connal, who loves bold steeds,
Is bound and a hundred more.”
“Sad for me to be thus bound,
Friend, who couldst soon unloose me.”
“I couldn’t encounter his sword,

¹ Cuchullin, or the hound of Cullin, was a famous Celtic warrior.

² Or Cuchullin.

And that he has bound brave Connal."

"Refuse not to attack him,
Prince of the sharp, blue sword,
Whose arm ne'er quailed in conflict;
Think of thy patron now in bonds."

When Cuchullin of the thin-leaved sword
Heard the lament of Connal,
He moved in his arms great might
To take of the youth account.

"Tell us now that I have come,
Youth who fearest not the fight,
Tell us now, and tell at once,
Thy name, and where's thy country."

"Ere I left home I had to pledge
That I should never that relate;
Were I to tell to living man,
For thy love's sake I'd tell it thee."

"Then must thou with me battle do,
Or tell thy tale as a friend.

Choose for thyself, dear youth,
But mind, to fight me is a risk.

Let us not fight, I pray thee,
Brave leopard, pride of Erin,
Boldest in the battle-field.

My name I would tell unbought."

Then did they commence to fight,
Nor was it the fight of women.

The youth received a deadly wound,
He of the vigorous arm.

Yet did Cuchullin of battles,
The victory on that day lose.

His only son had fallen, slain,
That fair, soft branch, so gentle, brave.
"Tell us now," said skilful Cu,
"Since thou art at our mercy ;
Thy name and race tell us in full ;
Think not to refuse thy tale."
"Conlach I, Cuchullin's son,
Lawful heir of great Dundalgin ;
It was I thou left'st unborn,
When in Skiath thou wast learning.
Seven years in the east I spent,
Gaining knowledge from my mother ;
The pass by which I have been slain
Was all I needed still to learn."
Then does the great Cuchullin see
His dear son's colour change ;
As of his generous heart he thinks,
His memory and mind forsake him ;
His body's excellency departs,
His grief it was destroyed ;
Seeing as he lay on the earth
The rightful heir of Dundalgin, —
Where shall we find his like,
Or how detail our grief ?

I have.

MAILDUN'S ADVENTURES

From the VOYAGE OF MAILDUN, translated by DR. P. W. JOYCE

NOW Maidun was resolved to find out these plunderers, and to avenge on them the death of his father. So he went without delay into Corcomroe, to the druid Nuca, to seek his advice about building a curragh, and to ask also for a charm to protect him, both while building it and while sailing on the sea afterwards.

The druid gave him full instructions. He told him the day he should begin to build his curragh, and the exact day on which he was to set out on his voyage; and he was very particular about the number of the crew, which, he said, was to be sixty chosen men, neither more or less.

So Maidun built a large triple-hide curragh, following the druid's directions in every particular, chose his crew of sixty, among whom were his two friends, Germane and Diuran Lekerd, and on the day appointed put out to sea. . . .

They sailed that day and night, as well as the whole of next day, till darkness came on again; and at midnight they saw two small bare islands, with two great houses on them near the shore. When they drew near, they heard the sound of merriment and laughter, and the shouts of revellers intermingled with the loud voices of warriors boasting of their deeds. And listening to catch the conversation, they heard one warrior say to another:

"Stand off from me, for I am a better warrior than thou. It was I who slew Allil Oscar Aga, and burned Dooclone over his head; and no one has ever dared to avenge it on me. Thou hast never done a great deed like that!"

"Now surely," said Germane and Diuran to Maildun, "Heaven has guarded our ship to this place! Here is an easy victory. Let us now sack this house, since God has revealed our enemies to us, and delivered them into our hands!"

While they were yet speaking, the wind arose, and a great tempest suddenly broke on them. And they were driven violently before the storm, all that night and a part of next day, into the great and boundless ocean; so that they saw neither the islands they had left nor any other land, and they knew not whither they were going. . . .

For three days and three nights they saw no land. On the morning of the fourth day, while it was yet dark, they heard a sound to the northeast, and Germane said, "This is the voice of the waves breaking on the shore."

As soon as it was light, they saw land, and made towards it. While they were casting lots to know who should go and explore the country, they saw great flocks of ants coming down to the beach, each of them as large as a foal. The people judged by their number, and by their eager and hungry look, that they were bent on eating both ship and crew; so they turned their vessel round and sailed quickly away.

Their multitude countless, prodigious their size ;
Were never such ants seen or heard of before.
They struggled and tumbled and plunged for the prize,
And fiercely the famine-fire blazed from their eyes,
As they ground with their teeth the red sand on the shore.

Again, for three days and three nights they saw no land. But on the morning of the fourth day they heard the murmur of the waves on the beach ; and as the day dawned, they saw a large high island, with terraces all around it, rising one behind another. On the terraces grew rows of tall trees, on which were perched great numbers of large, bright-coloured birds.

When the crew were about to hold council as to who should visit the island and see whether the birds were tame, Maidun himself offered to go. So he went with a few companions, and they viewed the island warily, but found nothing to hurt or alarm them ; after which they caught great numbers of the birds and brought them to their ship.

A shield-shaped island, with terraces crowned,
And great trees circling round and round :
From the summit down to the wave-washed rocks,
There are bright-coloured birds in myriad flocks, —
Their plumes are radiant, but hunger is keen ;
So the birds are killed
Till the curragh is filled,
And the sailors embark on the ocean green !

* * * * *

They suffered much from hunger and thirst this time, for they sailed a whole week without making land ; but at the end of that time they came in sight

of a high island, with a large and very splendid house on the beach near the water's edge. There were two doors—one turned inland, and the other facing the sea; and the door that looked towards the sea was closed with a great flat stone. In this stone was an opening, through which the waves, as they beat against the door every day, threw numbers of salmon into the house.

The voyagers landed, and went through the whole house without meeting any one. But they saw in one large room an ornamented couch, intended for the head of the house, and in each of the other rooms was a large one for three members of the family; and there was a cup of crystal on a little table before each couch. They found abundance of food and ale, and they ate and drank till they were satisfied, thanking God for having relieved them from hunger and thirst. . . .

When they had been for a long time tossed about on the waters, they saw land in the distance. On approaching the shore, they heard the roaring of a great bellows and the thundering sound of smiths' hammers striking a large glowing mass of iron on an anvil; and every blow seemed to Maildun as loud as if a dozen men had brought down their sledges all together.

When they had come a little nearer, they heard the big voices of the smiths in eager talk.

"Are they near?" asked one.

"Hush! silence!" says another.

"Who are they that you say that are coming?" inquired a third.

"Little fellows, that are rowing towards our shore in a pigmy boat," says the first.

When Maidun heard this, he hastily addressed the crew :

"Put back at once, but do not turn the curragh ; reverse the sweep of your oars, and let her move stern forward, so that those giants may not perceive that we are flying !"

The crew at once obey, and the boat begins to move away from the shore, stern forward, as he had commanded.

The first smith again spoke. "Are they near enough to the shore ?" said he to the man who was watching.

"They seem to be at rest," answered the other ; "for I cannot perceive that they are coming closer, and they have not turned their little boat to go back."

In a short time the first smith asks again, "What are they doing now ?"

"I think," said the watcher, "they are flying ; for it seems to me that they are now farther off than they were a while ago."

At this the first smith rushed out of the forge—a huge, burly giant—holding, in the tongs which he grasped in his right hand, a vast mass of iron sparkling and glowing from the furnace ; and running down to the shore with long, heavy strides, he flung the red-hot mass with all his might after the curragh. It fell a little short, and plunged down just near the prow, causing the whole sea to hiss and boil and heave up around the boat. But they plied their oars, so that they quickly got beyond his reach, and sailed out into the open ocean.

After a time they came to a sea like green crystal. It was so calm and transparent that they could see the sand at the bottom quite clearly, sparkling in the sunlight. And in the sea they saw neither monsters nor ugly animals nor rough rocks; nothing but the clear water and the sunshine and the bright sand. For a whole day they sailed over it, admiring its splendour and beauty.

After leaving this they entered on another sea, which seemed like a clear, thin cloud; and it was so transparent, and appeared so light, that they thought at first it would not bear up the weight of the curragh.

Looking down, they could see, beneath the clear water, a beautiful country, with many mansions surrounded by groves and woods. In one place was a single tree, and, standing on its branches, they saw an animal fierce and terrible to look upon.

Round about the tree was a great herd of oxen grazing, and a man stood near to guard them, armed with shield and spear and sword; but when he looked up and saw the animal on the tree, he turned anon and fled with the utmost speed. Then the monster stretched forth his neck, and, darting his head downward, plunged his fangs into the back of the largest ox of the whole herd, lifted him off the ground into the tree, and swallowed him down in the twinkling of an eye; whereupon the whole herd took to flight.

When Maildun and his people saw this, they were seized with great terror; for they feared they should

not be able to cross the sea over the monster, on account of the extreme mist-like thinness of the water; but after much difficulty and danger they got across it safely. . . .

The next thing they found after this was an immense silver pillar standing in the sea. It had eight sides, each of which was the width of an oar-stroke of the curragh; so that its whole circumference was eight oar-stroke. It rose out of the sea without any land or earth about it, nothing but the boundless ocean; and they could not see its base deep down in the water, neither were they able to see the top on account of its vast height.

A silver net hung from the top down to the very water, extending far out at one side of the pillar; and the meshes were so large that the curragh in full sail went through one of them. When they were passing through it, Diuran struck the mesh with the edge of his spear, and with the blow cut a large piece off it.

"Do not destroy the net," said Maidun; "for what we see is the work of great men."

"What I have done," answered Diuran, "is for the honour of my God, and in order that the story of our adventures may be more readily believed; and I shall lay this silver as an offering on the altar of Armogh, if I ever reach Erin."

The piece of silver weighed two ounces and a half, as it was reckoned afterwards by the people of the church of Armogh.

After this they heard some one speaking on the top

of the pillar, in a loud, clear, glad voice; but they knew neither what he said nor in what language he spoke. . . .

They came now to a small island with a high wall of fire all around it, and there was a large open door in the wall at one side near the sea. They sailed backward and forward many times, and always paused before the door; for whenever they came right in front of it, they could see almost the whole island through it.

And this is what they saw: A great number of people, beautiful and glorious-looking, wearing rich garments adorned and radiant all over, feasting joyously, and drinking from embossed vessels of red gold which they held in their hands. The voyagers heard also their cheerful, festive songs; and they marvelled greatly and their hearts were full of gladness at all the happiness they saw and heard. But they did not venture to land. . . .

After rowing the whole day, they sighted land in the dusk of the evening, which seemed to them like the land of Erin. On a near approach they found it was a small island; and now they recognized it as the very same island they had seen in the beginning of their voyage, in which they had heard the man in the great house boast that he had slain Maildun's father, and from which the storm had driven them out into the great ocean.

•

They turned the prow of their vessel to the shore, landed, and went towards the house. It happened that at this very time the people of the house were seated at their evening meal; and Maidun and his companions, as they stood outside, heard a part of their conversation.

Said one to another, "It would not be well for us if we were now to see Maidun."

"As to Maidun," answered another, "it is very well known that he was drowned long ago in the great ocean."

"Do not be sure," observed a third; "perchance he is the very man that may waken you up some morning from your sleep."

"Supposing he came now," asks another, "what should we do?"

The head of the house now spoke in reply to the last question; and Maidun at once knew his voice.

"I can easily answer that," said he. "Maidun has been for a long time suffering great afflictions and hardships; and if he were to come now, though we were enemies once, I should certainly give him a welcome and a kind reception."

When Maidun heard this he knocked at the door, and the doorkeeper asked who was there; to which Maidun made answer:

"It is I, Maidun, returned safely from all my wanderings."

The chief of the house then ordered the door to be opened; he went to meet Maidun, and brought himself and his companions into the house. They were joyfully welcomed by the whole household; new garments

were given to them; and they feasted and rested, till they forgot their weariness and their hardships.

They related all the wonders God had revealed to them in the course of their voyage, according to the word of the sage who says, "It will be a source of pleasure to remember these things at a future time."

After they had remained here for some days, Maildun returned to his own country. And Diuran Lekerð took the five ounces of silver he had cut down from the great net at the Silver Pillar, and laid it, according to his promise, on the high altar of Armogh.

HERE IS THE STORY OF LLUDD AND LLEVELYS

From the MABINOGION, translated by LADY GUEST

BELI the Great, the son of Manogan, had three sons, Lludd and Caswallawn and Nynyaw; and according to the story he had a fourth son called Llevelys. And after the death of Beli, the kingdom of the island of Britain fell into the hands of Lludd his eldest son; and Lludd ruled prosperously, and rebuilt the city of London, and encompassed it about with numberless towers. And after that he bade the citizens build houses therein, such as no houses in the kingdom could equal. And moreover he was a mighty warrior, and generous and liberal in giving meat and drink to all that sought them. And though he had many castles and cities, this one loved he more than any. And he dwelt therein most part of the year, and therefore was

it called Caer Lludd, and at last Caer London. And after the stranger race came there, it was called London, or Lwndrys.

Lludd loved Llevelys best of all his brothers, because he was a wise and a discreet man. Having heard that the king of France had died, leaving no heir except a daughter, and that he had left all his possessions in her hands, he came to Lludd his brother, to beseech his counsel and aid. And that not so much for his own welfare, as to seek to add to the glory and honour and dignity of his kindred, if he might go to France to woo the maiden for his wife. And forthwith his brother conferred with him, and this counsel was pleasing unto him.

So he prepared ships and filled them with armed knights, and set forth towards France. And as soon as they had landed, they sent messengers to show the nobles of France the cause of the embassy. And by the joint counsel of the nobles of France and of the princes, the maiden was given to Llevelys, and the crown of the kingdom with her. And thenceforth he ruled the land discreetly and wisely and happily, as long as his life lasted.

After a space of time had passed, three plagues fell upon the island of Britain, such as none in the islands had ever seen the like. The first was a certain race that came, and was called the Coranians; and so great was their knowledge that there was no discourse upon the face of the island however low it might be spoken, but what, if the wind met it, it was known to them. And through this they could not be injured.

The second plague was a shriek which came on every

May eve, over every hearth in the island of Britain. And this went through people's hearts, and so scared them that men lost their hue and their strength, and the women, their children, and the young men and the maidens lost their senses, and all the animals and the waters were left barren.

The third plague was, that however much of provisions and food might be prepared in the king's courts, were there even so much as a year's provisions of meats and drink, none of it could ever be found, except what was consumed in the first night. And two of these plagues, no one ever knew their cause; therefore was there better hope of being freed from the first than from the second and third.

And thereupon King Lludd felt great sorrow and care, because that he knew not how he might be freed from these plagues. And he called to him all the nobles of his kingdom, and asked counsel of them what they should do against these afflictions. And by the common counsel of the nobles, Lludd the son of Beli went to Llevelys his brother, king of France, for he was a man great of counsel and wisdom, to seek his advice.

And they made ready a fleet, and that in secret and in silence, lest that race should know the cause of their errand, or any besides the king and his counsellors. And when they were made ready they went into their ships, Lludd and those whom he chose with him. And they began to cleave the seas towards France.

And when these tidings came to Llevelys, seeing that he knew not the cause of his brother's ships, he came on the other side to meet him, and with him was a fleet

vast of size. And when Lludd saw this, he left all the ships out upon the sea except one only; and in that one he came to meet his brother, and he likewise with a single ship came to meet him. And when they were come together, each put his arms about the other's neck, and they welcomed each other with brotherly love.

After that Lludd had shown his brother the cause of his errand, Llevellys said that he himself knew the cause of the coming to those lands. And they took counsel together to discourse on the matter otherwise than thus, in order that the wind might not catch their words, nor the Coranians know what they might say. Then Llevellys caused a long horn to be made of brass, and through this horn they discoursed. But whatsoever words they spoke through this horn, one to the other, neither of them could hear any other but harsh and hostile words. And when Llevellys saw this and that there was a demon thwarting them and disturbing through this horn, he caused wine to be put therein to wash it. And through the virtue of the wine the demon was driven out of the horn. And when their discourse was unobstructed, Llevellys told his brother that he would give him some insects whereof he should keep some to breed, lest by chance the like affliction might come a second time. And other of these insects he should take and bruise in water. And he assured him that he would have power to destroy the race of the Coranians. That is to say, that when he came home to his kingdom he should call together all the people both of his own race and of the race of the Coranians for a conference, as though with the intent of making peace

between them ; and that when they were all together, he should take this charmed water, and cast it over all alike. And he assured him that the water would poison the race of the Coranians, but that it would not slay or harm those of his own race.

“And the second plague,” said he, “that is in thy dominion, behold it is a dragon. And another dragon of foreign race is fighting with it, and striving to overcome it. And therefore does your dragon make a fearful outcry. And on this wise mayest thou come to know this. After thou hast returned home, cause the island to be measured in its length and breadth, and in the place where thou dost find the exact central point, there cause a pit to be dug, and cause a cauldron full of the best mead that can be made to be put in the pit with a covering of satin over the face of the cauldron. And then in thine own person do thou remain there watching, and thou wilt see the dragons fighting in the form of terrific animals. And at length they will take the form of dragons in the air. And last of all, after wearying themselves with fierce and furious fighting, they will fall in the form of two pigs upon the covering, and they will sink in and the covering with them, and they will draw it down to the very bottom of the cauldron. And they will drink up the whole of the mead ; and after that they will sleep. Thereupon do thou immediately fold the covering round them, and bury them in a kistvaen, in the strongest place thou hast in thy dominions, and hide them in the earth. And as long as they shall bide in that strong place, no plague shall come to the island of Britain from elsewhere.

"The cause of the third plague," said he, "is a mighty man of magic, who takes thy meat and thy drink and thy stores. And he through illusions and charms causes every one to sleep. Therefore it is needful for thee in thy own person to watch thy food and thy provisions. And lest he should overcome thee with sleep, be there a cauldron of cold water by thy side, and when thou art oppressed with sleep, plunge into the cauldron."

Then Lludd returned back into his land. And immediately he summoned to him the whole of his own race and of the Coranians. And as Llevelys had taught him, he bruised the insects in water, the which he cast over them altogether, and forthwith it destroyed the whole tribe of the Coranians, without hurt to any of the Britons.

And some time after this Lludd caused the island to be measured in its length and breadth. And in Oxford he found the central point, and in that place he caused the earth to be dug, and in that pit a cauldron to be set, full of the best mead that could be made, and a covering of satin over the face of it. And he himself watched that night. And while he was there, he beheld the dragons fighting. And when they were weary they fell, and came down upon the top of the satin, and drew it with them to the bottom of the cauldron. And when they had drunk the mead, they slept. And in their sleep, Lludd folded the covering around them, and in the securest place he had in Snowdon, he hid them in a kistvaen. Now after that this spot was called Dinas Emreis, but before that, Dinas Ffaraon. And thus the fierce outcry ceased in his dominions.

And when this was ended, King Lludd caused an exceeding great banquet to be prepared. And when it was ready, he placed a vessel of cold water by his side and he in his own proper person watched it. And as he abode thus clad with arms, about the third watch of the night, lo! he heard many surpassing fascinations and various songs. And drowsiness urged him to sleep. Upon this, lest he should be hindered from his purpose and be overcome by sleep, he went often into the water. And at last, behold! a man of vast size, clad in strong, heavy armour, came in, bearing a hamper. And, as he was wont, he put all the food and provisions of meat and drink into the hamper, and proceeded to go with it forth. And nothing was ever more wonderful to Lludd than that the hamper should hold so much.

And thereupon King Lludd went after him and spoke unto him thus: "Stop, stop," said he; "though thou hast done many insults and much spoil erewhile, thou shalt not do so any more unless thy skill in arms and thy prowess be greater than mine."

Then he instantly put down the hamper on the floor, and awaited him. And a fierce encounter was between them, so that the glittering fire flew out from their arms. And at the last Lludd grappled with him, and fate bestowed the victory on Lludd. And he threw the plague to the earth. And after he had overcome him by strength and might, he besought his mercy. "How can I grant thee mercy," said the king, "after all the many injuries and wrongs that thou hast done me?" "All the losses that ever I have caused thee," said he, "I will make thee atonement for, equal to what I have

taken. And I will never do the like from this time forth. But thy faithful vassal will I be." And the king accepted this from him.

And thus Lludd freed the island of Britain from the three plagues. And from thenceforth until the end of his life, in prosperous peace did Lludd the son of Beli rule the island of Britain. And this tale is called the Story of Lludd and Llevellys. And thus it ends.

RUSSIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE stories of Russian heroes are among the earliest Russian stories, and are in three groups: tales of "The Elder Heroes"; tales of "The Younger Heroes," centering around Vladimir the ruler of Kieff; and tales of the heroes of the great free city of Nóvgorod. All these tales of adventure, handed down by minstrels, arose in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, and they are often based upon some historical event.

The story of Svyatogór, belonging to the first group, represents the struggle of the mountain-hero, Svyatogór, with the earth.

The story of Sadkó, belonging to the third group, shows that a Nóvgorod hero's greatness is always less than the greatness of the city of Nóvgorod itself.

A famous Russian tale, which does not belong to the legendary hero-stories, is the "Song of Igor's Troop," which is probably the work of a single author in the twelfth century. This poem describes the struggle of Igor, Prince of Nóvgorod-Syéversky, in his expedition against the pagan tribe of the Pólovtsy.

SVYATOGÓR

From THE ELDER HEROES, translated by J. A. JOFFE, and revised by Editor

SVYATOGÓR, the hero, made ready to go into the open field to have some fun. He saddled his good horse, and rode over the open field.

But there was nobody with whom Svyatogór might test his strength, though his strength flowed like quicksilver through his veins. So much strength had he that he was heavy with it, as with a heavy load.

So Svyatogór said: "If I should find a place to pull, I would lift the whole earth!"

Just then in the field Svyatogór ran against a tiny double bag. He took his whip and touched the little bag, but it would not turn. He tried to move it with his fingers, but it would not give way; even from horseback he grabbed it with his hand, but it would not stir.

"Many a year, the world over, I have travelled," said Svyatogór, "but such a wonder have I never run across,—such a marvel have I never beheld! This tiny bag will not turn, will not move, will not start."

So from his good horse Svyatogór dismounted, and grasped with both hands the tiny bag and lifted it above his knees. But he then sank knee-deep into the earth, and from his face there streamed not tears, but blood. Where he sank, he could not rise; and that was the end of him.

The story-teller explained the story thus: "The place to pull the earth he found, but God entrapped him for his bragging."

MERCHANT SADKÓ, THE RICH GUEST OF
NÓVGOROD*Translated by ISABEL F. HAPGOOD*

IN the glorious city of Nówgorod dwelt Sadkó the gúsly-player. No golden treasures did he possess; he went about to the magnificent feasts of the merchants and nobles, and made all merry with his playing.

And it chanced on a certain day, that Sadkó was bidden to no worshipful feast; neither on the second day nor the third was he bidden. Then he sorrowed greatly, and went to Lake Ílmen, and seated himself upon a blue stone. Then he began to play upon his harp of maple-wood, and played all day, from early morn till far into the night.

The waves rose in the lake, the water was clouded with sand, and Sadkó feared to sit there: great terror overcame him, and he returned to Nówgorod.

The dark night passed, a second day dawned, and again Sadkó was bidden to no worshipful feast. Again he played all day beside the lake, and returned in terror at nightfall.

And the third day, being still unbidden of any man, he sat on the blue burning stone, and played upon his harp of maple-wood, and the waves rose in the lake, and the water was troubled with sand.

But Sadkó summoned up his courage, and ceased not his playing. Then the Tzar Vodyanói¹ emerged from the lake and spoke these words:

“We thank thee, Sadkó of Nówgorod! Thou hast

¹ The water-king.

diverted us of the lake. I held a banquet and a worshipful feast; and all my beloved guests hast thou rejoiced. And I know not, Sadkó, how I may reward thee. Yet return now, Sadkó, to thy Nóvgorod, and to-morrow they shall call thee to a rich feast. Many merchants of Nóvgorod shall be there, and they shall eat and drink, and wax boastful. One shall boast of his good horse, another of his deeds of youthful prowess; another shall take pride in his youth. But the wise man will boast of his aged father, his old mother, and the senseless fool of his young wife. And do thou, Sadkó, boast also: 'I know what there is in Lake Ílmen — of a truth, fishes with golden fins.' Then shall they contend with thee, that there are no fish of that sort, — of gold. But do thou then lay a great wager with them; wager thy turbulent head, and demand from them their shops in the bazaar, with all their precious wares. Then weave thou a net of silk, and come cast it in Lake Ílmen. Three times must thou cast it in the lake, and at each cast I will give a fish, yea, a fish with fins of gold. So shalt thou receive those shops in the bazaar, with their precious wares. So shalt thou become Sadkó the Merchant of Nóvgorod, the rich guest."

Then Sadkó returned again to Nóvgorod. And the next day he was bidden to a worshipful feast of rich merchants, who ate and drank and boasted; one of this thing and the other of that thing, and as the rich merchants of Nóvgorod sat there, they spoke thus to Sadkó:

"Why sittest thou, Sadkó, and boastest not thyself? Hast thou nothing, Sadkó, whereof to boast?"

Sadkó spoke: "Hey, ye merchants of Nóvgorod! What have I, Sadkó, that I may boast of? No countless treasures of gold are mine, no fair young wife; there is but one thing of which I may boast, — in Ílmen's lake are fishes with fins of gold."

Then began the rich merchants to contend with him, and Sadkó said: "I stake my turbulent head upon it, and more than that I have not to wager."

Said they: "We will stake our shops in the bazaar, with their precious wares — the shops of six rich merchants."

Thereupon they wove a net of silk, and went to cast it in Lake Ílmen. At the first cast in Ílmen, they took a little fish with fins of gold, and likewise with the second and the third cast.

Then the rich merchants of Nóvgorod saw that there was nothing to be done, for it had happened as Sadkó had foretold; and they opened to him their shops in the bazaar, with all their precious wares. And Sadkó, when he had received the six shops and their rich goods, inscribed himself among the merchants of Nóvgorod; he became exceeding rich, and began to trade in his own city, and in all places, even in distant towns, and received great profit.

Sadkó, the rich merchant of Nóvgorod, married, and built himself a palace of white stone, wherein all things were heavenly. In the sky the red sun burned, and in his palace likewise a fair red sun; and when shone the lesser light, the moon in heaven, in his palace it shone also; and when the thick-sown stars glittered in the sky, stars thickly sown gleamed within his towers. And Sadkó adorned his palace of white stone in all ways.

After this was done, lo! Sadkó made a banquet and a worshipful feast, and called to it all the rich merchants, the lords and the rulers of Nóvgorod, and the rulers were Luká Zinoviéf and Thomá Nazariéf. As they sat and feasted, after they had well eaten and drunken, they began to boast, — one of his good steed, one of his heroic might, another of his youth; the wise of his aged parents, the foolish of his young wife. But Sadkó, as he walked about the palace, cried out: "Ho, there, ye rich merchants, ye lords, rulers, and men of Nóvgorod! ye have eaten and drunk at my feast, and made your boasts. And of what shall I vaunt myself? My treasures of gold are now inexhaustible, my flowered garments I cannot wear out, and my brave body-guard is incorruptible. But I will boast of my golden treasure. With that treasure will I buy all the wares in Nóvgorod, both good and bad, and there shall be none for sale any more in all the city."

Then sprang the rulers, Thomá and Luká, to their nimble feet, and said: "Is it much that thou wilt wager with us?" And Sadkó answered: "What ye will of my countless treasure of gold, that will I wager." Then said the rulers, the men of Nóvgorod: "Thirty thousand, Sadkó, shall be the stakes against us." So it was agreed, and all departed from the feast.

The next morning, right early, Sadkó rose, and waked his brave body-guard, and gave them all they would of his treasure, and sent them to the marts. But he himself went straight to the bazaar, and bought all the wares of Nóvgorod, both good and bad. And again, the next morning he rose, and waked his troop, and

giving them great treasures, went to the bazaar; and finding wares yet more than before, he bought all, of whatever sort. And on the third day, when he came to the market, he found, to the great glory of Nóvgorod, that vast store of goods had hastened thither from Moscow, so that the shops were full to overflowing with the precious stuffs of Moscow.

Then Sadkó fell into thought: "If I buy all these goods from Moscow, others will flow hither from beyond the seas; and I am not able to buy all the wares of the whole white world. Sadkó the merchant is rich, but glorious Nóvgorod is still richer! It is better to yield my great wager, my thirty thousand."

Thus he yielded the thirty thousand, and built thirty great ships, thirty dark-red ships and three. Their prows were in the likeness of wild beasts; their sides like dragons; their masts of red wood, the cordage of silk, the sails of linen, and the anchors of steel. Instead of eyes were precious jacinths; instead of brows, Siberian sables; and dark brown Siberian fox-skins in place of ears. His faithful guards, his clerks, loaded these red ships with the wares of Nóvgorod, and he sailed away down the Vólkhof to Lake Ládoga, and thence into the Nevá, and through that river to the blue sea, directing his course towards the Golden Horde. There he sold his wares, receiving great gain and filling many casks of forty buckets with red gold, pure silver, and fair round pearls. They sailed away from the Golden Horde, Sadkó leading the way in the Falcon ship, the finest of all the vessels. But on the blue sea the red ships halted; the waves dashed, the breeze whistled,

the sails flapped, the ships strained, — but could not move from that spot.

Then Sadkó the merchant, the rich guest, started from his good Falcon ship: "Ho there, friends, shipmen, lower ye iron plummets, sound the blue sea, whether there be any reefs or rocks or sand bar here!" So they sounded, but found nothing.

And Sadkó the merchant spake to his men: "Ho there, my brave body-guard! Long have we sailed the seas, yea, twelve full years, yet have we paid no tribute to the Tzar Morskói, and now he commandeth us down into the blue sea. Therefore, cast ye into the waves a cask of red gold." And they did so; but the waves beat, the sails tore, the ships strained, yet moved not.

Again spake Sadkó, the rich guest: "Lo, this is but a small gift for the Tzar Morskói, in his blue sea. Cast ye another cask, a cask of pure silver, to him." Yet the dark-red ships moved not, though they cast in also a cask of seed pearls.

Then spake Sadkó once again: "My brave, beloved body-guard, 'tis plain the Tzar Morskói calleth a living man from among us, into his blue sea. Make ye these fair lots of alder-wood, and let each man write his name upon his own, and the lots of all just souls shall float. But that man of us whose lot sinketh, he also shall go from among us into the blue sea." So it was done as he commanded; but Sadkó's lot was a cluster of hop-flowers, and all the lots swam like ducks save Sadkó's, and that went to the bottom like a stone.

Again spake Sadkó the rich merchant to his troops: "These lots are not fair. Make ye to yourselves others

of willow-wood, and set your names thereon, every man." This they did; but Sadkó made his lot of blue Damascened steel from beyond the sea, in weight ten poods, and it sank while all the others swam lightly on the blue sea.

After that he essayed divers woods, choosing ever for himself the lighter when his men's heavy lots swam, and the heavier when his light lot fell to the depths. Nevertheless, his lot would by no means float, and the others would not sink.

Then said Sadkó, the rich guest: "'Tis plain that Sadkó can do nothing. The Tzar Morskói demandeth Sadkó himself in the blue sea. Then ho! my brave beloved guards! fetch me my massive inkstand, my swan-quill pen, and my paper."

His brave, beloved men brought him his inkstand, pen, and paper; and Sadkó, the rich merchant of Nóvgorod, sat in his folding-chair, at his oaken table, and began to write away his possessions. Much gave he to God's churches, much to the poor brethren, and to his young wife, and the remainder of his possessions he bestowed upon his brave body-guard.

After that he wept, and spoke to his men:

"Ai, my men, well loved and brave! Place ye an oaken plank upon the blue sea, that I, Sadkó, may throw myself upon the plank; so shall it not be terrible to me to take my death upon the blue sea, and fill ye, brothers, a bowl with pure silver, another with red gold, and yet a third with seed pearls, and place them upon the plank."

Then took he in his right hand an image of St. Mikóla,

and in his left his little harp of maple-wood, with its fine strings of gold, and put on him a rich cloak of sables; and bitterly he wept as he bade farewell to his brave company, to the white world, and Nóvgorod the glorious. He descended upon the oaken plank, and was borne upon the blue sea, and his dark-red ships sped on and flew as if they had been black ravens.

Then was Sadkó, the rich merchant of Nóvgorod, greatly terrified, as he floated over the blue sea on his plank of oak; but he fell asleep, and lo! when he awoke it was at the very bottom of the ocean-sea. He beheld the red sun burning through the clear waves, and saw that he was standing beside a palace of white stone where sat the Tzar Morskói, with head like a heap of hay, on his royal throne.

The Tzar Morskói spake these words: "Thou art welcome, Sadkó, thou rich merchant of Nóvgorod! Long hast thou sailed the seas, yet offered no tribute to the Lord of the Sea, and now art thou come as a gift to me. I have sent for thee that thou mayest answer me, which is now of greater worth in Russia: gold or silver or Damascened steel. For the Tzarítza contended with us in this matter."

"Gold and silver are precious in Russia," Sadkó made answer; "but Damascened steel no less. For without gold or silver a man may well live; but without steel or iron can no man live."

"What hast thou there in thy right hand, and what in thy left?"

"In my right hand is an ikón¹ of St. Mikóla; in my left, my gúsly."

¹ Holy image.

"It is said that thou art a master-player on the harp," said the Tzar Morskói then; "play for me upon thy harp of maple-wood."

Sadkó saw that in the blue sea he could do naught but obey, and he began to pluck his harp. And as he played, the Tzar Morskói began to jump about, beating time with the skirts of his garment, and waving his mantle; fair sea-maidens led choral dances, and the lesser sea-folk squatted and leaped.

Then the blue sea was churned with yellow sands; great billows surged over it, breaking many ships asunder, drowning many men, and engulfing vast possessions.

Three hours did Sadkó play; and the Tzarítza said to him:

"Break thy harp of maple-wood, merchant Sadkó, the rich guest! It seemeth to thee that the Tzar is dancing in his palace, but 'tis on the shore he danceth, and many drown and perish, all innocent men."

Then Sadkó brake his harp, and snapped its golden strings; and when the Tzar Morskói commanded him to play yet two hours, he answered him boldly that the harp was broken; and when the Tzar would have had his smiths to mend it, Sadkó said that could only be done in Holy Russia.

"Wilt thou not take a wife here?" the Tzar Morskói said; "wilt thou not wed some fair maid in the blue sea?"

And Sadkó answered: "In the blue sea, I obey thy will."

Then the Tzarítza said to him: "Choose not, mer-

chant Sadkó, the rich guest, any maid from the first three hundred which the Tzar shall offer thee, but let them pass; and the same with the second three hundred; and from the third, choose thou the princess who shall come last of all: she is smaller and blacker than all the rest. And look to it that thou kiss not, embrace not thy wife; so shalt thou be once more in Holy Russia, so shalt thou behold the white world and the fair sun. But if thou kiss her, nevermore shalt thou behold the white world, but shalt abide forever in the blue sea."

So Sadkó let the first three hundred maidens pass, and likewise the second, and of the third he chose the last of all, the maiden called Chernáva.

Then the Tzar Morskói made him a great feast; and afterwards Sadkó lay down and fell into a heavy sleep. And when he awoke, he found himself on the steep banks of the Chernáva River. And as he gazed, behold, his dark-red ships came speeding up the Vólkhof, and his brave body-guard were thinking of Sadkó under the blue sea. When also his brave troop beheld Sadkó standing upon the steep bank, they marvelled; for they had left him on the blue sea, and lo! he had returned to his city before them.

Then they all rejoiced greatly, and greeted Sadkó, and went to his palace. There he greeted his young wife, and after that he unloaded his scarlet ships, and built a church to St. Mikóla, and another to the very holy mother of God, and began to pray the Lord to forgive his sins.

And thenceforth he sailed no more upon the blue sea, but dwelt and took his ease in his own town.

THE SONG OF PRINCE ÍGOR'S BAND

Translated by J. A. JOFFE, and revised by Editor

LET us then, brethren, begin this song with the ancient Vladímir, and come down to the present Ígor, who added strength to his wisdom, and who sharpened his heart with courage. Filled with martial spirit, he led his valiant troops against the Pólovtyz's country in behalf of the land of the Russians.

Then Ígor looked towards the bright sun, and saw all his warriors shut out from it by darkness. And Ígor spake unto his comrades: "Brethren and comrades, far better is it to be slain than to be taken captives. Now, then, let us mount our fleet steeds and have a peep at the blue Don."¹ The prince's wisdom gave way to his will; his eagerness to taste the water from the great Don made him lose sight of the omen. "For I want," said he, "to break a lance on the border of the Pólovtyz's field; with you, Russians, I want either to lay down my head, or to drink with my helmet water from the Don."

O Boyán,² nightingale of ancient times! Would that thou mightest sing of these troops, as thou dost hop, O nightingale, upon the tree of imagination, and as thou dost soar like an eagle to the clouds. Roaming then in Boyán's path, through fields to the mountains, one might sing the Song of Ígor thus: "Not a storm drove the falcons beyond the broad fields; flocks of jackdaws run to

¹ The river Don.

² A Russian poet of the tenth century.

the great Don." Or should one strike up, O eloquent Boyán, thus: "The fleet steeds are neighing across the river Súlá, fame is ringing in Kleff, trumpets are blaring in Nóvgorod."

The banners are up in Putívl, Ígor is awaiting his dear brother Vsyévolod. And Vsyévolod spake unto him: "My only brother, the only shining light art thou, Ígor! We are the sons of Svyatosláv. Saddle, brother, your fleet steeds; mine are ready, ahead of us near Kursk. My Kúryanins are thorough warriors: cradled in the blare of trumpets, fondled beside helmets, nourished by the spear-end. Paths are well known to them, they are familiar with ravines; their bows are well strung, their quivers uncovered, their sabres well set; they themselves bounding like gray wolves, in quest of honour for themselves and glory for their prince."

Then Ígor put his foot into the golden stirrup and galloped over the open field. The sun shut out from him the road; the night moaned with a storm; the night-birds awoke; the hiss of beasts in their lair was heard; the screech-owl was hooting in the tree-top, — a warning to look out for lands unknown — lands along the Vólga and Pomeránia, and along the Súlá River and Súroz and Chersonese, and unto thee, O idol of Tmutorokán!

But the Pólovty ran to the great Don by unpaved roads; the carts creak in the midnight like swans frightened away. Ígor leads his warriors to the Don. Already his misfortunes feed birds of prey; wolves in the ravines forebode a tempest; eagles are crying, wild

beasts are calling, and foxes bark at the purple shields. O Russian land! Thou art already behind the hill!

Long does the dusk of night last. The light of dawn is gone; mist enwraps the fields; the nightingale's warble is hushed; up goes the chatter of the jackdaws. The Russians barred the broad fields with their scarlet shields, seeking renown for themselves and glory for their prince. Early on Friday they routed the heathen troops of the Pólovtsy and, like arrows scattered over the field, snatched away the fair maidens of the Pólovtsy, and with them gold and silken coverlets and costly silk velvets. With blankets and mantles and cloaks of skin and all kinds of embroidered goods taken from the Pólovtsy, they began to move across the swamps and marshes. Now the valiant son of Svyatosláv (Ígor) will have a scarlet banner, a white ensign, a purple tuft, a silver shaft.

Slumbering in the field are the gallant princes, who had come so far away. They were not destined to be wronged by a falcon or by thee, black raven, pagan Pólovchin! Gzak runs like a gray wolf, — Konchák directing the way to the great Don.

Very early the next day a bloody dawn announces the daylight. Black clouds from the sea are drifting, eager to obscure the princes, and within the clouds blue lightnings are flashing: there is going to be loud thundering, it is going to rain arrows from the great Don; here arrows will be broken, here sabres will be dulled on the helmets of the Pólovtsy, on the Kayála River, near the great Don. O Russian land! Thou art already beyond the hill!

The winds, Strfbog's grandsons, from the sea blow arrows upon Ígor's brave troops. The earth rumbles, the rivers flow muddy; dews cover the fields, the banners are flapping. The Pólovtyz come marching from the Don and from the sea, and from all sides; these sons of evil surround the Russian troops. They fill the fields with their battle-cries. But the Russians protect themselves with their scarlet shields.

O Vsyévolod! Thou standest on guard; thou rainest arrows upon the warriors; thou thunderest with adamant swords upon their helmets; wherever thou rushest, shining with thy golden helmet, there lie the heads of the heathen Pólovtyz. Into splinters are shattered the Avárian¹ helmets by thy tempered sabre, O Vsyévolod!

From early dawn till evening, from evening till day-break, arrows are flying in the air, sabres crash on helmets, adamant spears crack, in the unfamiliar field in the midst of the country of the Pólovtyz. The black earth under the horses' hoofs was sown with bones and sprinkled with blood,—grief was the crop throughout the Russian land.

What noise, what ringing, is heard far away, early, before dawn? Ígor is turning back his troops; he pities his beloved brother Vsyévolod. On the first day they fought; on the second day they fought; on the third day Ígor's banners fell. Here the two brothers parted on the bank of the rapid Kayála. Here the brave Russians fell for the Russian land. The grass droops with sorrow, the tree in grief bends to the ground. For now, brethren, a sad time came; the

¹ Referring to helmets of a very hard metal.

wilderness swallowed the strength of the land; outrage sprang up in the forces of Dázhbog's grandson, and did away with the times of prosperity. Rebellions turned the princes over into the hands of the heathen; for brother said unto brother: "This is mine, and that is mine, too." And the princes began to say about trifles, "This is a great thing," and to bring against themselves revolt. And the pagans from all sides kept coming victoriously upon the Russian land. Oh! For far toward the sea went the falcon, Ígor, killing the birds!

But Ígor's valiant band cannot be brought back to life. The Russian women wept, saying: "No more shall we have in our thoughts, or see in our minds, or with our eyes behold our beloved husbands; and of gold and silver we shall have no more."

And, brethren, Kíeff groaned with grief, and Chennígoſſ with its disasters. Anguish spread over the Russian land, grief streamed thick through the land of the Russians, for the princes brought revolt upon themselves. The heathen kept making victorious invasions into the Russian land and levied tribute, — a squirrel per courtyard. For those two valiant sons of Svyatosláv — Ígor and Vsyévolod — have already roused by their rebellion, Zhlyá, whom their father, Svyatosláv, had subdued.

Here Germans and Venetians, here Greeks and Moravians, sing the glory of Svyatosláv, and blame Prince Ígor, who has sunk the prosperity of the land in the bottom of the Pólovtzy's river Kayála. Into the river he threw the Russian gold. Ígor, the prince, changed his saddle of gold to that of a slave; the towers of the city stand dejected in spirit, and merriment has gone.

ITALIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

DANTE, Boccaccio, and Ariosto are three of the principal early Italian writers: the poet Dante lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; Boccaccio, the story writer, in the fourteenth century; the poet Ariosto, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their writings are very different.

The *Divina Commedia*, or "Divine Comedy," Dante's chief work, is a vision of the life after death. In it Dante represents himself as journeying through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, following first his guide, Vergil, the Latin poet, and afterward Beatrice, whom Dante loved. In the course of this journey he meets many people of many lands and learns from them much of their past and present life. Among the spirits with whom he talks is Ulysses, who tells him the story of his last voyage when on earth.

Boccaccio wrote poems and prose stories. In his collection of a hundred stories called the "*Decameron*," the stories are imagined as being told by a number of Florentine ladies and gentlemen who leave Florence during the great plague of 1348 and amuse themselves in this way during their absence. The meaning of *Decameron* is *ten days* and is appropriately given, since ten stories a day are told for ten days.

The "*Orlando Furioso*," by Ariosto, is a long poem about Roland, one of the peers of Charlemagne, and about his madness. One of his most loyal knights is Astolpho, who takes many strange journeys. In his journey to the moon Astolpho

comes into the Valley of Lost Things, where are all kinds of lost treasures, from days to resolutions. Here he finds Orlando's wits, which he is allowed to return to Orlando.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF ULYSSES

From LA DIVINA COMMEDIA, by DANTE, translated by H. W. LONGFELLOW

WHEN I

From Circe had departed, who concealed me
More than a year there near unto Gaëta
Or ever yet Æneas named it so,
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
For my old father, nor the due affection
Which joyous should have made Penelope,
Could overcome within me the desire
I had to be experienced of the world,
And of the vice and virtue of mankind ;
But I put forth on the high' open sea
With one small ship and that small company
By which I never had deserted been.
Both of the shores I saw as far as Spain,
Far as Morocco, and the isle of Sardes,
And the others which that sea bathes round about.
I and my company were old and slow
When at that narrow passage we arrived
Where Hercules his landmarks set as signals,
That man no farther onward should adventure.
On the right hand behind me left I Seville,
And on the other already had left Ceuta.
"O brothers, who amid a hundred thousand
Perils," I said, "have come unto the West,

To this so inconsiderable vigil
Which is remaining of your sense still,
 Be ye unwilling to deny the knowledge,
 Following the sun, of the unpeopled world.
Consider ye the seed from which ye sprang ;
 Ye were not made to live like unto brutes,
 But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge."
So eager did I render my compassion,
 With this brief exhortation, for the voyage,
 That then I hardly could have held them back.
And having turned our stern unto the morning,
 We of the oars made wings for our mad flight,
 Evermore gaining on the larboard side.
Already all the stars of the other pole
 The nights beheld, and ours so very low
 It did not rise above the ocean floor.
Five times rekindled and as many quenched
Had been the splendour underneath the moon,
 Since we had entered into the deep pass,
When there appeared to us a mountain, dim
 From distance, and it seemed to me so high
 As I had never any one beheld.
Joyful were we, and soon it turned to weeping ;
 For out of the new land a whirlwind rose,
 And smote upon the fore part of the ship.
Three times it made it whirl with all the waters,
 At the fourth time it made the stern uplift,
 And the prow downward go, as pleased Another,
Until the sea above us closed again.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA

From BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON, adapted from the translation by JOHN PAYNE

IT is now a great while ago since the chief of the house among the Marquesses of Saluzzo was a youth called Gualtieri, who, having neither wife nor children, spent his time in naught but hunting and hawking, nor had any thought of taking a wife nor of having children; wherein he deserved to be reputed very wise. The thing, however, not pleasing his vassals, they besought him many times to take a wife. . . . Whereto he answered: "My friends, you constrain me into that which I was altogether resolved never to do, considering how hard a thing it is to find a wife whose fashions sort well with one's own humour. . . . However, since it e'en pleaseth you to bind me in these chains, I am content to do your desire; but, that I may not have occasion to complain of other than myself if it prove ill done, I mean to find a wife for myself, certifying you that whomsoever I may take me, if she be not honoured of you as your lady and mistress, you shall prove, to your cost, how much it irketh me to have at your entreaty taken a wife against mine own will."

The good honest men replied that they were content, so he would bring himself to take a wife. Now the fashions of a poor girl, who was of a village near to his house, had long pleased Gualtieri, and him seeming she was fair enough, he judged that he might lead a very comfortable life with her; wherefore, without seeking farther, he determined to marry her, and sending for

her father, who was a very poor man, agreed with him to take her to wife. . . .

The day come that he had appointed for the nuptials, Gualtieri towards half tierce mounted to horse, he and all those who were come to do him honour, and having ordered everything needful, "Gentlemen," quoth he, "it is time to go fetch the bride." Then, setting out with all his company, he rode to the village and, betaking himself to the house of the girl's father, found her returning in great haste with water from the spring, so she might after go with other women to see Gualtieri's bride come. When the marquess saw her, he called her by her name, to wit, Griselda, and asked her where her father was; to which she answered bashfully, "My lord, he is within the house." Thereupon Gualtieri dismounted and, bidding all await him, entered the poor house alone, where he found her father, whose name was Gianuncolo, and said to him, "I am come to marry Griselda, but first I would fain know of her somewhat in thy presence." Accordingly he asked her if, an he took her wife, she would still study to please him, nor take umbrage at aught that he should do or say, and if she would be obedient, and many other like things, to all of which she answered "Ay"; whereupon Gualtieri, taking her by the hand, led her forth. . . . Then sending for the garments which he had let make, he caused forthright clothe and shoe her and would have set the crown on her hair, all tumbled as it was; after which, all marvelling at this, he said, "Gentlemen, this is she who I purpose shall be my wife, an she will have me to husband." Then, turning to her, where she stood,

all shamefast and confounded, he said to her, "Griselda, wilt thou have me to thy husband?" To which she answered, "Ay, my lord." Quoth he, "And I will have thee to wife"; and espoused her in the presence of all. Then, mounting her on a palfrey, he carried her, honourably accompanied, to his mansion, where the nuptials were celebrated with the utmost splendour and rejoicing, no otherwise than as he had taken to wife the king's daughter of France.

The young wife seemed to have, together with her clothes, changed her mind and her manners. She was, as we have already said, goodly of person and countenance, and even as she was fair, on likewise she became so engaging, so pleasant, and so well-mannered that she seemed rather to have been the child of some noble gentleman than the daughter of Gianuncolo and a tender of sheep: whereof she made every one marvel who had known her aforetime. Moreover, she was so obedient to her husband and so diligent in his service that he accounted himself the happiest and best-contented man in the world; and on likewise she bore herself with such graciousness and such lovingkindness towards her husband's subjects that there was none of them but loved and honoured her with his whole heart. . . .

She had not long abidden with Gualtieri ere she . . . bore a daughter; whereat he rejoiced greatly. But, a little after, a new thought having entered his mind, to wit, to seek, by dint of long tribulation and things unendurable, to make trial of her patience, he first goaded her with words, feigning himself troubled and saying that

his vassals were exceeding ill content with her, by reason of her mean extraction, especially since they saw that she bore children, and that they did nothing but murmur, being sore chagrined for the birth of her daughter. The lady, hearing this, replied, without anywise changing countenance or showing the least distemperature, "My lord, do with me that which thou deemest will be most for thine honour and solace, for that I shall be content with all, knowing, as I do, that I am of less account than they and that I was unworthy of this dignity to which thou hast advanced me of thy courtesy." This reply was mighty agreeable to Gualtieri, for that he saw that she was not uplifted into aught of pridefulness for any honour that himself or others had done her; but, a little after, having in general terms told her that his vassals could not brook this girl that had been born of her, he sent to her a serving man of his, whom he had lessoned and who said to her with a very woeful countenance: "Madam, an I would not die, needs must I do that which my lord commandeth me. He hath bidden me take this your daughter. . . ." The lady, hearing this and seeing the servant's aspect and remembering her of her husband's words, concluded that he had enjoined him put the child to death; whereupon, without changing countenance, albeit she felt a sore anguish at heart, she straightway took her from the cradle and, having kissed and blessed her, laid her in the servant's arms, saying, "Take her and punctually do that which thy lord hath enjoined thee; but leave her not to be devoured of the beasts and the birds, except he command it thee." The servant took the child

and reported that which the lady had said to Gualtieri, who marvelled at her constancy and despatched him with the child to a kinswoman of his at Bologna, praying her to bring her up and rear her diligently, without ever saying whose daughter she was.

In course of time the lady . . . bore a male child, to her husband's great joy ; but, that which he had already done sufficing him not, he addressed himself to probe her to the quick with a yet sorer stroke. . . . Not many days after, Gualtieri sent for the son, even as he had sent for the daughter, and making a like show of having him put to death, despatched him to Bologna, there to be brought up, even as he had done with the girl, but the lady made no other countenance, nor other words thereof than she had done of the girl ; whereof Gualtieri marvelled sore, and affirmed in himself that no other woman could have availed to do this that she did, and had he not seen her tender her children with the utmost fondness, what while it pleased him, he had believed that she did this because she recked no more of them ; whereas in effect, he knew that she did it of her discretion. His vassals, believing that he had caused the children to be put to death, blamed him sore, accounting him a barbarous man, and had the utmost compassion of his wife. . . .

At last, several years being passed since the birth of the girl, Gualtieri, deeming it time to make the supreme trial of her endurance, declared, in the presence of his people, that he could no longer have Griselda to wife, and that he perceived that he had done ill and boyishly in taking her ; wherefore he purposed, as far as in him

lay, to make interest with the Pope to grant him a dispensation, so he might put her away and take another wife. . . . Gualtieri, no great while after, let come to him, from Rome, counterfeit letters of dispensation, and gave his vassals to believe that the Pope had thereby licensed him to take another wife and leave Griselda; then, sending for the latter, he said to her, in presence of many, "Wife, by concession made me of the Pope, I am free to take another wife and put thee away, and accordingly, for that mine ancestors have been great gentlemen and lords of this country, whilst thine have still been husbandmen, I mean that thou be no more my wife, but that thou return to Gianuncolo, his house, with the dowry which thou broughtest me, and I will after bring hither another wife, for that I have found one more sorted to myself."

The lady, hearing this, contained her tears, contrary to the nature of women, though not without great unease, and answered: "My lord, I ever knew my mean estate to be nowise sortable with your nobility, and for that which I have been with you, I have still confessed myself indebted to you and to God, nor have I ever made nor held it mine, as given to me, but have still accounted it but as a loan. It pleaseth you to require it again, and it must and doth please me to restore it to you. . . ." Wherefore the lady, having commended them to God, went forth his house in her shift, barefoot and nothing on her head, and returned to her father, followed by the tears and lamentations of all who saw her. . . .

Gualtieri, having done this, gave out to his people that he had chosen a daughter of one of the Counts of

Panago and, letting make great preparations for the nuptials, sent for Griselda to come to him and said to her: "I am about to bring home this lady, whom I have newly taken to wife, and mean, at this her first coming, to do her honour. Thou knowest I have no women about me who know how to array me the rooms nor to do a multitude of things that behove unto such a festival; wherefore do thou, who art better versed than any else in these household matters, order that which is to do here and let bid such ladies as it seemeth good to thee and receive them as thou wert mistress here; then, when the nuptials are ended, thou mayst be gone back to thy house." Albeit these words were all daggers to Griselda's heart, who had been unable to lay down the love she bore him as she had laid down her fair fortune, she replied, "My lord, I am ready and willing. . . ."

Meanwhile, Gualtieri, who had caused the two children to be diligently reared in Bologna by his kinswoman, . . . the girl being now twelve years old and the fairest creature that ever was seen, and the boy six, had sent to his kinsman, at Bologna, praying him be pleased to come to Saluzzo with his son and daughter and take order to bring with him a goodly and honourable company, and bidding him tell every one that he was carrying him the young lady to his wife, without otherwise discovering to any aught of who she was. The gentleman did as the marquess prayed him, and setting out with the girl and boy and a goodly company of gentlefolk, after some days' journey arrived about dinner time, at Saluzzo, where he found all the country folk and many others of the neighbourhood awaiting Gualtieri's

new bride. The latter, being received by the ladies and come into the saloon where the tables were laid, Griselda came to meet her, clad as she was, and accosted her blithely, saying, "Welcome and fair welcome to my lady." Thereupon the ladies . . . were seated at table and it was proceeded to serve them. The girl was eyed by every one and all declared that Gualtieri had made a good exchange; and among the rest Griselda commended her amain, her and her young brother.

Gualtieri, perceiving that the strangeness of the case in no wise changed her, and being assured that this proceeded not from lack of understanding, — for that he knew her to be very quick of wit, — him seemed he had now seen fully as much as he desired of his lady's patience, and he judged it time to deliver her from the bitterness which he doubted not she kept hidden under her constant countenance; wherefore, calling her to himself, he said to her, smiling, in the presence of every one, "How deemest thou of our bride?" "My lord," answered she, "I deem exceedingly well of her; and if, as I believe, she is as discreet as she is fair, I doubt not a whit but you will live the happiest gentleman in the world with her; but I beseech you, as most I may, that you inflict not on her those pangs which you inflicted whilere on her who was some time yours; for methinketh she might scarce avail to endure them, both because she is younger and because she hath been delicately reared, whereas the other had been in continual fatigues from a little child." Thereupon Gualtieri, seeing she firmly believed that the young lady was

to be his wife, nor therefore spoke any wise less than well, seated her by his side and said to her: "Griselda, it is now time that thou reap the fruits of thy long patience. . . . Wherefore with a joyful heart take this whom thou deemest my bride and her brother for thy children and mine; for these be they whom thou and many others have long accounted me to have barbarously let put to death; and I am thy husband, who loveth thee over all else, believing I may vaunt me that there is none else who can be so content of his wife as can I." So saying, he embraced her and kissed her; then, rising up, he betook himself with Griselda, who wept for joy; whereas the daughter, hearing these things, sat all stupefied, and, tenderly embracing her and her brother, undeceived her and many others who were there. Thereupon, the ladies arose from the table overjoyed, and withdrew with Griselda into a chamber where, with happier augury, pulling off her mean attire, they clad her anew in a magnificent dress of her own, and brought her again to the saloon as a gentlewoman, which indeed she appeared even in rags. There she rejoiced in her children, with wonder-great joy; and, all being overjoyed at this happy issue, they redoubled in feasting and merry-making, and prolonged the festivities several days.

ASTOLPHO'S JOURNEY TO THE MOON

*From the ORLANDO FURIOSO, by ARIOSTO, translated by WILLIAM
STEWART ROSE. CANTO XXXIV*

THEN backed the griffin-horse, and soared a flight
Whereby to reach that mountain's top he
schemes ;

Which little distant, with its haughty height,
From the moon's circle good Astolpho deems ;
And such desire to see it warms the knight,
That he aspires to heaven, nor earth esteems.
Through air so more and more the warrior strains,
That he at last the mountain-summit gains.

Here sapphire, ruby, gold, and topaz glow,
Pearl, jacinth, chrysolite, and diamond lie,
Which well might pass for natural flowers which blow,
Catching their colour from that kindly sky.
So green the grass ! could we have such below,
We should prefer it to our emerald's dye.
As fair the foliage of those pleasant bowers !
Whose trees are ever filled with fruit and flowers.

Warble the wanton birds in verdant brake,
Azure, and red, and yellow, green and white.
The quavering rivulet and quiet lake
In limpid hue surpass the crystal bright.
A breeze, which with one breath appears to shake,
Aye, without fill or fall, the foliage light,
To the quick air such lively motion lends,
That Day's oppressive noon in naught offends ;

And this, mid fruit and flower and verdure there,
Evermore stealing divers odours, went;
And made of those mixt sweets a medley rare,
Which filled the spirit with a calm content.
In the mid plain arose a palace fair,
Which seemed as if with living flames it brent.
Such passing splendour and such glorious light
Shot from those walls, beyond all usage bright.

Thither where those transparent walls appear,
Which cover more than thirty miles in measure,
At ease and slowly moved the cavalier,
And viewed the lovely region at his leisure;
And deemed — compared with this — that sad and drear,
And seen by heaven and nature with displeasure,
Was the foul world wherein we dwell below!
So jocund this, so sweet and fair in show!

Astound with wonder, paused the adventurous knight,
When to that shining palace he was nigh,
For, than the carbuncle more crimson bright,
It seemed one polished stone of sanguine dye.
O mighty wonder! O Dædalian sleight!
What fabric upon earth with this can vie?
Let them henceforth be silent, that in story
Exalt the world's seven wonders to such glory!

An elder, in the shining entrance-hall
Of that glad house, towards Astolpho prest;
Crimson his waistcoat was, and white his pall;
Vermilion seemed the mantle, milk the vest:

White was that ancient's hair, and white withal
 The bushy beard descending to his breast ;
 And from his reverend face such glory beamed,
 Of the elect of Paradise he seemed.

* * * * *

In talk the blest apostle is diffuse
 On this and that, until the day is worn :
 But when the sun is sunk, i' the salt sea ooze,
 And overhead the moon uplifts her horn,
 A chariot is prepared, erewhile in use,
 To scour the heavens, wherein of old was borne
 From Jewry's misty mountains to the sky
 Sainted Elias, rapt from mortal eye.

Four goodly coursers next, and redder far
 Than flame, to that fair chariot yokes the sire ;
 Who, when the knight and he well seated are,
 Collects the reins ; and heavenward they aspire.
 In airy circles swiftly rose the car,
 And reached the region of eternal fire ;
 Whose heat the saint by miracle suspends,
 While through the parted air the pair ascends.

The chariot, towering, threads the fiery sphere,
 And rises thence into the lunar reign.
 This in its larger part they find as clear
 As polished steel, when undefiled by stain ;
 And such it seems, or little else, when near
 As what the limits of our earth contain :
 Such as our earth, the last of globes below,
 Including seas, which round about it flow.

There doubly waxed the paladin's surprise
To see that place so large when viewed at hand,
Resembling but a little hoop in size,
When from the globe surveyed whereon we stand,
And that he both his eyes behoved to strain,
If he would view earth's circling seas and land ;
In that, by reason of the lack of light,
Their images attained to little height.

Here other river, lake, and rich champaign
Are seen, than those which are below descried ;
Here other valley, other hill and plain,
With towns and cities of their own supplied ;
Which mansions of such mighty size contain,
Such never he before or after spied.
Here spacious holt and lonely forest lay,
Where nymphs forever chased the panting prey.

He, that with other scope had thither soared,
Pauses not all these wonders to peruse ;
But led by the disciple of our Lord,
His way towards a spacious vale pursues ;
A place wherein is wonderfully stored
Whatever on our earth below we lose.
Collected there are all things whatso'er
Lost through time, chance, or our own folly, here.

* * * * *

The fullest vessel and of amplest round
Which held the wit Orlando erst possessed,
Astolpho took ; nor this so light he found,
As it appeared, when piled among the rest.

Before, from those bright spheres, now earthward bound,
His course is to our lower orb addressed,
Him to a spacious palace, by whose side
A river ran, conducts his holy guide.

Filled full of fleeces all its chambers were
Of wool, silk, linen, cotton, in their hue,
Of divers dyes and colours, foul and fair,
Yarns to her reel from all those fleeces drew,
In the outer porch, a dame of hoary hair.
On summer day thus village wife we view,
When the new silk is reeled, its filmy twine
Wind from the worm, and soak the slender line.

A second dame replaced the work when done
With other; and one bore it off elsewhere;
A third selected from the fleeces spun,
And mingled by that second foul from fair.
"What is this labour?" said the peer to John;
And the disciple answered Otho's heir,
"Know that the *Parcæ* are those ancient wives,
That in this fashion spin your feeble lives.

"As long as one fleece lasts, life in such wise
Endureth, nor outlasts it by a thought.
For Death and Nature have their watchful eyes
On the hour when each should to his end be brought.
The choicest threads are culled for Paradise,
And, after, for its ornaments are wrought;
And fashioned from the stand of foulest show
Are galling fetters for the damned below."

On all the fleeces that erewhile were laid
Upon the reel, and culled for other care,
The names were graved on little plates, which made
Of silver, or of gold, or iron were
These piled in many heaps he next surveyed ;
Whence an old man some skins was seen to bear,
Who, seemingly unwearied, hurried sore,
His restless way retracing evermore.

That elder is so nimble and so prest,
That he seems born to run ; he bears away
Out of those heaps by lapfuls in his vest,
The tickets that the different names display.
Wherefore and whither he his steps address
To you I shall in other canto say,
If you, in sign of pleasure, will attend
With that kind audience ye are wont to lend.

FRENCH STORIES

INTRODUCTION

"CHANSONS de geste," or "heroic songs," the earliest French story-poems, arose in the eleventh century. The subjects of these poems were taken from French history, and the poems were originally sung or recited by wandering minstrels.

The most celebrated of these poems is the "Chanson de Roland," that tells of an incident in the war of Charlemagne in Spain, and that gives a vivid account of the brave peer Roland. The climax of the story comes when Roland, with only a few men, tries to hold a pass of the Pyrenees against the Spaniards. At first he is too proud to follow his peer Oliver's advice and to blow his horn that Charlemagne may hear and send help; and when finally he does blow the horn, it is too late and he dies alone. Charlemagne, later, avenges Roland's death.

To the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries belong the "Miracles de la Vierge." These miracle-stories of the Virgin were by many different authors, some of whom are known. They are curious and often beautiful legends in verse, that tell how the Virgin sometimes helped those who trusted in her. The author of "Le Tombeur de la Vierge" is unknown.

THE HORN

From the SONG OF ROLAND, translated by LÉONCE RABILLON

SEEING so many warriors fall'n around,
Rollánd unto his comrade Olivier
Spoke thus: "Companion fair and dear, for God,
Whose blessing rest on you, those vassals true

And brave lie corpses on the battle-field :
Look ! we must mourn for France so sweet and fair,
From henceforth widowed of such valiant knights.
Carle, 'would you were amongst us, King and friend !
What can we do, say, brother Olivier,
To bring him news of this sore strait of ours ? ”
Olivier answers : “ I know not ; but this
I know ; for us is better death than shame.”

Aoi.

Rollánd says : “ I will blow my olifant,
And Carle will hear it from the pass. I pledge
My word the French at once retrace their steps.”
Said Olivier : “ This a great shame would be,
One which to all your kindred would bequeathe,
A lifetime's stain. When this I asked of you,
You answered nay, and would do naught. Well, now
With my consent you shall not ; if you blow
Your horn, of valour true you show no proof.
Already, both your arms are drenched with blood.”
Responds the Count : “ These arms have nobly struck.”

* * * * *

Rollánd asked Olivier : “ Why show to me
Your anger, friend ! ” — “ Companion, yours the fault ;
True courage means not folly. Better far
Is prudence than your valiant rage. Our French
Their lives have lost — your rashness is the cause.
And now our arms can nevermore give Carle
Their service good. Had you believed your friend,
Amongst us would he be, and ours the field,
And King Marsile a captain, or a corse.

Rollánd, your valour brought ill fortune, nor
Shall Carle the Great e'ermore our help receive, —
A man unequalled till God's judgment-day.
Here you shall die, and dying, humble France.
This day our loyal friendship ends — e'er falls
The Vesper-eve, dolorously we part!"

Aoi.

The Archbishop heard their strife. In haste he drives
Into his horse his spurs of purest gold,
And quick beside them rides. Then, chiding them,
Says: "Sire Rollánd, and you, Sire Olivier,
In God's name be no feud between you two;
Nor more your horn shall save us; nathless 'twere
Far better Carle should come and soon avenge
Our deaths. So joyous then these Spanish foes
Would not return. But as our Franks alight,
Find us or slain or mangled on the field,
They will our bodies on their chargers' backs
Lift in their shrouds with grief and pity, all
In tears, and bury us in holy ground:
And neither wolves nor swine nor curs shall feed
On us —" Replies Rollánd: "Well have you said."

Rollánd raised to his lips the olifant,
Drew a deep breath, blew with all his force.
High are the mountains, and from peak to peak
The sound reëchoes; thirty leagues away
'Twas heard by Carle and all his brave compeers.
Cried the king: "Our men make battle!" Ganelon
Retorts in haste: "If thus another dared
To speak, we should denounce it as a lie."

Aoi.

The Count Rollánd in his great anguish blows
His olifant so mightily, with such
Despairing agony, his mouth pours forth
The crimson blood, and his swoll'n temples burst.
Yea, but so far the ringing blast resounds,
Carle hears it, marching through the pass, Naimés
hears,

The French all listen with attentive ear.

"That is Rollánd's horn," Carle cried, "which ne'er yet
Was, save in battle, blown!" But Ganelon
Replies: "No fight is there! You, sire, are old,
Your hair and beard are all bestrewn with gray,
And as a child your speech. Well do you know
Rollánd's great pride. 'Tis marvelous God bears
With him so long. Already took he Noble
Without your leave. The Pagans left their walls
And fought Rollánd, your brave knight, in the field;
With his good blade he slew them all, and then
Washed all the plain with water, that no trace
Of blood was left — yea, oftentimes he runs
After a hare all day and blows his horn.
Doubtless he takes his sport now with his peers;
And who 'neath heaven would dare attack Rollánd?
None, as I deem. Nay, sire, ride on apace;
Why do you halt? Still far is the Great Land."

Aoi.

Rollánd with bleeding mouth and temples burst,
Still in his anguish, blows his olifant;
Carle hears it, and his Franks. The king exclaims:
"That horn has a long breath!" Duke Naimés replies;

"Rollánd it is, and in a sore distress ;
Upon my faith, a battle rages there !
Traitor he who would deceive you now.
To arms ! Your war-cry shout, your kinsman save !
Plainly enough you hear his call for help."

Aoi.

Carle orders all the trumpeters to sound
The march. The French alight. They arm themselves
With helmets, hauberks, and gold-hilted swords,
Bright bucklers, long sharp spears, with pennons white
And red and blue. The barons of the host
Leap on their steeds, all spurring on ; while through
The pass they march, each to the other says :
"Could we but reach Rollánd before he dies,
What deadly blows, with his, our swords would strike!"
But what avails ? Too late they will arrive.

Aoi.

The ev'n is clear, the sun its radiant beams
Reflects upon the marching legions. Spears,
Hauberks and helmets, shields painted with bright
flowers,
Gold pennons all ablaze with glittering hues.
Burning with wrath the Emperor rides on ;
The French withstood the angered looks. None there
But weeps aloud. All tremble for Rollánd.

The king commands Count Ganelon be seizèd
And given to the scullions of his house.
Their chief, named Bègue, who calls and bids : "Guard
well

This man as one who all my kin betrayed."
Him Bègue received, and set upon the Count
One hundred of his kitchen comrades — best
And worst ; they pluck his beard on lip and cheek ;
Each deals him with his fist four blows, and falls
On him with lash and stick ; they chain his neck
As they would chain a bear, and he is thrown
For more dishonour on the sumpter-mule,
There guarded so until to Carle brought back.

Aoi.

High are the mountains, gloomy, terrible,
The valleys deep, and swift the rushing streams.
In van, in rear, the brazen trumpets blow,
Answ'ring the olifant. With angry look
Rides on the Emperor ; filled with wrath and grief,
Follow the French, each sobbing, each in tears,
Praying that God may grant Rollánd, until
They reach the battle-field. With him what blows
Will they not strike ? Alas ! what boots it now ?
Too late they are and cannot come in time.

Aoi.

Carle in great anger rides — his snow-white beard
O'erspreads his breastplate. Hard the barons spur,
For never one there but inwardly doth rage
That he is far from their great chief Rollánd,
Who combats now the Saracens of Spain :
If wounded he, will one of his survive ?
O God ! What knights this sixty left by him !
Nor king nor captain better ever had.

Aoi.

ROLAND'S DEATH

From the SONG OF ROLAND, translated by LÉONCE RABILLON

ROLLÁND now feels his death is drawing nigh;
 From both his ears the brain is oozing fast.
 For all his peers he prays that God may call
 Their souls to Him; to the Angel Gabriel
 He recommends his spirit. In one hand
 He takes the olifant, that no reproach
 May rest upon him; in the other grasps
 Durendal, his good sword. Forward he goes,
 Far as an arblast sends a shaft, across
 A new-tilled ground and toward the land of Spain.
 Upon a hill, beneath two lofty trees,
 Four terraces of marble spread: he falls
 Prone fainting on the green, for death draws near.

Aoi.

High are the mounts, and lofty are the trees.
 Four terraces are there, of marble bright:
 There Count Rollánd lies senseless on the grass.
 Him at this moment spies a Saracen
 Who lies among the corpses, feigning death,
 His face and body all besmeared with blood.
 Sudden he rises to his feet, and bounds
 Upon the baron. — Handsome, brave, and strong
 He was, but from his pride sprang mortal rage.
 He seized the body of Rollánd, and grasped
 His arms, exclaiming thus: "Here vanquished Carle's

Great nephew lies!" — "This sword to Araby
I'll bear." — He drew it; this aroused the Count.

Aoi.

Rollánd perceived an alien hand would rob
Him of his sword; his eyes he oped; one word
He spoke: "I trow, not one of us art thou!"
Then with his olifant from which he parts
Never, he smites the golden-studded helm,
Crushing the steel, the head, the bones; both eyes
Are from their sockets beaten out, — o'erthrown
Dead at the baron's feet he falls: "O wretch,"
He cries, "how durst thou, or for good or ill,
Lay hands upon Rollánd? Who hears of this
Will call thee fool. My olifant is cleft,
Its gems and gold all scattered by the blow."

Aoi.

Now feels Rollánd that death is near at hand
And struggles up with all his force; his face
Grows livid; — Durendal, his naked sword,
He holds; beside him rises a grey rock
On which he strikes ten mighty blows through grief
And rage. — The steel but grinds; it breaks not, nor
Is notched; then cries the Count: "Saint Mary, help!
O Durendal! Good sword! Ill-starred art thou
Though we two part, I care not less for thee.
What victories together thou and I
Have gained, what kingdoms conquered, which now
holds
White-bearded Carle! No coward's hand shall grasp

Thy hilt : a valiant knight has borne thee long,
Such as none shall e'er bare in France the Free !"

Aoi.

Rollánd smites hard the rock of Sardonix ;
The steel but grinds, it breaks not, nor grows blunt ;
Then seeing that he cannot break his sword,
Thus to himself he mourns for Durendal :
"O good my sword, how bright and pure ! Against
The sun what flashing light thy blade reflects !
When Carle passed through the valley of Moriane,
The God of Heaven by his angel sent
Command that he should give thee to a count,
And valiant captain ; it was then the great
And gentle king did gird thee to my side. —
With thee I won for him Anjou — Bretagne ;
For him with thee I won Poitou, le Maine,
And Normandie the Free ; I won Provence
And Aquitaine, Lumbardie, and all
The Romanie ; I won for him Bavière,
All Flandre — Buguerie — the Puillanie,
Costentinnoble which allegiance paid,
And Saxonie submitted to his power ;
For him I won Escocce and Galle, Irlande
And Engleterre he made his royal seat ;
With thee I conquered all the lands and realms
Which Carle, the hoary-bearded monach, rules.
Now for this sword I mourn. Far better die
Than in the hands of Pagans let it fall !
May God, our Father, save sweet France this shame !"

Aoi.

Upon the grey rock mightily he smites,
Shattering it more than I can tell; the sword
But grinds. — It breaks not — nor receives a notch,
And upwards springs more dazzling in the air.
When sees the Count Rollánd his sword can never
break,

Softly within himself its fate he mourns : .
“ O Durendal, how fair and holy thou !
In thy gold hilt are relics rare : a tooth
Of great Saint Pierre — some blood of Saint Basile,
A lock of hair of Monseigneur Saint Denis,
A fragment of the robe of Sainte Marie.
It is not right that Pagans should own thee ;
By Christian hand alone be held. Vast realms
I shall have conquered once that now are ruled
By Carle, the King with beard all blossom-white,
And by them made great emperor and Lord.
May thou ne’er fall into a cowardly hand.”

Aoi.

The Count Rollánd feels through his limbs the grasp
Of death, and from his head ev’n to his heart
A mortal chill descends. Unto a pine
He hastens, and falls stretched upon the grass.
Beneath him lie his sword and olifant,
And toward the Heathen land he turns his head,
That Carle and all his knightly host may say :
“ The gentle Count a conqueror has died. . . .”
Then asking pardon for his sins, or
Great or small, he offers up his glove to God.

Aoi.

The Count Rollánd feels now his end approach.
 Against a pointed rock, and facing Spain,
 He lies. Three times he beats his breast, and says :
 " Mea culpa ! Oh, my God, may through thy grace,
 Be pardoned all my sins, or great or small,
 Until this hour committed since my birth ! "
 Then his right glove he offers up to God,
 And toward him angels from high heav'n descend.
Aoi.

Beneath a pine Rollánd doth lie, and looks
 Toward Spain. He broods on many things of yore :
 On all the lands he conquered, on sweet France,
 On all his kinsmen, on great Carle his lord
 Who nurtured him ; — he sighs — nor can restrain
 His tears, but cannot yet himself forget ;
 Recalls his sins, and for the grace of God
 He prays : — " Our Father, never yet untrue,
 Who Saint Lazare raised from the dead, and saved
 Thy Daniel from the lions' claws — oh, free
 My soul from peril, from my whole life's sins ! "
 His right-hand glove he offers up to God ;
 Saint Gabriel took the glove. — With head reclined
 Upon his arm, with hands devoutly joined
 He breathed his last. God sent his cherubim,
 Saint Raphael, *Saint Michiel de Peril*.
 Together with them Gabriel came. — All bring
 The soul of Count Rollánd to Paradise.
Aoi.

THE VIRGIN'S TUMBLER

From the MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN, translated by Editor

A MINSTREL, after travelling for a long time, tired of the world, entered the monastery of Clairvaux, full of good will but lacking in knowledge. Except for leaping, dancing, and performing feats of strength and of skill, he was absolutely ignorant and did not know a single prayer, not even "Pater Noster" or "Credo." On this account he was much distressed and abashed; every one around him performed his duties and applied himself to his task; the priests said mass and the deacons read the Gospel; the smallest clerks chanted the psalms; the most ignorant repeated their prayers. He alone was good for nothing. Much ashamed, he confided his trouble to the Virgin Mary, praying that she would come to him with aid. He slipped off to hide in an out-of-the-way crypt, where there was an altar set up, dedicated to Our Lady. Weeping, he told her his shame:

"And I here am but a tethered ox,
Who does nothing but browse,
And consume food, for naught.
Shall I naught do and nothing say?
By the mother of God, I will do that for
Which I shall not be now or henceforth blamed.
I will do what I have learned,
I will serve in my own calling,
The mother of God in her monastery.
Others serve by singing,
And I will serve by tumbling."

First laying aside his monk's robe, he stands in his simple "cotte," and kneeling before the image says :

" Sweet queen, sweet lady,
Do not scorn what I know.
I know not how to sing to you or to read,
But, indeed, I propose to choose for you
All my best feats of strength."
Then he begins to make leaps,
Low and small, great and high,
First up, and then down ;
Next he falls upon his knees
Before the image and bows before it.
" Oh," said he, " most gentle queen,
By your pity, by your generosity,
Do not scorn my service."

His eagerness increased. He performed, one after another, most beautiful feats in his old fashion.

And he regards most humbly
The image of the mother of God.
" Lady," said he, " here is a good test :
I give myself in it for you."
Then he throws his feet in the air
And goes and comes upon his hands
Until he has been all over the floor ;
Then dances on his feet, and with streaming eyes
" Lady," he says, " I worship you,
With heart, with body, with feet, with hands,
Because I know no more nor less.
Henceforth I will be your performer.

— For God's sake, look not on me with scorn."
Then he beats his head, and sighs,
And laments very bitterly;
For he does not know how to pray otherwise.
Then he turns back and performs another leap.

All through the mass he plies his art; and he does not stop dancing and leaping until at last, tired out, head on fire, body perspiring, he falls at the foot of the altar.

The next day, the days following, he returns to the crypt and renews his exertions; concealing himself well from all, because he fears that, if seen, he will be expelled from the monastery. But God, who sees with a favourable eye the sincere faith of this simple heart, — God does not wish it to remain unnoticed.

Because every one knows
And understands and is sure
That God does not refuse any one
Who through love trusts in Him,
In whatever measure that he may be able
If only he love God and do the right.
Think you that God had valued his service
If he had not loved Him?
Nay, 'twas not his tumbling,
But He prized his love for Him.
You may fast much, watch much,
Weep much, sigh much,
Lament and adore much,
Be very assiduous in disciplines,

Both at masses and at matins,
Giving all that you have,
And paying all that you owe ;
Yet, if you love not God with all your heart,
All these good things are clean thrown away.
For well understood,
They are worth nothing towards salvation.
Because without love and without pity,
All efforts are for nothing counted.
God demands not gold nor silver,
But only true love in the heart of His people.

Meanwhile a monk, jealous or suspicious, spied upon the minstrel ; he discovered the mystery, and, very indignant, reported it to the abbot. But he, wise man, replied : " Do not be shocked without reason ; lead me to the crypt." They go there and surprise the minstrel in the midst of the most beautiful of his exercises ; at the moment when, not able to do more, he falls, worn out, at the foot of the altar. Thereupon, what do the abbot and his companion see ? A miracle ! From the roof a lady descends, clad in glorious raiment, attended by a throng of angels ; and the divine procession approaches the poor minstrel :

And the sweet, pure queen
Carries a white napkin
With which she fans her minstrel,
Most sweetly before the altar ;
The pure gracious lady
His neck, his body, and his face
Fans in order to cool him ;

In good truth the lady comes to aid him
And gives herself wholly to the task.
The good man takes no heed
Because he does not know at all
That he has so fair companionship.

The monks, astonished, go away in silence, worshipping God who glorifies the humble. Thenceforward, no one dared to disturb the pious exercises of the minstrel of Our Lady. He grew old in peace and had a saintly death. After his death, the abbot revealed what he knew and had seen; and the whole monastery gave thanks to God for this triumph of simplicity.

SPANISH STORIES

INTRODUCTION

IN Spain, as in nearly all other countries, the earliest great poem is a hero-poem. The "Poem of the Cid" is a long poem relating the triumphs of Ruy Diaz de Bivar, who was known both as the "Cid," or "lord," a name originally given to him by the Moors against whom he fought, and as "Campeador," the "Champion." It is true that the Cid fought with the Moors, and it is true that he made many conquests, but much else that is told in the poem is imaginary. It was written during the twelfth century. The name of the author is unknown.

Another collection of stories, almost as old, is the "Conde Lucanor," written in the prose of the fourteenth century, by Don John Manuel. The stories are supposed to be told by Patronio, the counsellor of the powerful Count Lucanor, in order that the count may understand from the lessons of the stories how to govern better himself and other men.

"Amadis of Gaul" is an old story of an ideal knight. The Spanish prose version, made in the last part of the fifteenth century, by Ordenez de Montalvo, is based upon the earlier Portuguese story which has been lost. It tells of Amadis, the Child of the Sea, from the time when he was found in a small, floating ark on the ocean, to the time when, through adventures and fortunes by land and sea, he had become a perfect knight.

In all of these stories, — "The Cid," the "Conde Lucanor," and "Amadis," — one reads the real story-life of early Spain.

THE BATTLE WITH THE MOORS

From THE CID, translated by JOHN ORMSBY

L OUD from among the Moorish tents the call to battle comes,

And some there are, unused to war, awed by the rolling drums.

Ferrando and Diego most: of troubled mind are they;
Not of their will they find themselves before the Moors that day.

"Pero Bermuez," said the Cid, "my nephew stanch and true,

Ferrando and Diego do I give in charge to you;
Be yours the task in this day's fight my sons-in-law to shield,

For, by God's grace, to-day we sweep the Moors from off the field."

"Nay," said Bermuez, "Cid, for all the love I bear to thee,

The safety of thy sons-in-law no charge of mine shall be.
Let him who will the office fill; my place is at the front,

Among the comrades of my choice to bear the battle's brunt;

As it is thine upon the rear, against surprise to guard,
And ready stand to give support where'er the fight goes hard."

Came Alvar Fanez: "Loyal Cid Campeador," he cried,
"This battle surely God ordains — He will be on our side;

Now give the order of attack as seems to thee the best,
And trust me, every man of us will do his chief's behest."
But lo! all armed from head to heel the Bishop Jerome
shows;

He ever brings good fortune to my Cid where'er he
goes.

"Mass have I said, and now I come to join you in the
fray;

To strike a blow against the Moor in battle if I may,
And in the field win honour for my order and my band;
It is for this that I am here, far from my native land.
Unto Valencia did I come to cast my lot with you,
All for the longing that I had to slay a Moor or two.
And so, in warlike guise I come, with blazoned shield
and lance,

That I may flesh my blade to-day, if God but give the
chance.

Then send me to the front to do the bidding of my
heart:

Grant me this favour that I ask, or else, my Cid, we
part."

"Good!" said my Cid. "Go, flesh thy blade; there
stand thy Moorish foes.

Now shall we see how gallantly our fighting abbot
goes,"

He said; and straight the bishop's spurs are in his
charger's flanks,

And with a will he flings himself against the Moorish
ranks.

By his good fortune, and by the aid of God, that loved
him well,

Two of the foe before his point at the first onset fell.
His lance he broke, he drew his sword — God ! how the
good steel played !
Two with the lance he slew, now five go down beneath
his blade.
But many are the Moors, and around about him fast they
close ;
And on his hauberk, and his shield, they rain a shower
of blows.
He in the good hour born beheld Don Jerome sorely
pressed ;
He braced his buckler on his arm, he laid his lance in
rest,
And aiming where beset by Moors the bishop stood at
bay,
Touched Babieca with the spur and plunged into the fray.
And flung to earth unhorsed were seven, and lying dead
were four,
Where breaking through the Moorish ranks came the
Campeador.
God it so pleased, that this should be the finish of the
fight ;
Before the lances of my Cid the fray became a flight ;
And then to see the tent-ropes burst, the tent-poles
prostrate flung !
As the Cid's horsemen crashing came the Moorish tents
among.
Forth from the camp King Bucar's Moors they drove
down upon the plain,
And charging on the rout, they rode and cut them down
amain.

Here severed fell the mail-clad arm, there lay the steel-capped head,

And here the charger, riderless, ran trampling on the dead.

Behind King Bucar, as he fled, my Cid came spurring on ;
" Now, turn thee, Bucar, turn ! " he cried ; " here is the Bearded One ;

Here is that Cid you came to seek, King from beyond the main.

Let there be peace and amity to-day between us twain." Said Bucar, " Nay ; thy naked sword, thy rushing steed I see ;

If these mean amity, then God confound such amity ;
Thy hand and mine shall never join unless in yonder deep,

If the good steed that I bestride his footing can but keep." Swift was the steed, but swifter born on Babieca's stride, Three fathoms from the sea my Cid rode at King Bucar's side ;

Aloft his blade a moment played, then on the helmet's crown,

Shearing the steel-cap dight with gems, Colada he brought down,

Down to the belt, through helm and mail, he cleft the Moor in twain.

And so he slew King Bucar who came from beyond the main.

This was the battle, this the day, when he the great sword won,

Worth a full thousand marks of gold — the famous Brand, Tizon.

THE KING AND HIS THREE SONS

From EL CONDE LUCANOR, translated by JAMES YORK

THERE was a Moorish king who had three sons. Now he, having the power to appoint which of them he pleased to reign after him, when he had arrived at a good old age, the leading men of his kingdom waited upon him, praying to be informed which of his sons he would please to name as his successor. The king replied that in one month he would give them an answer.

After eight or ten days the king said to his eldest son, "I shall ride out to-morrow, and I wish you to accompany me."

The son waited upon the king as desired, but not so early as the time appointed. When he arrived, the king said he wished to dress, and requested him to bring him his garments. His son went to the lord of the bed-chamber, and requested him to take the king his garments. The attendant inquired what suit it was he wished for; and the son returned to ask his father, who replied, his state robe. The young man went and told the attendant to bring the state robe.

Now, for every article of the king's attire it was necessary to go backwards and forwards, carrying answers and questions, until at length the attendant came to dress and boot the king. The same repetition goes on when the king called for his horse, spurs, bridle, saddle, sword, and so forth. Now, all being prepared, with some trouble and difficulty, the king changed his

mind, and said he would not ride out; but desired the prince, his son, to go through the city, carefully observing everything worthy of notice, and that, on his return, he should come and give his father his opinion of what he had seen.

The prince set out, accompanied by the royal suit and the chief nobility. Trumpets, cymbals, and other instruments preceded this brilliant cavalcade. After traversing a part of the city only, he returned to the palace, when the king desired him to relate what most arrested his attention.

"I observed nothing, sire," said he, "but the great noise caused by the cymbals and trumpets, which confounded me."

A few days later, the king sent for his second son, and commanded him to attend very early next day, when he subjected him to the same ordeal as his brother, but with somewhat more favourable result.

Again, after some days, he called for his youngest son's attendance. Now this young man came to the palace very early, long before his father was awake, and waited patiently until the king arose, when he entered his chamber with that respectful humiliation which became him. The king then desired him to bring his clothes that he might dress. The young prince begged the king to specify which clothes, boots, and so forth, the same with all the other things he desired, so that he could bring all at the same time; neither would he permit the attendant to assist him, saying, if the king permitted him he would feel highly honoured, and was willing to do all that was required.

When the king was dressed, he requested his son to bring his horse. Again the son asked what horse, saddle, spurs, sword, and other requisites he desired to have; and as he commanded so it was done, without trouble or farther annoyance.

Now, when all was ready, the king, as before, declined going. He, however, requested his son to go, and to take notice of what he saw, so that on his return he might relate to him what he thought worthy of notice.

In obedience to his father's commands, the young prince rode through the city attended by the same escort as his brothers; but they knew nothing, neither did the younger son, nor indeed any one else, what object the king had in view. As he rode along, he desired that they would show him the interior of the city, the streets, and where the king kept his treasures, and what was supposed to be the amount thereof; he inquired where the nobility and people of importance in the city lived; after this, he desired that they should present to him all the cavalry and infantry, and these he made go through their evolutions; he afterwards visited the walls, towers, and fortresses of the city, so that when he returned to the king it was very late.

The king desired him to tell him what he had seen. The young prince replied that he feared giving offence if he stated all he felt at what he had seen and observed. Now the king commanded him to relate everything, as he hoped for his blessing. The young man replied that although he was sure his father was a very good king, yet it seemed to him he had not done as much good as he might, having such good troops, so much

power, and such great resources; for, had he wished it, he might have made himself master of the world.

Now the king felt much pleased at this judicious remark of his son. So when the time arrived that he had to give his decision to the people, he told them that he should appoint his youngest son for their king, from the indications he had given him of his ability, by certain proofs of fitness to govern, to which he had subjected his sons, although he would have desired to appoint his eldest son as his successor; yet he felt it a duty to select the one who appeared best qualified for the station.

HOW THE CHILD OF THE SEA WAS MADE KNIGHT

From AMADIS OF GAUL, translated by ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE Child of the Sea was now twelve years old, but in stature and size he seemed fifteen, and he served the queen; but now that Oriana was there the queen gave her the Child of the Sea that he should serve her, and Oriana said that *it pleased her*; and that word which she said the child kept in his heart, so that he never lost it from his memory, and in all his life he was never weary of serving her, and his heart was surrendered to her, and his love lasted as long as they lasted, for as well as he loved her did she also love him. But the Child of the Sea, who knew nothing of her love, thought himself presumptuous to have placed his thoughts on her, and dared not speak to her; and she who loved

him in her heart was careful not to speak more with him than with another; but their eyes delighted to reveal to the heart what was the thing on earth that they loved best. And now the time came that he thought he could take arms if he were knighted, and this he greatly desired, thinking that he could do such things that, if he lived, his mistress would esteem him. With this desire he went to the king, who was at that time in the garden, and fell upon his knees before him, and said, "Sire, if it please you, it is time for me to receive knighthood." "How, Child of the Sea?" said Languines, "are you strong enough to maintain knighthood? it is easy to receive, but difficult to maintain; and he who would keep it well, so many and so difficult are the things he must achieve, that his heart will often be troubled; and if, through fear, he forsakes what he ought to do, better is death to him than life with shame." "Not for this," replied he, "will I fail to be a knight; my heart would not require it, if it were not in my will to accomplish what you say. And since you have bred me up, compleat what you ought to do in this; if not, I will seek some other who will do it." The king, who feared lest he should do this, replied, "Child of the Sea, I know when this is fitting better than you can know, and I promise you to do it, and your arms shall be got ready; but to whom did you think to go?" "To King Perion, who they say is a good knight, and has married the sister of your queen. I would tell him how I was brought up by her, and then he would willingly fulfil my desire." "Now," said the king, "be satisfied, it shall be honourably done." And

he gave orders that the arms should be made, and sent to acquaint Gandales thereof.

When Gandales heard this, he greatly rejoiced; and sent a damsel with the sword and the ring and the letter in the wax, which he had found in the ark. The Child of the Sea was with Oriana and the ladies of the palace, discoursing, when a page entered and told him there was a strange damsel without who brought presents for him, and would speak with him. When she who loved him heard this her heart trembled, and if any one had been looking at her he might have seen how she changed; and she told the Child of the Sea to let the damsel come in, that they might see the presents. Accordingly she entered, and said, "Sir Child of the Sea, your good friend Gandales salutes you as the man who loves you much, and sends you this sword and this ring and this wax, and he begs you will wear this sword while you live for his sake." He took the presents, and laid the ring and the wax in his lap, while he unrolled the sword from a linen cloth in which it was wrapt, wondering that it should be without a scabbard. Meantime Oriana took up the wax, and said, "I will have this," not thinking that it contained anything: it would have better pleased him if she had taken the ring, which was one of the finest in the world. While he was looking at the sword, the king came in and asked him what he thought of it. "It seems a goodly one, sir," said he, "but I marvel wherefore it hath no scabbard." "It is fifteen years," said the king, "since it had one;" and, taking him by the hand, he led him apart, and said, "You would be a knight, and you know

not whether of right you should be one. I therefore tell you all that I know concerning you." And with that he told him all that Gandales had communicated. The Child of the Sea answered, "I believe this; for the damsel said my good friend Gandales had sent her, and I thought she had mistaken, and should have called him my father; but am nothing displeased herewith, except that I know not my parents, nor they me, for my breast tells me I am well born; and now, sir, it behoves me more to obtain knighthood, that I may win honour and the praise of prowess, since I know not my lineage, and am like one whose kindred are all dead." When the king heard him speak thus, he believed that he would prove a hardy and good knight.

As they were thus conversing, a knight came to inform the king that King Perion was arrived. Languines went to welcome him, as one who knew how to do honour to all, and, after they had saluted, he asked how it was that he came so unexpectedly. "I come to seek for friends," replied Perion, "of whom I have more need than ever; for King Abies of Ireland wars upon me, and is now, with all his power, in my country; and Daganel, his half-brother, is with him; and both together have collected such a multitude against me, that I stand in need of all my friends and kinsmen; for I have lost many of my people in battle already, and others whom I trusted have failed me." "Brother," replied Languines, "your misfortunes grieve me not a little, and I shall aid you the best I can." Agrayes, who was already knighted, now came and knelt before his father, saying, "Sir, I beg a boon."

The which being granted, — for King Languines loved him as himself, — he pursued, “I request that I may go to defend the queen, my aunt.” “And I grant it,” answered Languines; “and you shall be as honourably and well accompanied as may be.”

This while had the Child of the Sea been looking earnestly at Perion, not as his father, for of that he knew nothing, but because of his great goodness in arms, of which he had heard the fame; and he desired to be made a knight by his hand, rather than by any man in the world. To attain this purpose, he thought best to entreat the queen; but her he found so sad that he would not speak to her, and going to where Oriana was, he knelt before her, and said, “Lady Oriana, could I know by you the cause of the queen’s sadness?” Oriana’s heart leaped at seeing him whom she most loved before her, and said to him, “Child of the Sea, this is the first thing ye ever asked of me, and I shall do it with a good will.” — “Ah, lady! I am neither so bold or worthy as to ask anything from one like you, but rather to obey what it pleases you to command.” “What!” said she. “Is your heart so feeble?” — “So feeble, that in all things towards you it would fail me, except in serving you like one who is not his own, but yours.” “Mine!” said she. “Since when?” — “Since *it pleased you*.” “How *since it pleased me*?” — “Remember, lady, the day whereon your father departed, the queen took me by the hand, and leading me before you, said, ‘I give you this child to be your servant’; and you said *it pleased you*. And from that time I have held and hold myself yours to

do your service: yours only, that neither I nor any other, while I live, can have command over me." "That word," said she, "you took with a meaning that it did not bear; but *I am well pleased* that it is so." Then was he overcome with such pleasure that he had no power to answer; and Oriana, who now saw the whole power that she had over him, went to the queen, and learnt the cause of her sadness, and, returning to the Child of the Sea, told him that it was for the queen, her sister, who now was so distressed. He answered, "If it please you that I were a knight, with your aid, I would go and aid the queen, her sister." "With my leave! And what without it? Would you not then go?" — "No," said he; "for without the favour of her whose it is, my heart could not sustain itself in danger." Then Oriana smiled, and said, "Since I have gained you, you shall be my knight, and you shall aid the sister of the queen." The Child of the Sea kissed her hand. — "The king, my master, has not yet knighted me; and I had rather it should be done by King Perion at your entreaty." "In that," said she, "I will do what I can; but we must speak to the Princess Mabilia, for her request will avail with her uncle."

Mabilia, who loved the Child of the Sea with pure love, readily agreed. "Let him go," said she, "to the chapel of my mother, armed at all points, and we and the other damsel will accompany him; and when King Perion is setting off, which will be before daybreak, I will ask to see him; and then will he grant our request, for he is a courteous knight." When the Child of the Sea heard this, he called Gandalin, and said to him,

"My brother, take all my arms secretly to the queen's chapel, for this night I think to be knighted; and, because it behoves me to depart right soon, I would know if you wish to bear me company." "Believe me," quoth Gandalin, "never, with my will, shall I depart from ye." The tears came in the eyes of the Child at this, and he kissed him on the face, and said, "Do, now, what I told you." Gandalin laid the arms in the chapel, while the queen was at supper; and, when the cloths were removed, the Child of the Sea went there, and armed himself, all save his head and his hands, and made his prayer before the altar, beseeching God to grant him success in arms, and in the love which he bore his lady.

When the queen had retired, Oriana and Mabilia went with the other damsels to accompany him, and Mabilia sent for Perion as he was departing; and, when he came, she besought him to do what Oriana, the daughter of King Lisuarte, should request. "Willingly," said King Perion, "for her father's sake." Then Oriana came before him; and when he saw her how fair she was, he thought there could not be her equal in the world. She begged a boon, and it was granted. "Then," said she, "make this my gentleman knight." And she showed him to Perion, kneeling before the altar. The king saw him how fair he was, and approaching him, said, "Would you receive the order of knighthood?" — "I would." — "In the name of God, then! And may He order it that it be well bestowed on you, and that you may grow in honour as you have in person." Then, putting on the right spur, he said, "Now are you a

knight, and may receive the sword." The king took the sword, and gave it to him, and the Child girded it on. "Then," said Perion, "according to your manner and appearance, I would have performed this ceremony with more honours; and I trust in God that your fame will prove that so it ought to have been done." Mabilia and Oriana then joyfully kissed the king's hands, and he, commending the Child of the Sea to God, went his way.

PORTUGUESE STORIES

INTRODUCTION

IN the sixteenth century Portugal was at its height in the art of writing poems and historical chronicles. It was at this time, also, that the glory of the recent discoveries and conquests by Portugal in the East and West Indies was most felt. During the last part of this century, Luis de Camões, who was the greatest of all the Portuguese poets, wrote in his poem "Os Lusíadas" of these discoveries, and made of the nation itself a hero.

Os Lusíadas, or "The Lusíads," relates the voyage of the Portuguese, or Lusitanians, to the Indies, under the direction of the celebrated navigator, Vasco da Gama. Accounts of most of the former conquests by the Portuguese are brought into the poem, and many old fables and stories and imaginary happenings are added to the main story of the voyage. The sixth canto describes the fleet approaching India, and the storm that almost prevented the landing. This storm is supposed to have been decreed in the palace of Neptune at the request of Bacchus.

BACCHUS AT THE COUNCIL OF NEPTUNE

From CAMÕES' LUSÍADS, CANTO VI, translated by J. J. AUBERTIN

IN the most inward deepness of the deep
And lofty caverns, where the sea lies hid,
There, whence the waves in rage and fury leap,
When Ocean by the angry winds is chid,

Dwells Neptune, and the jocund Nereids keep,
And other gods of ocean, where amid
The waters, which for cities leave the plain,
Dwell all these humid deities o' the main.

He seeks the bottom which was never sought,
With sands all brilliant, there, of silver fine;
High towers upon the open plain are wrought,
Of masses of transparent crystalline.
And as the eyes to view are nearer brought,
So much the less the vision can divine,
If diamond or crystal mocks the sight,
It shows itself so radiant and so bright.

The gates are of fine gold, and all inlaid
With richest pearl which in the conches breeds,
A beauteous sculpture o'er them is displayed,
On which the sight of angry Bacchus feeds;
And, first of all, in tints of various shade,
Old Chaos' so confusèd face he reads;
There pictured the Four Elements are descried;
In different offices all occupied.

And there, sublime, aloft appearèd Fire,
Which without sustenance itself sustained,
Whence living things it always doth inspire,
Since by Prometheus' theft it was obtained;
And next in place, rises sublime, entire,
Invisible Air, which its position gained
With greater quickness, nor by heat or cold
Leaves any void, but all the world doth hold.

Earth was clothed o'er with undulating mood,
 With verdant herb and flowering trees around,
 Producing various pastures, yielding food
 For all the animals that there abound :
 And there the brilliant form, all sculptured, stood
 Of Water, intermingled with the ground,
 Creating fish of every sort and kind,
 Which sustenance within the liquid find.

Sculptures in other parts the warfare show,
 Wherein the Gods the giants overcame,
 Typhon the lofty mountain lies below
 Of Etna, throwing forth the crackling flame ;
 A Neptune, sculptured, strikes on earth his blow,
 Wherefrom to people barbarous there came
 The horse; and also sculptured doth he see
 Minerva's first pacific olive tree.

But little doth enraged Lyæus care
 To loiter o'er these sights, but enters straight
 To Neptune's palaces, who, all aware
 Of his approach, his presence doth await
 Before his portals; and the nymphs are there
 In company, with wonderment elate,
 To see thus entered, by this course divine,
 The water's kingdom by the king of wine.

"O Neptune!" he exclaimed, "thou need'st not fear
 Bacchus to greet within thy realms below,
 For equally with great and rich 'tis clear,
 Fortune unjust her hostile powers can show;
 Command the sea-gods to be summoned here

Ere I say more, if from me thou'dst know ;
Grievous misfortunes they shall see impend :
The ill which touches all let all attend."

Neptune now judging that the case must be
Most strange indeed, doth forthwith Triton send
The deities to summon from the sea,
Who in cold water dwell from end to end.
Triton, who prides himself as progeny
Of king and of Salacia reverend,
Was a large-grown, and dark, and ugly youth,
His father's trumpeter and courier both.

What should have been the hair that formed his beard,
What from the head was o'er the shoulders thrown,
Was seaweed filled with water, and appeared
The comb's soft passage never to have known ;
Dangling upon the points were many bleared
And blacken'd muscle-shells, which there had grown ;
Upon his head, for cap he wore, as well,
A very large, imposing lobster-shell.

The body naked was from head throughout,
That he in swimming might not cumbered be,
But hundreds, hundreds, hung his loins about,
Of every little animal o' the sea :
Shrimps, crabs, and many others more, that sprout
When they from Phœbus gained vitality ;
Oysters and sea-snails all befouled with moss,
Shell-fish of every kind, his back emboss.

And now the large and many-winding shell,
Which in the hand he brought, with power he blew ;

The loud harmonious voice on hearing fell
 O'er all the sea, that echoed through and through;
 Straightway the deities who therein dwell,
 Thus summoned, forthwith to the palace drew
 Of that great god, who built the walls of Troy
 Which Grecian madness, after, did destroy.

The father Ocean came accompanied
 By all the sons and daughters he begat;
 Comes Nereus too, who was with Doris wed,
 And all the sea with nymphs did populate;
 The prophet Proteus, leaving to be fed
 His cattle through the bitter waters, straight
 Came likewise there: but very well knew he
 What father Bacchus wanted in the sea.

From other parts came Neptune's consort fair,
 The daughter whom to Coelus Vesta gave,
 Of sweet collected mien, and form so rare,
 That with mere wonder she becalmed the wave;
 A very precious vesture did she bear,
 A thinly woven veil her form to save,
 But which her brilliant body half-revealed,
 For such great good must not be quite concealed.

And Amphitrite, lovely as the flowers,
 Willed not in this affair to be away;
 She brings with her the Dolphin, who the amours
 Of Neptune counselled her she must obey;
 And with those eyes whose vision all devours
 Whate'er of Sol may seem to be the sway;

The two came hand in hand, an equal pair,
For of one husband both are consorts fair.

She who from Athamas' wild fury fled
And came at last divine estate to hold,
Her son, a lovely infant, with her led,
Among the number of the gods enrolled :
Delighted o'er the open beach he sped
With the bright shell which Ocean, as of old,
Brings forth, and now and then upon the sand
Fair Panopea lifts him in her hands.

The god who once the human form did know,
And by the poisonous herbs was made
To take the shape of fish, and by this blow
Was as a glorious deity repaid,
Came mourning still the treachery which her foe,
Circe, upon the lovely Scylla played,
Whom Glaucus loved, while Circe loved him still ;
For slighted love to all things will impel.

Now all at length their seats had taken there
In the vast chamber, noble and divine ;
The goddesses on richest dais were,
The gods on chairs were seated crystalline ;
All by the father were received with care,
Who doth to Bacchus equal throne assign ;
Perfumes of incense through the palace rise,
Wherewith the Ocean Araby outvies.

And now the tumult being put to rest,
Which from the greeting of the gods arose,

Begins Thyoneus from his inmost breast
 The causes of his torments to disclose;
 And with a countenance somewhat depressed,
 Whereby his sentiments profound he shows
 Only to cause the Lusians' cruel death
 By other's sword, he speaks; and thus he saith: —

“Prince! thou who art of right, from pole to pole,
 The lord and master of the angry sea,
 Who dost all nations of the land control,
 That they pass not their limited degree:
 And thou, O Father Ocean! who dost roll
 Round all the world that is enclosed by thee,
 Permitting only, by thy just command,
 Each within range to flourish, sea and land;

“And O ye ocean gods! who will not bear
 The least of insults 'gainst your mighty reign,
 But will an equal chastisement declare,
 Whoe'er it be that traverses your main;
 How have ye lived then, with such little care?
 Who dost such softening influence obtain
 O'er all your hearts obdurate, with good cause
 'Gainst frail mankind, whose daring breaks your laws?

“Ye have beheld with arrogance untold
 How 'gainst the heavens supreme the attack they led;
 Have seen with phantasy, insanely bold,
 With sail and oar the Ocean ventured;
 Ye have beheld, we every day behold,
 Such arrogant presumption that I dread

In a few years of heaven and of the sea
They will be gods, and we but men shall be!

"Ye now behold this generation frail,
Who of a subject of my own the name
Assume with proud presumptuous hearts, prevail
Both you and me and all the world to tame;
How, o'er your Ocean everywhere they sail,
Surpassing all majestic Rome could claim;
Ye see them, how your realm they penetrate
And how they all your statutes violate;

"I saw that 'gainst the Argonauts, whose pride
Did first within your realms this course disclose,
Offended Boreas Aquilo allied,
And all the rest, resistance to oppose;
If then, by this adventurous fleet defied,
The winds together 'gainst the insult rose,
Ye, who have greater right these wrongs to pay,
What wait ye for? and why do ye delay?

"Nor will I, gods, consent ye should suppose
That I on your account from heaven came down;
Nor that my grief from wrongs ye suffer rose,
But from the injury I feel my own;
For the great honours which, as each here knows,
I gained on earth, when I had overthrown
The eastern lands of India, all, I see,
Will by these people quite extinguished be;

"For the great Sovereign and the Fates, who claim
This nether world to govern as they please
Resolve to grant a yet unheard of fame

To their own heroes on the vasty seas.
 Thus ye behold, O gods! and well may blame,
 How 'gainst the gods they teach such ills as these;
 For unto no one less respect is shown
 Than unto him who most respect might own;

"'Twas therefore from Olympus that I fled,
 Seeking some remedy for this my woe,
 And the esteem in heaven I'd forfeited
 To find by fortune, in your seas below."
 More he would utter, but no more he said;
 For tears, in pairs beginning now to flow,
 Burst from his eyes, whereon, with sudden ire,
 The deities of water burn with fire.

The anger wherewith suddenly was rent
 The bosom of the gods, through all the array,
 Suffered no counsel of more cool intent,
 Nor any other drawback or delay;
 To the great Æolus is message sent,
 In Neptune's name, that all at once he may
 Let loose the fury of the winds to strive
 And from the sea all navigators drive.

But Proteus, first, was anxious to declare
 What in this mighty matter was his thought;
 And all around him of opinion were,
 That some deep prophecy he would have taught;
 But in the whole divine assembly there
 Tumult so sudden and so vast was wrought,
 That the indignant Tethys shouting stands,
 "Neptune knows perfectly what he commands!"

Nor doth proud Æolus emancipate
The winds all furious from their prison hold,
Which with his words he seeks to animate
Against the heroes resolute and bold.
Heaven's smiles are quickly changed to clouds of hate ;
For that the winds, with violence untold,
Begin to bellow forth with novel power,
Throwing down mountain, edifice, and tower.

All while this council in the watery deep
Is held, the cheerful weary fleet obey
The mildly blowing breeze, and calmly keep
Over the tranquil sea their lengthened way.
'Twas in the season when the morning peep
From Eos' hemisphere doth more delay ;
They of the first watch went their rest to take,
They of the second to their task awake.

ANGLO-SAXON STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE heroic poem "Beowulf" is one of the oldest stories in the Anglo-Saxon language. Probably during the seventh century the poem was written. Beowulf, its hero, is a Geatish thane, or noble, who goes across the sea to help Hrothgar, king of the Danes, or Scyldings, in destroying the dreadful monster, Grendel, that for twelve years has harmed the Danish people.

Another Anglo-Saxon poem of the seventh or eighth century is Cædmon's "Paraphrase," or account of the Creation and of the War in Heaven. Cædmon is traditionally considered the author, but the poem is probably the work of several different authors. In the eighth century, Bede, or "The Venerable Bede," as he is often called, wrote in his "Ecclesiastical History" the story of Cædmon's awakening as a poet. The history was written in Latin, but was early translated into Anglo-Saxon. Unlike "Beowulf," which belongs to the class of popular and heroic poems, the Cædmon poem belongs rather to the learned, church type.

To the Anglo-Saxons, who called themselves the "English folk," present English people must look back in order to find some of their earliest stories.

BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH GRENDEL

From BEOWULF, retold from the translation by J. L. HALL

FROM the moor beneath the cliff came Grendel, with God's anger upon him. The monster intended to entrap and make way with some one of the nobles in the grand hall building; so he went toward the joyous gold hall of the earth-men. This was not the first time that he had sought the home and manor of Hrothgar; but never, earlier or later, did he find hardier heroes, or hall thanes more sturdy.

When he came to the hall, he beheld the heroes in numbers, a circle of kinsmen sleeping together, — all the throng ofthane-men. Then his thoughts were exultant, for he planned to sunder the life from the body of each of thethane-men. Before morning should come, thought the horrible monster, all shall be destroyed.

But Providence willed not that he should eat in the night any more of men under heaven; for Beowulf suddenly grappled with him, and Grendel found no hand-grapple greater in any one else that he had ever encountered. Fearful in spirit, faint-hearted, the demon paused, wondering if it were best to fly to his covert for help. Meanwhile the worthy earl, Beowulf, stood up straight and seized the monster, though his fingers cracked. The giant monster moved further away, for he longed now to fly to the moors, because he was fully aware of the strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman. The palace reëchoed with the noise of the struggle, and terror came to the hearts of all of

the Danemen; to the dwellers in castles, to each of the bold ones came mighty terror.

More angry grew both fighters, and the building so rattled that it was a marvel the wine-hall withstood the trembling. Yet the excellent earth-hall did not bend earthward, for within and without, it was fastened firmly by fetters of iron. But many mead benches, adorned with gold, bent beneath the grim ones in their struggle, even though these benches were so strong that it was thought no man under heaven might break them or crush them. The sound of the crashing brought fear to the Danemen. Then from the wall was heard weeping and moaning, a song of defeat from the foeman of heaven, who howled hymns of horror, and bewailed his sorrow. For he who was strongest of men held the monster now firmly; unaided he held him, though many a noble of Beowulf would have guarded the life of his lord and protector had he been able to do so.

Now plainly Grendel saw that his body would fail him, and that he could no longer endure. A wound was on his shoulder, his strength was shattered. At last his body burst.

To Beowulf then was given glory in battle. But Grendel knew that hereafter he must limp back to the marshes, sick unto death, and must die in his dwelling; for he was nearing the end of his earthly existence, and his life days were over. When the slaughter was over, the great wish of the Danemen was fulfilled, for Beowulf, the "comer-from-far-land," had rid them of their evil; he, the wise and valiant, had saved from violence the war-hall of Hrothgar. So the hero-in-battle

suspended the arm of the monster Grendel from the great-stretching roof of the hall, and the contest was ended.

THE STORY OF CÆDMON

From BEDE'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, translated by THOMAS MILLER

IN the monastery of this abbess¹ there was a brother specially remarkable and distinguished by the divine grace. For he was wont to compose suitable songs, tending to religion and piety, so that whatever he had learnt through scholars of the divine writings, he presently embellished in poetic compositions of the greatest sweetness and fervour, well expressed in the English language. And by his songs, many men's minds were often fired to disregard the world, and attach themselves to the heavenly life. And also, many others after him, in England, began to compose pious songs; none, however, could do that like him. 'For he had not been taught of men, or through men, to acquire the art of song, but he had divine aid, and received the art of song through God's grace. And for this reason, he never could compose anything frivolous, nor any idle poetry, but just that only which tended to piety, and which it became his pious tongue to sing. The man had lived in the world till the time that he was of advanced age, and never had learnt any poetry. And as he was often at a beer-drinking, when it was arranged, to promote mirth, that they should all in

¹ Hilda.

turn sing to the harp, whenever he saw the harp come near him, he arose, out of shame, from the feast, and went home to his house. Having done so on one occasion, he left the house of entertainment, and went out to the fold of the cattle, the charge of which had been committed to him for that night. When, in due time, he stretched his limbs on the bed there and fell asleep, there stood by him, in a dream, a man, who saluted and greeted him, calling on him by name: "Cædmon, sing me something." Then he answered, and said, "I cannot sing anything; and therefore I came out from this entertainment and retired here, as I know not how to sing." Again, he who spake to him said, "Yet you could sing." Then said he, "What shall I sing?" He said, "Sing to me the beginning of all things." On receiving this answer, he at once began to sing, in praise of God the Creator, verses and words which he had never heard, the order of which is as follows: "Now should we praise the guardian of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and the counsel of His mind, the works of the Father of glory, how He, the eternal Lord, originated every marvel. He, the holy Creator, first created the heaven, as a roof, for the children of the earth; then the eternal Lord, guardian of the human race, the Almighty ruler, afterwards fashioned the world as a soil for men." Then he arose from his sleep; and he had firmly in his memory all that he sang while asleep. And to these words he soon added on many others in the same style of song, worthy of God. Then he came in the morning to the steward of the manor, who was his

superior, and told him what gift he had received; and he at once brought him to the abbess, and made the matter known to her. Then she ordered all the best scholars and the students to be assembled; and in their presence bade him relate the dream, and sing the song, that by the judgment of all it might be determined what or whence this gift was. Then it seemed to all, as indeed it was, that a heavenly grace had been vouchsafed him by the Lord Himself. Then they set forth, and stated to him a holy narrative and some word of divine doctrine, and directed him, if he could, to turn it into the harmony of verse. Having undertaken the task, he went home to his house; and returning in the morning, recited and presented to them what had been delivered to him, composed in excellent verse. Then the abbess began to welcome and find pleasure in God's grace in the man; and she admonished and enjoined him to leave the world and become a monk, and he readily assented. And she admitted him with his property into the monastery, and attached him to the congregation of God's servants; and she directed that he should be taught the whole round of sacred history and narrative. And he retained in his memory whatever he learnt by hearing; and, like a clean animal, he ruminated, and converted all into the sweetest music. And his song and his music were so delightful to hear, that even his teachers wrote down the words from his lips, and learnt them. He sang first of the earth's creation, and the beginning of man, and all the story of Genesis, which is the first book of Moses; and afterwards about the departure of the people of Israel from

the land of Egypt, and their entry into the land of promise; and about many other narratives in the books of the canon of Scripture; and about Christ's incarnation; and about His passion; and about His ascension into heaven; and about the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teaching of the apostles; and again about the day of judgment to come, and about the terror of hell torment, and about the sweetness of the kingdom of heaven, he composed many a song. And he also composed many others about the divine blessings and judgments. In all these he earnestly strove to draw men from the love of sin and transgression, and to rouse them to love and zeal for good deeds. For the man was very pious, and humbly submissive to regular discipline. And towards those who would act otherwise, he was inflamed, with a zeal of great fervour. And he accordingly concluded, and ended his life by a fair close.

ENGLISH STORIES

INTRODUCTION

AFTER the Norman Conquest, the English current of story-life continually broadened until it became mighty in Chaucer. Side by side with this, flowed also a stream of religious poetry that became especially important with "The Vision of Piers Plowman." This poem was written in the fourteenth century by William Langland. In it, Langland represents, by a series of dreams, a vision of the people of the world assembled in a fair meadow: here Piers, or Peter, a ploughman, tells those about him how to be good; and, in order that they may easily understand what he means, he talks of feelings and of reasons and of desires, as though they were live persons.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century appeared Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur, or the "Morte d'Arthur." The Arthur stories, gathered and retold in prose by Malory, are old legends that had already been written out many times by different French and English writers. They give the life, as well as the death, or "morte," of King Arthur. This celebrated king was, perhaps, a Welsh chieftain of the sixth century, and his many brave deeds, some of which may be real, most of which are imaginary, form the subject of a large number of romances.

BELLING THE CAT

From LANGLAND'S VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN, *translated by* KATE M. WARREN

WITH that there ran, all at once, a rout of rats,¹ and small mice, more than a thousand, with them, and came to a council for their common profit. For a Cat of a Court came when he liked and caught them easily, and seized them whenever he would, and played with them perilously, and pushed them about. "For fear of divers dangers we dare not look about us; and, if we grumble at his game, he will vex us all, scratch us, or claw us, or hold us in his clutches so that our life becometh hateful before he letteth go of us. If we could by any device withstand him, we might lord it up above, out of his reach, and live at our ease."

A rat of renown, very ready of tongue, said that, to his mind this was the sovereign remedy: "I have seen men," he said, "in the city of London, bearing bright rings about their necks, and some with collars of cunning workmanship; they run loose both in warren and waste wherever they please, and, at other times, they go elsewhere, as I hear tell. Were there a bell on their collar, by Jesu, methinketh men might know where they were going, and run away. And right so," said that rat, "reason telleth me to buy a bell of brass, or of bright silver, and fasten it on to a collar for our

¹ In this version of the ancient fable, the rats are the citizens and influential commoners; the mice are the less important folk; the cat is Edward III, or, as some say, John of Gaunt, and the kitten is his grandson, Richard, then heir to the throne, and afterwards Richard II.

common good, and hang it upon the Cat's neck, and then we can hear whether he moveth or resteth or runneth to play; and if he like to play then we can know it, and appear in his presence as long as it pleaseth him to sport; and, if he grow wrathful, beware, and shun his path."

All the rout of rats agreed to this plan; but, when the bell was bought and hanged upon the collar, there was no rat in all the company who durst, for the realm of France, have bound the bell about the Cat's neck, nor durst hang it about the Cat's throat to win all England. And they thought themselves not bold enough and their counsel weak, and they held their labour lost, and all their long devising.

A mouse, who had good parts, methought, brushed forth sternly to the front, and stood before them all, and, to the rout of rats, spake these words: "Though we killed the Cat, yet would there come another to scratch us and all our kind, though we should creep under benches. Therefore I counsel all the commons to let the Cat be, and never be so foolhardy as to show him the bell. For I heard my sire say, seven years ago, that where the Cat is a Kitten the court is very miserable. Holy Writ witnesseth to that, whoso will read it: *Ve terre ubi puer rex est*, etc.¹ For no man may have rest there by night for the rats; while he² catcheth rabbits, our carrion he coveteth not, but feedeth himself with naught but venison — may we never defame him! For better is a little loss than a long sorrow — the sorrow of confusion amongst us all, if the

¹ Woe to thee, O land, whose king is a boy.

² *I.e.* the Cat.

Cat died, though we got rid of a tyrant. For we mice would destroy many men's malt, and also ye rout of rats would rend men's clothes were there not that Cat of the Court who can catch you; and had ye rats your will, ye would not rule yourselves. As for me," said the mouse, "I see so much that would come afterwards that never shall the Cat or the Kitten be vexed by my counsel. And talk no more of this collar, that never cost me aught, and though it had cost my goods I would not confess it, but suffer him to do as he pleaseth, fastened and unfastened, to catch what he may. Therefore every wise man I warn: let him look well to his own."

What this dream meaneth, ye merry men, divine ye; for, by dear God in heaven, I dare not.

THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

From MALORY'S HISTORY OF KING ARTHUR

THEN Merlin took up King Arthur, and rode forth with him upon the knight's horse. . . . As they rode King Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin, "hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may." So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad; and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin unto the king, "yonder is the sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said the

king. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and within that lake is a reach, and therein is as fair a place as any is on earth, and richly beseen; and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak fair to her that she will give you that sword." Therewith came the damsel to King Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said the king, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth yonder above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel of the lake, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it." — "By my faith," said King Arthur, "I will give you any gift that you will ask or desire." "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself unto the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you; and I will ask my gift when I see my time." So King Arthur and Merlin alighted, tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the barge. And when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him: and the arm and the hand went under the water, and so came to the land, and rode forth. . . . Then King Arthur looked upon the sword, and liked it passing well. "Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "Me liketh better the sword," said King Arthur. — "Ye are more unwise," said Merlin; "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword; for while ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therefore keep well the scabbard always with you."

* * * * *

Then Arthur proclaimed that all the lords, knights, and gentlemen of arms, should draw unto a castle, that was called in those days Camelot, and the king would have a council-general and a great joust. So when the king was come thither, with all his baronage, and lodged as them seemed best, there came a damsel, sent on message from the great Lady Lily, of Avilion; and, when she came before King Arthur, she told him from whom she came, and how she was sent on message unto him for these causes. And she let her mantle fall, that was richly furred, and then she was girded with a noble sword, whereof the king had great marvel, and said, "Damsel, for what cause are ye gird with that sword? It beseemeth you not." "Now shall I tell you," said the damsel. "This sword, that I am gird withal, doth me great sorrow and remembrance; for I may not be delivered of this sword but by a good knight; and he must be a passing good man of his hands and of his deeds, and without villany or treachery. If I may find such a knight that hath all these virtues, he may draw out this sword of the scabbard. For I have been at King Rience; for it was told that there was passing good knights, and he all his knights have assayed it, and none can speed."

"This is a great marvel," said King Arthur, "and if besooth, I will myself assay to draw out the sword; not presuming upon myself that I am the best knight, but that I will begin to draw at your sword, in giving example to all the barons, that they shall assay every one after other, when I have assayed." Then King Arthur took the sword by the scabbard and the girdle,

and pulled at it eagerly, but the sword would not out. "Sir," said the damsel, "ye need not pull half so hard; for he that shall pull it out shall do it with little might." "Ye say well," said King Arthur: "now assay ye, all my barons; but beware ye be not defiled with shame, treachery, nor guile."—"Then it will not avail," said the damsel; "for he must be a clean knight, without villany, and of gentle stream of father's side and mother's side." Most of all the barons of the Round Table, that were there at that time, assayed all in turn, but none might speed. Wherefore the damsel made great sorrow out of measure, and said, "Alas! I weened in this court had been the best knights, without treachery or treason." "By my faith," said King Arthur, "here are as good knights as I deem any be in the world; but their grace is not to help you, wherefore I am greatly displeased."

It happened so, at that time, that there was a poor knight with King Arthur, that had been prisoner with him half a year and more, for slaying of a knight, which was cousin to King Arthur. The knight was named Balin le Savage: and by good means of the barons he was delivered out of prison; for he was a good man named of his body, and he was born in Northumberland. And so he went privily into the court, and saw this adventure, whereof his heart rose, and would assay it as other knights did; but for because he was poor, and poorly arrayed, he put him not far in press. But in his heart he was fully assured (if his grace happened him) as any knight that was there. And, as that damsel took her leave of King Arthur

and the barons, this knight, Balin, called unto her, and said, "Damsel, I pray you of your courtesy, to suffer me as well to assay as these lords; though I be poorly clothed, in mine heart meseemeth I am fully assured as some of these other lords, and meseemeth in my heart to speed right well." The damsel beheld the poor knight, and saw he was a likely man; but, because of his poor array, she thought he should be of no worship without villany or treachery. And then she said to the knight Balin, "Sir, it is no need to put me to any more pain or labour; for beseemeth not you to speed there, as others have failed." "Ah, fair damsel," said Balin, "worthiness and good graces and good deeds are not all only in raiment, but manhood and worship is hid within man's person; and many a worshipful knight is not known unto all people; and therefore worship and hardiness is not in raiment and clothing." — "By God!" said the damsel, "ye say truth; therefore ye shall assay to do what ye may." Then Balin took the sword by the girdle and scabbard, and drew it out easily; and when he looked upon the sword, it pleased him well. . . . Anon after Balin sent for his horse and his armour, and so would depart from the court, and took his leave of King Arthur.

The meanwhile that this knight was making him ready to depart, there came into the court a lady, which hight the Lady of the Lake, and she came on horseback, richly beseen, and saluted King Arthur, and there asked him a gift that he had promised her when she gave him the sword.

"That is sooth," said King Arthur, "a gift I promised

you; but I have forgotten the name of the sword which ye gave me." "The name of it," said the lady, "is Excalibur; that is as much to say *cut-steel*." — "Ye say well," said King Arthur. "Ask what ye will, and ye shall have it, if it lie in my power to give it." "Well," said the Lady of the Lake, "I ask the head of the knight that hath won the sword, or else the damsel's head that brought it. And though I have both their heads, I care not; for he slew my brother, a full good knight and true, and the gentlewoman was causer of my father's death." — "Truly," said King Arthur, "I may not grant you either of their heads with my worship; therefore ask what ye will else, and I shall fulfil your desire." "I will ask none other thing of you," said the lady. When Balin was ready to depart, he saw the Lady of the Lake there, by whose means was slain his own mother, and he had sought her three years. And when it was told him that she demanded his head of King Arthur, he went straight to her, and said, "Evil be ye found. Ye would have my head, and therefore ye shall lose yours!" And with his sword lightly he smote off her head, in the presence of King Arthur. "Alas! for shame," said the king. "Why have you done so? You have shamed me and all my court. For this was a lady that I was much beholden unto; and hither she came under my safe conduct. I shall never forgive you that trespass." "My lord," said Balin, "me forethinketh much of your displeasure; for this lady was the untruest lady living; and by her enchantment and witchcraft she hath been the destroyer of many good knights, and she was the causer that my

mother was burnt, through her falsehood and treachery." Then King Arthur and all his court made great dole, and had great shame of the death of the Lady of the Lake. Then the king full richly buried her.

* * * * *

"My time hieth fast," said King Arthur unto Sir Bedivere; "therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it unto yonder water-side; and when thou comest there, I charge thee, throw my sword into that water, and come again and tell me what thou shalt see there." "My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be done, and lightly bring you word again." And so Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, where the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones. And then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree; and as soon as he might, he came again unto King Arthur, and said he had been at the water. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but waves and wind." — "That is untruly said of thee," said King Arthur. "Therefore, go thou lightly, and do my command; as thou art to me life and dear, spare not, but throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword: and so after he hid the sword, and returned again, and told the king that he had been at the water and done his command. "What saw ye there?" said the king. "Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but the

water lap and waves wan." — "Ah! traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me two times, who would have weened that thou that hast been unto me so self and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and wouldest betray me for the rich sword. But now go again lightly; for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold; and but if thou do as I command thee, and if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead." Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword, and lightly took it up and went to the water's side, and there he bound the girdle about the belts. And then he threw the sword into the water as far as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished. And then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he had seen. "Alas!" said the king, "help me from hence; for I dread me I have tarried over long." Then Sir Bedivere took King Arthur upon his back, and so went with him to the water's side; and, when they were at the water's side, even fast by the bank hovered a little barge, with many fair ladies in it: and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods; and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the king. And so he did softly, and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so these three queens sat

them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said : " Ah ! dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me ? Alas ! this wound on your head hath taken overmuch cold." And so then they rowed from the land ; and Sir Bedivere cried, " Ah ! my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies ?" " Comfort thyself," said King Arthur, " and do as well as thou mayest ; for in me is no trust for to trust in : for I will into the vale of Avilion, for to heal me of my grievous wound ; and, if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul."

FINNISH STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE Kalevala, or "Home of Heroes," the national poem of Finland, tells of the contests between the ancient Finns and Lapps, the people of the northern countries, Finland and Lapland. It dates back three thousand years, though the fifty runes, or separate songs, were put together in this century by Dr. Elias Lönnroth.

There are many gods and heroes in the poem, but the chief one is the hero-god Wainamoinen, the ancient singer. Ilmarinen, the marvellous blacksmith, and Lemminkainen, the rash wizard, are also very powerful. Wainamoinen lived in the land of Kalevala, where, even as a youth, he was famed for his wonderful singing. Throughout his life of happiness and sorrow, of adventures in war or quiet at home, he sang his beautiful songs, and wherever he sang, the whole earth listened. One evening, in his old age, he sailed away in a copper boat to the land of the sunset, "the lower verge of heaven," and there anchored forevermore in the purple-coloured sky. But he left behind him the harp of magic and his eternal songs.

THE BIRTH OF THE SECOND HARP

From the KALEVALA, translated by J. M. CRAWFORD

WAINAMOINEN, ancient minstrel
Long reflecting, sang these measures:
"It is now the time befitting
To waken joy and gladness,

Time for me to touch the harpstrings,
Time to sing the songs primeval,
In these spacious halls and mansions,
In these homes of Kalevala ;
But, alas! my harp lies hidden,
Sunk upon the deep sea's bottom,
To the salmon's hiding-places,
To the dwellings of the whiting,
To the people of Wellamo,
Where the Northland-pike assemble.
Nevermore will I regain it,
Ahto never will return it, —
Joy and music gone forever !
O thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Forge for me a rake of iron,
Thickly set the teeth of copper,
Many fathoms long the handle ;
Make a rake to search the waters,
Search the broad sea to the bottom,
Rake the weeds and reeds together,
Rake them to the curving seashore,
That I may regain my treasure,
May regain my harp of fishbone
From the whiting's place of resting,
From the caverns of the salmon,
From the castles of Wellamo."

Thereupon young Ilmarinen,
The eternal metal-worker,
Forges well a rake of iron,
Teeth in length a hundred fathoms,

And a thousand long the handle,
Thickly sets the teeth of copper.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Takes the rake of magic metals,
Travels but a little distance,
To the cylinders of oak-wood,
To the copper-banded rollers,
Where he finds two ships awaiting, —
One was new, the other ancient.

Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Thus addressed the new-made vessel :
“ Go, thou boat of master magic,
Hasten to the willing waters,
Speed away upon the blue sea,
And without the hand to move thee ;
Let my will impel thee seaward.”

Quick the boat rolled to the billows
On the cylinders of oak-wood,
Quick descended to the waters,
Willingly obeyed his master.

Wainamoinen, the magician,
Then began to rake the sea-beds,
Raked up all the water-flowers,
Bits of broken reeds, and rushes,
Deep-sea shells and coloured pebbles, —
Did not find his harp of fishbone,
Lost forever to Wainola !
Thereupon the ancient minstrel
Left the waters, homeward hastened,
Cap pulled down upon his forehead,
Sang this song with sorrow laden :

“ Nevermore shall I waken
With my harpstrings joy and gladness !
Nevermore will Wainamoinen
Charm the people of the Northland
With the harp of his creation !
Nevermore my song will echo
O'er the hills of Kalevala ! ”

Thereupon the ancient singer
Went lamenting through the forest,
Wandered through the sighing pine woods,
Heard the wailing of a birch tree,
Heard a juniper complaining ;
Drawing nearer, waits and listens,
Thus the birch tree he addresses :
“ Wherefore, brother, art thou weeping,
Merry birch enrobed in silver,
Silver-leaved and silver-tasselled ?
Art thou shedding tears of sorrow,
Since thou art not led to battle,
Not enforced to war with wizards ? ”
Wisely does the birch make answer :
“ This the language of the many,
Others speak as thou, unjustly :
That I only live in pleasure,
That my silver leaves and tassels
Only whisper my rejoicing ;
That I have no cares, no sorrows,
That I have no hours unhappy,
Knowing neither pain nor trouble, —
I am weeping for my smallness,
Am lamenting for my weakness ;

Have no sympathy, no pity,
Stand here motionless for ages,
Stand alone in fen and forest,
In these woodlands vast and joyless.
Others hope for coming summers,
For the beauties of the spring time ;
I, alas ! a helpless birch tree,
Dread the changing of the seasons :
I must give my bark to others,
Lose my leaves and silken tassels ;
Often come the Suomi children,
Peel my bark and drink my life-blood ;
Wicked shepherds in the summer
Come and steal my belt of silver,
Of my bark make berry-baskets,
Dishes make and cups for drinking.
Oftentimes the Northland maidens
Cut my tender limbs for birch-brooms,
Bind my twigs and silver tassels
Into brooms to sweep their cabins ;
Often have the Northland heroes
Chopped me into chips for burning ;
Three times in the summer season,
In the pleasant days of spring time,
Foresters have ground their axes
On my silver trunk and branches,
Robbed me of my life for ages ;
This my spring time, joy, and pleasure,
This my happiness in summer,
And my winter days no better !
When I think of former troubles,

Sorrow settles on my visage
And my face grows white with anguish ;
Often do the winds of winter
And the hoar frost bring me sadness,
Blast my tender leaves and tassels,
Bear my foliage to others,
Rob me of my silver raiment,
Leave me naked on the mountain,
Lone, and helpless, and disheartened ! ”
Spake the good old Wainamoinen :
“ Weep no longer, sacred birch tree,
Mourn no more, my friend and brother,
Thou shalt have a better fortune ;
I will turn thy grief to joyance,
Make thee laugh and sing with gladness.”

Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Made a harp from sacred birch-wood,
Fashioned in the days of summer,
Beautiful the harp of magic,
By the master's hand created
On the fog-point in the Big Sea,
On the island forest-covered,
Fashioned from the birch the archings,
And the framework from the aspen.
These the words of the magician :
“ All the archings are completed,
And the frame is fitly finished ;
Whence the hooks and pins for tuning,
That the harp may sing in concord ? ”

Near the wayside grew an oak tree,
Skyward grew with equal branches,

On each twig an acorn growing,
Golden balls upon each acorn,
On each ball a singing cuckoo,
As each cuckoo's call resounded
Five the notes of song that issued
From the songster's throat of joyance,
From each throat came liquid music.
Gold and silver for the master,
Flowing to the hills and hillocks,
To the silvery vales and mountains;
Thence he took the merry harp-pins,
That the harp might play in concord.
Spake again wise Wainamoinen :
"I the pins have well completed,
Still the harp is yet unfinished ;
Now I need five strings for playing ;
Where shall I procure the harpstrings ?"
Then the ancient bard and minstrel
Journeyed through the fen and forest.
On a hillock sat a maiden,
Sat a virgin of the valley ;
And the maiden was not weeping,
Joyful was the sylvan daughter,
Singing with the woodland songsters,
That the eventide might hasten,
In the hope that her beloved
Would the sooner sit beside her.
Wainamoinen, old and trusted,
Hastened, tripping to the virgin,
Asked her for her golden ringlets ;
These the words of the magician :

"Give me, maiden, of thy tresses,
Give to me thy golden ringlets;
I will weave them into harpstrings,
To the joy of Wainamoinen,
To the pleasure of his people."

Thereupon the forest maiden
Gave the singer of her tresses,
Gave him of her golden ringlets,
And of these he made the harpstrings,
Sources of eternal pleasure
To the people of Wainola.

Thus the sacred harp is finished,
And the minstrel, Wainamoinen,
Sits upon the rock of joyance,
Takes the harp within his fingers,
Turns the arch up, looking skyward;
With his knee the arch supporting,
Sets the strings in tuneful order,
Runs his fingers o'er the harpstrings,
And the notes of pleasure follow.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
Plays upon his harp of birch-wood.
Far away is heard the music,
Wide the harp of joy reëchoes;
Mountains dance and valleys listen,
Flinty rocks are torn asunder,
Stones are hurled upon the waters,
Pebbles swim upon the Big Sea,
Pines and lindens laugh with pleasure,
Alders skip about the heather,

And the aspen sways in concord.

All the daughters of Wainola
Straightway leave their shining needles,
Hasten forward like the currents,
Speed along like rapid rivers,
That they may enjoy and wonder.
Laugh the younger men and maidens,
Happy hearted are the matrons
Flying swift to hear the playing,
To enjoy the common pleasure,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen.
Aged men and bearded seniors,
Gray-haired mothers with their daughters,
Stop in wonderment and listen.
Creeps the babe in full enjoyment
As he hears the magic singing,
Hears the harp of Wainamoinen.
All of Northland stops in wonder,
Speaks in unison these measures :
" Never have we heard such playing,
Never heard such strains of music,
Never since the earth was fashioned,
As the songs of this magician,
This sweet singer, Wainamoinen ! "

Far and wide the sweet tones echo,
Ring throughout the seven hamlets,
O'er the seven islands echo ;
Every creature of the Northland
Hastens forth to look and listen,
Listen to the songs of gladness,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.

All the beasts that haunt the woodlands
Fall upon their knees and wonder
At the playing of the minstrel,
At his miracles of concord.
All the songsters of the forests
Perch upon the trembling branches,
Singing to the wondrous playing
Of the harp of Wainamoinen.
All the dwellers of the waters
Leave their beds and caves and grottoes,
Swim against the shore and listen
To the playing of the minstrel,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
All the little things in nature,
Rise from earth and fall from ether,
Come and listen to the music,
To the notes of the enchanter,
To the songs of the magician,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
Plays the singer of the Northland,
Plays in miracles of sweetness,
Plays one day, and then a second,
Plays the third from morn till even ;
Plays within the halls and cabins,
In the dwellings of his people,
Till the floors and ceilings echo,
Till resound the roofs of pine-wood,
Till the windows speak and tremble,
Till the portals echo joyance,
And the hearthstones sing in pleasure.
As he journeys through the forest,

As he wanders through the woodlands,
Pine and sorb tree bid him welcome,
Birch and willow bend obeisance,
Beech and aspen bow submission ;
And the linden waves her branches
To the measure of his playing,
To the notes of the magician ;
As the minstrel plays and wanders,
Sings upon the mead and heather,
Glen and hill his songs reëcho,
Ferns and flowers laugh in pleasure.
And the shrubs attune their voices
To the music of the harpstrings,
To the songs of Wainamoinen.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION

THE early North American Indian tribes, like the early tribes of other nations, had their legends of ancient migrations and journeyings. One of the oldest legends is that of the Kasi'hta tribe, a branch of the Creek Indians. In the eighteenth century the Creeks were in two divisions, Upper Creeks and Lower Creeks ; and on one occasion Tchikilli, who was the head chief of both divisions in the year 1735, related this legend of the Kasi'hta. It is his account that has preserved the ancient story of the Cussitaws.

The Walam Olum, or "Painted Record," of the Lenâpé tribe is the poetical account of the early settlement of the Delaware tribe of Indians. The first part of the record tells how the world was made, and how, after the waters had subsided, the home of the tribe was too cold, and the journey to a warmer land began. The last part gives the later conquests of the Lenâpé tribe.

But every tribe has its legends, and these are only two out of the many that remain.

TCHIKILLI'S KASI'HTA LEGEND

Translated by G. W. STIDHAM, revised by A. S. GATSCHE

AT a certain time the Earth opened in the west, where its mouth is. The Earth opened, and the Cussitaws came out of its mouth, and settled near by.

But the Earth became angry, and ate up the children ; therefore, they moved further west. A part of them, however, turned back, and came again to the same place where they had been, and settled there. The greater number remained behind, because they thought it best to do so. Their children, nevertheless, were eaten by the Earth ; so that, full of dissatisfaction, they journeyed to the sunrise.

They came to a thick, muddy, slimy river — came there, camped there, rested there, and stayed over night there. The next day they continued their journey, and came, in one day, to a red, bloody river. They lived by this river, and ate of its fishes for two years ; but there were low springs there, and it did not please them to remain. They went toward the end of this bloody river, and heard a noise as of thunder. They approached, to see whence the noise came. At first, they perceived a red smoke, and then a mountain which thundered ; and on the mountain was a sound as of singing. They sent to see what this was ; and it was a great fire which blazed upward, and made this singing noise. This mountain they named the King of Mountains. It thunders to this day ; and men are very much afraid of it.

They here met a people of three different nations. They had taken and saved some of the fire from the mountain ; and, at this place, they also obtained a knowledge of herbs and of many other things.

From the east, a white fire came to them, which, however, they would not use. From Wahalle came a fire which was blue ; neither did they use it. From the

west came a fire which was black; nor would they use it. At last, came a fire from the north, which was red and yellow. This they mingled with the fire they had taken from the mountain; and this is the fire they use to-day; and this, too, sometimes sings.

* * * * *

After this, they left that place, and came to a white foot-path. The grass and everything around were white; and they plainly perceived that people had been there. They crossed the path, and slept near there. Afterward they turned back to see what sort of path it was, and who the people were who had been there, in the belief that it might be better for them to follow that path. They went along it to a creek called Coloos-hutche; that is, Coloos-creek, because it was rocky there, and smoked.

They crossed it, going toward the sunrise, and came to a people and a town named Coosaw. Here they remained four years.

* * * * *

After four years they left the Coosaws, and came to a river which they called Nowphawpe, now Callasi-hutche. There they tarried two years; and, as they had no corn, they lived on roots and fishes, and made bows, pointing the arrows with beaver teeth and flint-stones, and for knives they used split canes.

They left this place, and came to a creek called Wattoolahawaka-hutche, Whooping-creek, so called from the whooping of crows, many being there; they slept there one night. They next came to a river in which there was a waterfall; this they named the Owatunka

River. The next day they reached another river, which they called the Aphoosa-pheeskaw.

The following day they crossed it, and came to a high mountain, where were people who, they believed, were the same who made the white path. They, therefore, made white arrows, and shot them, to see if they were good people. But the people took their white arrows, painted them red, and shot them back. When they showed these to their chief, he said it was not a good sign; if the arrows returned had been white, they could have gone there and brought food for their children; but as they were red, they must not go. Nevertheless, some of them went to see what sort of people they were; and found their houses deserted. They also saw a trail which led into the river; and, as they could not see the trail on the opposite bank, they believed that the people had gone into the river, and would not again come forth.

* * * * *

They went along the river till they came to a waterfall, where they saw great rocks, and on these rocks were bows lying; and they believed the people who made the white path had been there.

They always have, on their journeys, two scouts who go before the main body. Those scouts ascended a high mountain and saw a town. They shot white arrows into the town; but the people of the town shot back red arrows. Then the Cussitaws became angry, and determined to attack the town, and each one have a house when it was captured. They threw stones into the river until they could cross it, and took the town

(the people had flattened heads) and killed all but two persons. . . . They followed the two who escaped; they again came to the white path, and saw the smoke of a town, and thought that this must be the people they had so long been seeking. This is the place where now the tribe of Palachucolas live, from whom Tomochichi is descended.

The Cussitaws continued bloody-minded; but the Palachucolas gave them black drink as a sign of friendship, and said to them :

“Our hearts are white, and yours must be white, and ye must lay down the bloody tomahawk, and show your bodies as a proof that they shall be white.” . . .

Since then they have always lived together.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, as the Cussitaws first saw the red smoke and the red fire, . . . they cannot yet leave their red hearts, which are, however, white on one side and red on the other . . .



THE JOURNEY OF THE LENÂPÉ TRIBE TO THE LAND OF THE SPRUCE-PINES

From the WALAM OLUM, translated by D. G. BRINTON

AFTER the rushing waters had subsided, the Lenâpé of the turtle were close together, in hollow houses, living together there.

It freezes where they abode; it snows where they abode;
it storms where they abode; it is cold where they
abode.

At this northern place they speak favourably of mild, cool lands, with many deer and buffaloes.

As they journeyed, some being strong, some rich, they separated into house-builders and hunters ;

The strongest, the most united, the purest were the hunters.

The hunters showed themselves at the north, at the east, at the south, at the west.

In that ancient country, in that northern country, in that Turtle country, the best of Lenâpé were the Turtle men.

All the cabin fires of that land were disquieted, and all said to their priest, " Let us go."

To the Snake land to the east they went forth, going away, earnestly grieving.

Split asunder, weak, trembling, their land burned ; they went, torn and broken, to the Snake Island.

Those from the north being free, without care, went forth from the land of snow, in different directions.

The fathers of the Bald Eagle and the White Wolf remain along the sea, rich in fish and muscles.

Floating up the streams in their canoes, our fathers were rich, they were in the light, when they were at those islands.

Head Beaver and Big Bird said : " Let us go to Snake Island," they said.

All say they will go along to destroy all the land.

Those of the north agreed,

Those of the east agreed.

Over the water, the frozen sea,

They went to enjoy it.

On the wonderful, slippery water,

On the stone-hard water all went,

On the great Tidal sea, the muscle-bearing sea.

Ten thousand at night,

All in one night,

To the Snake Island, to the east, at night,

They walk and walk, all of them.

The men from the north, the east, the south ;

The Eagle clan, the Beaver clan, the Wolf clan,

The best men, the rich men, the head men,

Those with wives, those with daughters, those with dogs.

They all come, they tarry at the land of the spruce-
pines ;

Those from the west come with hesitation,

Esteeming highly their old home at the Turtle land.

* * * * *

There was no rain, and no corn, so they moved further
seaward.

At the place of caves, in the Buffalo land, they at last
had food, on a pleasant plain.

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TOLD BY THE PEOPLE

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